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ART. I. — 1. *The Laws of William the Conqueror.*
2. *The Statutes of the Realm.* Vols. I. and II.
3. *The Reports of Savile, Rolle, Levinz, and others.*

IN a former number of this Journal, we gave a brief sketch of the origin and progress of the French language.* We propose in the present article to trace the history of that language, through the English Statute Books and "*Les Reports des Divers Select Matters et Resolutions des Reverend Judges del Ley.*" We are well aware, that but few of our readers can feel any particular interest in this subject, or see any thing attractive in Reports and Statute Books. At the same time, we entreat them not to turn away from these pages, without first casting a glance at our illustrations. They are curious and amusing; and throw a gleam of light, now and then, upon the manners and customs of the past. On this account they will commend themselves to the notice of those, who care not for the curiosities of language.

The year 1066 is the date of the Norman Conquest. William the Conqueror was crowned King of England on the Christmas day succeeding the battle of Hastings; and the oath he took before the altar of St. Peter, in Westminster,

* See *North American Review*, Vol. XXXII. pp. 277 *et seq.*

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was substantially the same as that of the Saxon kings. Of all the ancient laws of the land, those of King Canute, the Dane, pleased him most; for he and the greater part of his barons had the blood of the Northmen in their veins, and he wished to govern his new realm by the laws of the ancient Dane. But the standing laws of the kingdom at that time were those of Edward the Confessor, and they were dear to the hearts of the Saxon people. So that the Conqueror, in the language of an English writer, "was at last, by tears, and prayers, and adjurations by the soul of Edward, who bequeathed him his kingdom, diverted from his purpose; and at Berkhamstead, in the fourth year of his reign, in the presence of Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, for the quieting of the people, he swore that he would inviolably observe the good and approved ancient laws, which had been made by the devout and pious kings of England, his ancestors, and chiefly by King Edward; and we are told that the people then departed in good humor."*

The laws of William the Conqueror are, then, mostly a translation from the Saxon into Norman French, (*Roman Wallon,*) the language of his court in the North of France, and introduced by him as the court language of England. What this language was may be seen by the following extract from King William's Laws.

Ces sont les Les & les Custumes que li Reis WILLIAM *grantut a tut le Peuple de* Engleterre, *apres le Conquest de la Terre. Ice les meismes que le Reis* EDWARD *sun Cosin tint devant lui.*

Co est a saveir; Pais a Saint Yglise; de quel forfait que home out fait en cel tens; e il pout venir a Sainte Yglise; out pais de vie e de membre. E se alquons meist main en celui qui la mere Yglise requireit, se ceo fust u Abbeie, u Yglise e de Religion, rendist

These are the Laws and Customs which WILLIAM *the King granted to all the People of* England *after his Conquest of the Realm; being the same as those which King* EDWARD, *his Cousin, observed before him,* viz.

Let Holy Church enjoy her Peace; whatever forfeiture a man hath incurred to this time, if he can come to Holy Church, let him have peace of life and limb; and if any man lay hands on him who has sought the protection of the Mother Church, whether it be an Abby or a

* Kelham's *Preliminary Discourse to the Laws of William the Conqueror,* p. viii.

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ce que il javereit pris, e cent solz, de forfait, e de Mer Yglise de Paroisse xx solz, e de Chappelle x solz, e que enfraiant la pais le Rei en Merchenelae cent solz les amendes, altresi de Heinfare e de aweit purpensed.

Church of Religion, let him deliver him up whom he has taken, and pay 100s. as a forfeiture, and 20s. to the Parochial Mother Church, and 10s. to a Chapel; and whosoever breaks the King's peace, the satisfaction, by the law of the Mercians, is 100s.; the same for Heinfare and premeditated assaults.*

Thus was the French Language introduced into England. Thus, says the ancient chronicler, Robert of Gloucester,

"Thus come lo! Engelond into Normannes honde,
And the Normans ne couthe speke tho bote her owe speche,
And speke Frenche as dude atom (*did at home*) and have chyldren dude al so teche."

Scattered all over the land were Norman barons in their castles, and Norman monks and bishops in their monasteries. The sounds of an unknown tongue by day, and of the curfew bell by night, admonished the Saxon peasant, that not only his liberty, but his language also, was to perish, or to change. Saxon children at school were made to "construe their lessons and their things" in French. Saxon gentlemen at court were ashamed of their noble mother-tongue. It was a disgrace not to know the language of their conqueror. A bishop was deposed as "a superannuated English idiot, who could not speak French." How correctly this language was generally spoken by the English, we have no means of determining. Probably no better than by the coy Madame Eglentine, of whom Chaucer says,

"Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe."

Better or worse, all, who wished for advancement in church or state, were forced to learn French. It was then, as now, the shibboleth of refinement and gentility. In this way the

* *The Laws of William the Conqueror, with Notes and References.* By Robert Kelham, of Lincoln's-Inn; at the end of his "Dictionary of the Norman or old French Language."

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Saxon was corrupted and the English formed. "This apayringe of the birthe tongue," says Higden, in his "Polychronicon," "is by cause of tweye thinges; oon is for children in scole, azenes the usage and maner of all other naciouns, beth compelled for to leve her owne langage, and for to constrewe her lessouns and her thingis a Frenche, and haveth siththe that the Normans come first into England. Also gentil mennes children beth ytauzt for to speke Frenche, from the tymē that thei beth rokked in her cradel, and kunneth speke and playe with a childes brooche. And uplondishe men wole likne hem self to gentil men, and fondeth with grete bisynesse for to speke Frenche, for to be more ytold of." And such continued to be the state of things for nearly three centuries, during which the English was formed. Trevisa, the translator and augmenter of the "Polychronicon," says that John Cornwaile first changed the lore in grammar schools, and that at the time he wrote, 1385, in all the grammar schools of England the French had been laid aside, and the urchins construed their lessons in English. The disadvantage of this, he observes, "is that now children of grammar scole kunneth no more Frenche than *can her lifte heele.*" He says, also, that the gentry had for the most part ceased to teach their children French. Yes, the insulted Saxon, — the despised mother tongue, — now again asserted her rights. There is no language for the fire-side, but that which has been learned at the fire-side. A foreign tongue may answer the purposes of holidays and state occasions at court, but it will not answer the purposes of affectionate intercourse at home.

Let us now return to the subject of our paper, the history of the Norman French in the Statute Books and Records; and, as a point to start from, take the clear and comprehensive statement of Blackstone.*

"These were formerly all written, as indeed all public proceedings were, in Norman or law French, and even the arguments of the counsel and decisions of the court were in the same barbarous dialect. An evident and shameful badge, it must be owned, of tyranny and foreign servitude; being introduced under the auspices of William the Norman, and his sons; whereby the ironical observation of the Roman satirist came to

* *Commentaries on the Laws of England.* Book III. ch. 21.

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be literally verified, that '*Gallia causidicos docuit facunda Britannos.*'* This continued till the reign of Edward III.; who having employed his arms successfully in subduing the *crown* of France, thought it unbeseeming the dignity of the victors to use any longer the *language* of a vanquished country. By a statute, therefore, passed in the thirty-sixth year of his reign,† it was enacted, that for the future all pleas should be pleaded, shown, defended, answered, debated, and judged in the English tongue; but be entered and enrolled in Latin. In like manner as Don Alonzo X., King of Castile, (the great-grandfather of our Edward III.,) obliged his subjects to use the Castilian tongue in all legal proceedings;‡ and as, in 1286, the German language was established in the courts of the empire.‖ And perhaps if our legislature had then directed that the writs themselves, which are mandates from the king to his subjects to perform certain acts or to appear at certain places, should have been framed in the English language, according to the rule of our ancient law,§ it had not been very improper. But the record or enrolment of those writs, and the proceedings thereon, which was calculated for the benefit of posterity, was more serviceable (because more durable) in a dead and immutable language than in any flux or living one. The practisers, however, being used to the Norman language, and therefore imagining they could express their thoughts more aptly and more concisely in that than in any other, still continued to take their notes in law French; and of course when those notes came to be published, under the denomination of Reports, they were printed in that barbarous dialect; which, joined to the additional terrors of a Gothic black letter, has occasioned many a student to throw away his Plowden and Littleton, without venturing to attack a page of them. And yet in reality, upon a nearer acquaintance, they would have found nothing very formidable in the language, which differs in its grammar and orthography as much from the modern French, as the diction of Chaucer and Gower does from that of Addison and Pope. Besides, as the English and Norman languages were concurrently used by our ancestors for several centuries together, the two idioms have naturally assimilated, and mutually borrowed from each other; for which reason the grammatical construction of each is so very much the same, that I apprehend an Englishman (with a week's preparation) would understand the laws of Normandy, collected in their *grand coustumier*, as well if not better than a Frenchman bred within the walls of Paris."

"* *Juv.* xv. 111." "† Ch. 15." "‡ Mod. Un. Hist. xx. 211."
"‖ Mod. Un. Hist. xxix. 235." "§ Mirr. c. 4. sec. 3."

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To this we add the general statement, that from the Conquest till the year 1488, the fourth year of Henry VII., the royal charters and the statutes of the realm were published either in Latin or in French. After the time of Henry III. they appear to have been drawn up indiscriminately in either of these languages, and very frequently translated from one into the other. Some writers have supposed, that when the interests of the clergy were particularly concerned, the instrument was drawn up in Latin; at other times, generally in French. But the correctness of this opinion is questionable; and at the present day it seems impossible to determine what particular causes gave the one a preference over the other, in promulgating the laws of the land.*

The French introduced into England by the Conqueror, was, as we have stated above, the language of his court and people in the North of France. It was the best form of the language there spoken, and cannot, therefore, be properly called a *barbarous dialect*, as Blackstone denominates it. At a later period, however, as we shall presently show, it richly deserved this title. Well may a language be called barbarous when such expressions have crept into it as *allopers de nunns*, those who elope with nuns; *crampus de goute*, laid up with the gout; *dragguent oistres*, drag oysters; *dobbours des draps*, sellers of cloth; *estremes des molins*, mill-streams; *legerte de jaungle*, levity of speech; *mesces ortieux*, the middle toes; *moly sigles*, mill-sails; *nycke nosme*, nickname; *squiller sergt*, sergeant of the scullery, &c. With still greater reason may we give the name of a barbarous dialect to a language, when it receives into itself such phrases as these, which may be found in Levinz, a writer whom we shall have occasion to cite hereafter. "*Le Plaintiff move en Arrest de Judgment, que cest proscription a dancer en le freehold d'un autre, et spoil son grass fuit void.*" (Reports, Part I. p. 176.) "*Et fuit prove que quand le quarrel fuit en la Tavern, que le Seignor Morly disoit, si nous pugnomus a cest temps, jeo avera le disadvantage per le altitude des heels de mes shooes.*" (Part I. p. 180.)

As William the Conqueror not only published his laws in French, but likewise ordered that all "pleadings should be

* *Statutes of the Realm.* Introduction, ch. IV.

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in French, and that that language should be taught in schools,"* we should very naturally expect to find at least some traces of it in the laws and public acts of his immediate successors. In this, however, we are disappointed. Through the whole of the twelfth century, embracing the reigns of Henry I., Stephen, Henry II., Richard I., and John Lackland, we find no public document in French. If such ever existed, and there can hardly be a doubt of this, they seem to have been lost or forgotten. The Latin seems to hold undivided sway. During the reign of Henry III., the French again appears, and from that time forth, till the close of the fifteenth century, divides with the Latin the honor of being the interpreter of English law. Indeed, it survived the Latin, and continued to be the language of the Reports for two centuries later, that is, to the close of the seventeenth.†

We have, then, no specimen of the law French of the twelfth century, to present to our readers. It is with us, before the time of Henry III., as with others after it; when in the quaint language of Sir Henry Spelman, "God's Omnipotency was in point of Law disabled to purchase or to take by Grant; and so also was the Spouse the Church; for the Law thinks it no reason, that the Wife should be in a better condition than her Husband; and the whole Army of Saints were likewise disabled; let 's come, therefore, to others that had capacity, and consider of them, their Stiles and Additions according to their times." ‡

Being thus obliged to pass over the twelfth century in silence, we come down to the thirteenth for our next illustration. During the reign of Henry III. (1216 – 1272,) the statutes were nearly all in Latin; during that of Edward I. (1272 – 1307,) in Latin and French, the Latin predominating. The following extract is from the Statutes of the City

* Herbert's *Antiquities of the Inns of Court.* Lond. 1804, ch. I. p. —. See also Wilkins's *Leges Anglo-Saxonicæ.* Lond. 1721, p. 219, note.

† In the Introduction to the *Statutes of the Realm*, it is stated, that "All the Charters of Liberties and of the Forest, from 1 Henry I. to 29 Edw. I. (with the exception after mentioned,) are in Latin; but translations of some of them into French are found in various Collections." p. xl. It does not appear, however, that any of these translations are earlier than the time of Henry III.

‡ *The English Works of Sir Henry Spelman, Kt.* London, 1727. p. 238.

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of London, and was published in the year 1285, the thirteenth year of Edward's reign.

"Ces sont les Articles le queus nostre Seignour le Rey Comaunde qe bien seient gardez en sa Citee de Loundres, pur sa pes garder e meyntenir.

Primerement, pur ceo qe multz des mals com des murdres, robberyes, e homycides ont este fetz ca en arrere deinz la Citee de nuyt e de jour, e gentz batues e mal tretes, e autres diverses aventures de mal avenuz encontre sa pes; Defendu est qe nul seit si hardi estre trove alaunt ne wacraunt par my les ruwes de la Citee apres Coeverfu parsone a Seint Martyn le grant, a espeye ne a bokuyler ne a autre arme pur mal fere, ne dount mal supecion poet avenir ; ne en autre manere nule, sil ne seit grant Seignour ou altre prodome de bone conysaunce, ou lour certeyn message qi de els serra garaunty qe vount li un a lautre parc onduyte de lumere. E si nul seit trove alant encontre la fourme avantdite ou qe il seit encheson de tart venir en vyle seit pris par les Gardeyns de la pes e seit mys en Le Tonel, la quel pur tiels meffesours est assigne, e lendemeyn seit amene e presente devant le Gardeyn ou le Meyre de la Citee qi pur tens serra, e devant les Aldermans, e solong ceo qe il trouveront qil eit trespasse e a ceo seit coustumers seit puny.

These are the articles which our lord the King commands to be well kept in his City of London, for the keeping and maintenance of his peace.

First, whereas many evils, as murders, robberies, and manslaughters have been committed heretofore in the City by night and by day, and people have been beaten and evil entreated, and divers other mischances have befallen against his peace ; It is enjoined that none be so hardy to be found going or wandering about the streets of the City after Curfew tolled at St. Martin's le Grand, with sword, or buckler, or other arms for doing mischief, or whereof evil suspicion might arise ; nor any in any other manner, unless he be a great man or other lawful person of good repute, or their certain messenger, having their warrants to go from one to the other, with lantern in hand. And if any be found going about contrary to the form aforesaid, unless he have cause to come late into the City, he shall be taken by the keepers of the peace, and be put into the watch-house, which is appointed for such offenders ; and on the morrow he shall be brought and presented before the Warden or the Mayor of the City for the time being, and before the Aldermen ; and according as they shall find that he has offended, and as the custom is, he shall be punished.

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"E pur ceo qe tiels meffesours avauntditz, alant nutauntre, communalment ont lour recet e lour covynes, e font lour mauveyses purparlances en taverne plus qe aillours, e illoekes querent umbrage attendanz e geitant lour tens de mal fere ; Defendu est qe nul ne tiegne taverne overte de vyn ne de cerveyse apres le Coeverfu avandit parsone ; mes qe il tiegne sa taverne close apres cel houre, e nul leinz bevaunt ne recettant; ne en sa mesoun hors de communes tavernes nul ne recette pur quy il ne voillit estre respoignant a la pes le Rey. E si nul taverner seit trove qe autrement faceo, primerement seit degage par soen hanap de la taverne ou par altre bon gage leinz trove, e seit amercye a quaraunte deniers ; e si altre fiez seit trove qe ceo faceo, seit amercye a demy mark e a la tierce fiez a dys souz ; e a la quarte fiez paie tute la peyne double, cest a saver vynt souz. E la quynte fiez seit forsjugge del mestier pur tutz jourz.

And whereas such offenders as aforesaid, going about by night, do commonly have their resort and their meetings, and hold their evil talk in taverns more than elsewhere, and there seek for shelter, lying in wait and watching their time to do mischief; It is enjoined that none keep a tavern open for wine or ale after the tolling of the aforesaid Curfew; but he shall keep his tavern shut after that hour, and none therein drinking or resorting ; neither shall any man admit others into his house, except in common taverns, for whom he will not be answerable unto the King's peace. And if any taverner be found doing the contrary, the first time he shall be put in pledge by his tavern drinking-cup, or by other good pledge there found, and be amerced forty pence ; and if another time he be found doing the same, he shall be amerced half a mark, and the third time ten shillings; and the fourth time he shall pay the whole penalty double, that is to say, twenty shillings. And the fifth time he shall be forejudged of his trade for ever.

"Ensement pur ceo qe fous, qe sei delitent a mal fere, vount apprendre eskirmye de bokyler, e de ceo plus sei abaudissent de fere lour folyes ; Purveu est e defendu qe nul ne tiegne escole ne aprise de eskyrme de bokyler, dedeinz la Citee de nuyt ne de jour ;

Also, forasmuch as fools who delight in mischief go to learn to fence with buckler, and thereby are more encouraged to commit their follies ; It is provided and enjoined that none shall hold school for, nor shall teach, the art of fencing with buckler, within the City,

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e si nul le faceo eit la prison de xl. jours."*

by night or by day ; and if any so do he shall be imprisoned for forty days.

At first sight, the language of this statute for "comprehending vagrams," as Dogberry would call it, seems rude and barbarous. Yet every word of it, with the exception of the title *Alderman*, is French, and as pure French as was used in France at that time. This one word is the only trace of Saxon or English in the whole piece. The word *murdres* is not even an Anglicized form, but merely ancient and in use in France ; as for example, in this passage from an old poet ;

"D'illec viennent les deffiences,
Les *murdres* et les alliances."
(*Roman du Second Renard.*)

The same may be said of the word *pes*, for the use of which we have as good authority, in the old poem *Bataille de Karesme et Charnage ;*

"Dame Balaine estons en *pès*,
Accordons-nous, Sire Karesme ;
Ge l'otroi bien, ce dist la Bresme,
Et li autres poisson après
Tuit s'accordent à fère *pès*."

And so again *supecion* is but a different orthography of the old word *soupeson* or *souppechon*. In order, however, that our readers may compare this language with the current language of the same age in France, we subjoin in a note a passage of the polite French of the day.†

* *Statutes of the Realm*, Vol. I. p. 102.

† It is a letter from Blanche, Duchess of Brittany, to King Henry III., bearing the date of 1265. It may be found in Rymer's *Fœdera*, Vol. I. p. 464.

"A son treshaut e treschier seignour Henri, par la grace de Deu, Roi d'Engleterre, seignour de Yrlande, e duc d'Aquitene, Blance, duchesse de Bretaigne saluz e reverence, e soi apparellie a ferre sa volence, cum a son chier seignour.

"Sire, je vous pri, si vous plest, que vous me villude vostre estate, le queul nostre sire par sa grace face touzours bon ; quar sachiez mon chier seignour que j'ei mout tresgrant joie, toutes les foiz que je puiz oir e savoir bones noveles de vous.

"Sachiez, sire, que ma dame Beatrix, vostre chier file, e la nostre, est encor deherte de sa feivre, meis el en est mout amende, la Deu merci ; e nous dient les fisechiens que sa feivre ne li puet par longein durrer.

"Je vous pri, mon cher seignour, que s'il avoit riens en nos parties que vous le me mande, comandez cum a le vostre ; quar sachiez, sire, que je arroie mout tresgrant joie de ferre vostre volunte a mon poer.

"E sachiez, sire, que Artus est mout bon suffisant, e mout beil, la Deu merci, e nostre sire vous gart."

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For still farther illustrations of the language at this period, we refer our readers to Maynard's "Reports," * Horne's "Mirrour of Justices,"† and to the work of Britton, "a famous lawyer, that lived in the dayes of King Edward the First, at whose commandment and by whose authority, he writ a learned book of the Law of this Realme, the tenour whereof runneth in the King's name, as if it had been penned by himself." ‡

In the fourteenth century, the statutes continued to be published in Latin and French. During the reign of Edward II., (1307 – 1327,) the French predominates; still more so during the reigns of Edward III., (1327 – 1377,) and of Richard II., (1377 – 1399). The following specimen is from the 37th year of Edward III., (1363.)

"Item pur loutrageouse & excessive apparaille des plusours gentz, contre lour estat & degree, a tresgrant destruccion & empoverissement de tote la terre, est ordeigne, qe garsons, sibien servantz as Seignours come de meistere & des artificers, soient serviz de manger & de boiure unfoith le jour, de char ou de pessons, & le remenant daltres vitailles, come de lectee, furmage, bure & autres tiels vitailles, accordantz a lour estat; et qils eient draps pur lour vesture ou chaussure, dont le draps entier ne passe deux mars, et qils ne usent draps de pluis haut pris, de lour acate nautrement, ne nule chose dor, dargent, nenbroydez, aymelez, ne de soye, ne rien appendant

Item, for the outrageous and excessive apparel of many people, against their estate and degree, to the great destruction and impoverishment of all the land, it is ordained, that grooms, as well servants of lords as those of handicraftsmen and of artificers, be served to eat and to drink once a day, of flesh or of fish, and the remnant of other victuals, as of milk, cheese, butter, and other such victuals, according to their estate; and that they have cloth for their vesture and hose, whereof the whole cloth shall not exceed two marks, and that they use no cloth of higher price, of their own buying, nor otherwise, nor any thing of gold nor of silver, nor embroi-

* Maynard, *Les Reports des Cases argue et adjudge en le temps del' Roy Edward le Second, et auxy Memoranda del' Exchequer, en temps le Roy Edward le Primer*, &c. London, 1678.

† *La Somme appelle Mirrour des Justices, vel Speculum Justiciariorum*, factum per Andream Horne. London, 1642.

‡ *Britton. The Second Edition. Faithfully corrected according to divers ancient Manuscripts of the same Work*, by Edm. Wingate, Gent. Lond. 1640.

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des dites choses; & soient lour femmes, filles & enfantz, de mesme la condicion en lour vesture & apparaille, & ne usent nulles veilles, passant la veille dusze deniers.

"Item qe gentz de meistere, dartifice, & de office appelle Yomen,* ne ne preignent ne usent draps de plus haut pris, pur lour vesture ou chaceure qe deinz qarant soldz le draps entier, par voie dacat nautrement; ne perry, draps de soy ne dargent, ne ceynture, cotel, fermaille, anel, garter, nouches, rubaignes, cheines, bandes, sealx, nautres choses dor ne dargent ne nule manere dapparaille embraudez, eymelez ne de seie par nule voie; & qe lour femmes, filles & enfantz soient de mesme la condicion en lour vesture & apparaille; & qe eles ne usent nul veille de sey, mes soulement de file face deinz le roialme, ne nul manere de pelure ne de boge mes soulement de aignel, conyng, chat & gopil.

"Item qe Chivalers, qont terre ou rente deinz la value de deux cent mars par an, preignent & usent draps de sys mars le draps entier pur lour vesture & noun pas de plus haut pris; & qils ne usent draps dor ne cloche mantell ne goune furrurez de menevere purrez, maunches dermyn, ne nul apparaille broudez de perre nautrement; et qe lour femmes filles & enfantz soient de mesme la condicion; & qels ne usent

dered, enamelled, nor of silk, nor any thing pertaining to the said things; and that their wives, daughters, and children be of the same condition in their clothing and apparel, and use no veils passing twelve pence a veil.

Item, that people of handicraft, and officers called yeomen, shall not take nor wear cloth of an higher price, for their vesture or hose, than within forty shillings the whole cloth, by way of buying, nor otherwise; nor stones, nor cloth of silk nor of silver, nor girdle, knife, button, ring, garter, brooch, ribbon, chains, bands, seals, nor other things of gold nor of silver, nor any kind of apparel embroidered, enamelled, nor of silk in any way; and that their wives, daughters and children be of the same condition in their vesture and apparel; and that they wear no veil of silk, but only of thread, made within the realm, nor any manner of fur, nor of budge, but only of lamb, coney, cat, and fox.

Item, that knights, who have land or rent within the value of two hundred marks a year, *shall take and wear cloth of* six marks the whole cloth for their vesture, and not of an higher price; and that they wear not cloth of gold, nor cloak, mantle, nor gown furred with miniver, sleeves of ermine, nor any apparel embroidered with stones, nor otherwise; and that their wives, daughters and children be of the same condi-

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ravers dermynes ne de letuses esclaires ne nulle manere dapparaille de perre, sinoun pur lour testes. Mes qe touz Chivalers & Dames qont terre ou rente outre la value de qatre centz mars par an tanqe a la somme de mill livres par an, usent a lour volunte forspris ermynes, letuses, & apparaille de perles, de perre, si noun pur lour testes.

"Item qe Charetters, Charuers, Chaceours des carues, Bovers, Vachers, Berchers, Porchers, Deyes, & touz autres gardeinz des bestes, batours des bleez, & toutes maneres des gentz destate de garson, entendantz a husbandrie, & touz autres genz qe nont qarant soldz des biens, ne des chateaux a la value de qarant soldz, ne preignent ne usent nule manere de draps, si noun blanket & russet, laune de xii d.; & usent lour ceyntures de lenge teile, acordant a lour estat; & qils vivent de manger & de boiure par manere come a eux affiert, & nonpas excessivement. Et est ordeigne qe si nul use ou face au contraire de nules des pointz susdites, qil forface devers le Roi tout lapparaille qil avera issint usee contre la forme de ceste ordinance."*

tion; and that they wear no facings of ermines, nor of letuses . . . . ., nor any manner of apparel of stones, except only for their heads. But that all knights and ladies, who have land or rent over the value of four hundred marks a year, to the sum of one thousand livres a year, wear at their pleasure, except ermines, letuses and apparel of pearls and stones, save only for their heads.

Item, that carters, ploughmen, drivers of ploughs, oxherds, cowherds, shepherds, swineherds, drivers of geese, and all other keepers of beasts, threshers of corn, and all manner of people of the estate of a groom, attending to husbandry, and all other people, that have not forty shillings of goods, or chattels to the value of forty shillings, shall not take nor wear any kind of cloth but blanket and russet at twelve pence the yard; and shall wear their girdles of linen cloth, according to their estate; and that they live, in eating and drinking, in the manner that pertaineth to them, and not excessively. And it is ordained, that if any wear or do contrary to any of the points aforesaid, that he forfeit to the king all the apparel that he hath so worn against the form of this ordinance.

The reader will doubtless be struck with the great number of strange and barbarous-looking words contained in this ex-

* *Statutes of the Realm*, Vol. I. p. 380.

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tract. Yet only two of them, *yomen* and *husbandrie* are Saxon. Even *vitailles* is French; as in the old poem of *Le Segretain Moine;*

"De ses deniers assez li baille
Por achater de la *vitaille.*"

So likewise *veilles;* as in an old translation of the book of Maccabees; "Et pain mistres sor la table, et pendirent les cortines *veilles.*" In fine, with the two exceptions above-named, all these words are French. The orthography, it is true, varies, even in the same statute. That, however, will not startle a reader of old French. Orthography was not then fixed by authority. We find, for example, in ancient writers, eight forms of the word GOUNE, namely: *gone, gonele, gonelle, gonne, gonnelle, goune, gounelle, gunele;* and fifteen of the word GOPIL; *gopils, gorpilz, gorpis, goupil, goupis, goupls, gourpil, gourpis, verpil, vourpil, vourpis, werpil, werpis, werpiz;* all which may be traced from the Latin *vulpes,* like diaper from King Pepin. *Unfoith* is perhaps an anglicized termination of the old French *une fes,* or *une foiee;* and *garter* is *jarretière.*

For the purpose of comparison we subjoin in the note a chapter from Froissart's "Chronicles," which belong to this century.* For farther specimens of the language, as current in England, we refer to the "Year Books" and the Reports of Maynard and Bellewe.

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* We take the introductory chapter. Froissart was born in 1337, and died in 1401.

"*Cy parle l'Acteur des plus preux Cheualiers qui soient nommez en ce present volume.*

"Pour tous nobles cœurs encourager, & leur monstrer exemple & matiere d'honneur, ie sire Iehan Froissart commence à parler, apres le rapport & relation de mõseigneur maistre Iehan le Bel, iadis Chanoine de S. Lâbert du Liege: & di ainsi, que plusieurs gẽs nobles ont maintefois parlé des guerres de Frãce et d'Angleterre, qui pas iustement ne sauoient ou sauroiẽt dire, se requis ou examinez en estoiẽt, cõmẽt, ne par quelles raisõs elles vindrẽt. Mais veez la droite fondatiõ de la matiere: & pource que ie n'y vueil mettre ny oster, oublier ne corrõpre, n'abreger l'Histoire en riẽ par defaute de langage, mais la vueil multiplier & accroistre en ce que ie pourray, vous vueil, de poinct en poinct parler & monstrer toutes les auentures, puis la natiuité du tresnoble Roy Edouard d'Angleterre, qui si puissammẽt *regna*, & auquel sont tãt auenues d'auentures notables & perilleuses, & tant de batailles addressees, & d'autres faicts-d'armes & de grans prouësses, puis l'an de grâce M.CCCXXVI. que ce gentil Roy fut couronné en Angleterre: quand luy & tous ceux, qui ont esté auec luy en ses batailles & heureuses auentures, ou auec ses gens, là ou il n'a mie esté en propre personne (si-

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In the year 1362, in the reign of Edward III., it was enacted, that all pleas "shall be pleaded, showed, defended, answered, debated, and judged in the English tongue, and that they be entered and inrolled in Latin." * This is the first victory obtained by the English language over the French in the courts. The outworks being thus carried, new successes followed, which prepared the way for the final overthrow of the French in England.

"The earliest instance, recorded, of the use of the English language, in any Parliamentary proceeding," says the Introduction to the Statutes, "is in 36 Edw. III. The style of the Roll of that year is in French, as usual, but it is expressly stated, that the causes of summoning the Parliament were declared 'en Englois'; and the like circumstance is noted in 37 and 38 Edw. III. In the fifth year of Richard II., the Chancellor is stated to have made 'un bone collacioñ en Englays,' (introductory, as was then sometimes the usage, to the commencement of business,) though he made use of the common French form for opening the Parliament. A petition from the 'Folk of the Mercerye of London,' in the tenth year of the same reign, is in English; and it appears, also, that, in the 17th year, the Earl of Arundel asked pardon of the Duke of Lancaster, by the

comme vous pourrez ouir cy apres) doiuent bien estre tenus et reputez pour preux; combien qu'il en y a grād'foison de ceux qui doiuent & peuuēt estre bien tenus pour souuerains entre les autres deuant tous: comme le propre corps du gentil Roy dessusdit, le Prince de Gales son fils, le Duc de Lenclastre, messire Regnaut de Gobehan, messire Gautier de Manni en Haynaut, Cheualier, messire Iehan Chādos, messire Fouques de Harle, & plusieurs autres qui sont ramenteus par le bien & la prouësse d'eux, a dedans ce liure: car, par toutes les batailles ou ils ont esté, ils ont eu renommee des mieux faisans par terre. & par mer, & s'y sont mōstrez si vaillāment qu'on les doit tenir pour souuerains preux: mais pourtant ne doiuent point ceux, qui auec eux ont esté, pis valoir. Aussi en France ont ils trouué bōne Cheualerie, roide, forte & apperte, & grād'foison; car le royaume de France ne fut oncques si déconfit, qu'on n'y trouuast tousiours biē à qui combatre: et fut le Roy Philippe de Valois vn tres-hardy & vaillāt Cheualier, & le Roy Iehan son fils, Charles le Roy de Behaine, le Comte d'Alençon, le Comte de Foix, messire Saintre, messire Arnoul d'Agle, Messeigneurs de Beaujeu, le pere et le filz, & plusieurs autres, que ie ne puis pas maintenant nommer, & qui bien seront en temp & en lieu ramenteus: car pour verité dire & soustenir, on doit biē tenir pour assez preux tous ceux, qui en si cruelles batailles & si perilleuses ont esté veus, & sont demourez ius-ques à la déconfiture, suffisamment faisans leur deuoir."—*Chroniques de Froissart*, par Denis Sauvage. Vol. I. p. 2. fol. Paris. 1574.

* *Statutes*, 36 Edw. III.

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award of the King and Lords, in their presence in Parliament, in a form of English words. The cession and renunciation of the Crown by Richard II. is stated to have been read before the estates of the realm and the people in Westminster Hall, first in Latin, and afterwards in English, but it is entered on the Parliament Roll only in Latin. And the challenge of the crown, by Henry IV., with his thanks, after the allowance of his title, in the same Assembly, are recorded in English, which is termed his maternal tongue. So also is the speech of Sir William Thirnyng, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, to the late King Richard, announcing to him the sentence of his deposition, and the yielding up, on the part of the people, of their fealty and allegiance. In the sixth year of the reign of Henry IV., an English answer is given to a petition of the Commons, touching a proposed resumption of certain grants of the crown, to the intent the king might the better live of his own. The English language afterwards appears, occasionally, through the reigns of Hen. IV. and V." *

These were great innovations in established usages, and doubtless exercised a very powerful and direct influence upon the French then in use, laying it open to corrupt forms of speech and the intermixture of English words.

We now come to the fifteenth century. During the reign of Henry IV., (1399 – 1413,) the statutes are all in French, with the exception of one chapter ; and during that of Henry V., (1413 – 1422,) all in French, with two exceptions. In the time of Henry VI., (1422 – 1461,) we find sometimes Latin, and sometimes French, and sometimes both in the same statute. The last statute, wholly in Latin, is in the year 33 of this reign ; and the last, in which Latin is used, is in the 39th year. During the reigns of Edward IV., (1461 – 1483,) and of Richard III., (1483 – 1485,) the statutes are entirely in French ; and from the 4th year of Henry VII. (1488) they have been constantly in English.

As a specimen of the language of this century, we take a statute of 31 Henry VI. (1452). It is the act by which the "*erraunt faulx traitour John Cade*" is accused of sedition.

"En primes qe come le plus abhominable tyranne horrible
First, whereas the most abominable tyrant, horrible,

* *Statutes of the Realm*, Introduction, p. xli.

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odious & erraunt faulx traitour John Cade, appellant & nommant soy mesme ascune foitz Mortymer aucune foitz Capteyn du Kent, le quel noun fame actes & feetes sonnt a removeier hors la langage & memorie de chascun foialle cristian homme perpetualment, fausement & traiterousment purposant & ymaginaunt la perpetuelle destruccion del persone du dit Roy, & finalle subversion de cest noble Reame, preignant sur luy poiar roiall, & coillant a luy le people du Roy en graunde nombre par faulx subtiel ymaginouse langage, et ceduciousment fist commocion rebellion, & insurreccion soulz colour de justice & reformacion des leyes du dit Roy, robbant tuant & despoillant graunte partie de son foialle people ; Nostre dit Seignour le Roy les premisses ovesqe plusours autres queux furent pluis odious a remembrier considerant, par advis & assent des Seignours avauntditz & a la request des ditz Communes & par auctorite desuisditz ad ordeigne & establie, que le dit John Cade soit repute ewe nomme & declare faulx traitour au nostre dit Soveraigne Seignour le Roy ; & qe tout sez tirannye actes feetes & faux opynions soient voides casses adnulles anientisez & oustez de remembraunce perpetuelment ; Et qe toutz enditementez & lez dependauntez ent, ewes &

odious, and arrant false traitor John Cade, calling and naming himself sometimes Mortimer, sometimes Captain of Kent, which name, fame, acts, and feats are to be removed out of the speech and memory of every faithful Christian man, perpetually, falsely, and traitorously purposing and imagining the perpetual destruction of the person of the said King and final subversion of this noble Realm, taking upon him royal power, and gathering to him the King's people in great number, by false, subtile-imagined language, and seditiously made commotion, rebellion, and insurrection, under color of justice and reformation of the laws of the said King, robbing, slaying, and despoiling great part of his faithful people ; Our said Lord the King considering the premises with many others that were more odious to remember, by advice and assent of the Lords aforesaid, and at the request of the said Commons, and by the authority above mentioned, hath ordained and established, that the said John Cade shall be reputed, had, named, and declared a false traitor to our said Sovereign Lord the King; and that all his tyranny, acts, feats, and false opinions shall be voided, abated, annulled, destroyed, and put out of remembrance for ever ; And that all the indictments and all things depending thereof,

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faitz subz la poiar de sa tyranny ensement soient voides adnulles cassez repellez & tenuz pur nulle ; et qe le sang de nully soit ent defoule ne corrupte, mes par lauctorite du dit parlement cleere & declare perpetuelment. Et toutz enditementez en temps avenir en semble case soubz poiar de tiranny rebellion & comocion euez soient de nulle recorde ne effecte mes voides en ley ; Et touz lez peticions bailles au dit Roy en son darrein parlement tenuz a Westminster le sisme jour de Novembre lan de son reigne xxix^e^ encountre sa entent, par luy nient agrees soient prisez & rebotez en oblivion hors de remembraunce, cassez voides adnullez & anientisez perpetuelment, come chose purpose encountre Dieu & conscience, encountre sa regalie estate & preemynence & auxi dishonorable & nient resonable." *

had and made under the power of his tyranny likewise be void, annulled, abated, repealed, and holden for none ; and that the blood of no man be thereof defiled nor corrupted, but by the authority of the said Parliament cleared and cleansed for ever. And that all indictments in time to come in like case under power of tyranny, rebellion, and commotion had, be of no record nor effect, but void in law. And all the petitions delivered to the said King in his last Parliament, holden at Westminster, the sixth day of November, the nine and twentieth year of his reign, against his intent, by him not accepted, shall be taken and put in oblivion out of remembrance, undone, voided, annulled, and destroyed for ever, as a thing purposed against God and conscience, against his royal state and preëminence, and also dishonorable and unreasonable.

It is not difficult to perceive, by this extract, that the French had not much deteriorated within a century, even under the operation of circumstances to which we have alluded above. Every word in this extract is French, even the suspicious-looking words, *odious*, *traitour*, *cristian*, *robbant*, *request*, *corrupte*, *cleere*, though belonging, perhaps, to an earlier period than the fifteenth century. We cannot cite an authority for the word *odious*, but we can for the word *curious*, which has the same termination ; and we may hence infer, that this termination in *ous* is not English, but old French. The most that can be said, then, of the language of this extract is, that it is no improvement upon that

* *Statutes of the Realm*, Vol. II. p. 360.

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of the two preceding centuries. And this seems to bring us to the truth in reference to the language of the French statutes in England; it remained stationary; it did not keep pace with the language in France, but was left behind in the march of refinement. The extract in the note, from Monstrelet's Chronicles * (1400–1467), will serve for comparison; and for further illustrations the reader is referred to the "Year Books," "Littleton's Tenures," and Keilwey's "Reports."

We now come down to the sixteenth century, and bid farewell to the Statutes of the Realm. Our illustrations will henceforth be drawn from "*Les Reports des Divers Select Matters et Resolutions des Reverend Judges del Ley.*" In these we find the language sadly changed from what it was in the statutes of the preceding centuries. For nearly one hundred and fifty years, the proceedings in courts had been in English; and it is not astonishing, that some manifest traces of this should be found in the Reports, which were still in

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* We select a passage from the first chapter, Volume I.

"Or est-il ainsi que le roi dessus dit, chevauchant de ladite ville du Mans à aller audit pays de Bretagne, ses princes et sa chevalerie étant assez près de lui, lui prit assez soudainement une maladie, de laquelle il devint comme hors de sa bonne mémoire; et incontinent tollit (ôta) à un de ses gens un épieu de guerre qu'il avoit, et en férit le varlet au bâtard de Langres, tellement qu'il l'occit; et après occit ledit bâtard de Langres; et si férit tellement le duc d'Orléans son frère; que nonobstant qu'il fût armé, il navra au bras, et de rechef navra le seigneur de Sempy, et l'eût mis à mort, à ce qu'il disoit, si Dieu ne l'eût garanti; mais en ce faisant se laissa cheoir à terre; et là fut, par la diligence du seigneur de Couci et autres, ses feables serviteurs, pris; et lui ôtèrent à grand'peine ledit épieu; et de là fut mené en ladite ville du Mans, en son hôtel, où il fut visité par notables médecins: néanmoins on y espéroit plus la mort que la vie; mais par la grâce de Dieu il fut depuis en meilleur état, et revint assez en sa bonne mémoire, non pas telle que par avant il avoit eue. Et depuis ce jour, toute sa vie durant, eut par plusieurs fois de telles occupations comme la dessus dite; pourquoi il falloit toujours avoir regard sur lui et le garder. Et pour cette douloureuse maladie perdit, toute sa vie durant, grande partie de sa bonne mémoire, qui fut la principale racine de la désolation de tout son royaume. Et depuis ce temps commencèrent les envies et tribulations, entre les seigneurs de son sang, parce qu'un chacun d'eux contendoit à avoir le plus grand gouvernement de son royaume, voyant assez clairement qu'il étoit assez content de faire et accorder ce que par iceux lui étoit requis: lesquels se trouvoient vers lui les uns après les autres; et, à cautelle, en absence l'un de l'autre, l'inclinoient à faire leur singulière volunté et plaisir, sans avoir regard tous ensemble, par une même délibération, au bien public de son royaume et domination. Toute fois aucuns en y eut qui assez loyaument s'en acquittèrent, dont recommandés grandement après leur mort en furent; lequel roi en son temps eut plusieurs fils et filles: desquels, c'est à savoir de ceux qui vécurent jusqu'à âge compétent, les noms s'ensuivent." — *Chroniques de Monstrelet*, par J. A. Buchon, Tom. I. pp. 55, 56.

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French. The English was constantly forcing its way, and crowding the foreign usurper from the books. Accordingly, in the Reports of the sixteenth century, we find such expressions as the following; *Walke in le lane; Il dig up un clod del terre; Un puffe de winde; L'owner del Park vient al gate del Park pur hunter, et le Parker ne voile luy suffer de hunter;* and *Le Plaintiff done en evidence que le Defendant causa un quill de plumbe destre fait hors de un grand Pipe del dit Conduit a issuer ou conveyer per un Cocke a son messuage in le dit Parish de Saint Pulchers, part del dit ewe;* phrases, in which not only many of the words are English, but the idiom entirely so. But we must not content ourselves with these brief specimens. The following is the report * of a case in the 31 Elizabeth, that is, in the year 1589.

"Robert Bird vers William Adams. Attachment sur prohibition, pur ceo que il mesme soit seisi en son demaygne come del fée del 60 acres del terre en Owston en le dit County, et que il, et touts ceux que estate il ad, de temps dont memory, &c. ount accustomed a paier al Rector, son fermor ou deputy, del parish del Owston annualment, quant les 60 acres sont semes ove graine, le tenth sheafe de touts les sheaves del les blées la cressant ou remanent, puis le dits blées fueront reaped, bound et mise en sheafes, pur plein satisfaction del tout tythe-corne de et hors del dit 60 acres del terre; quel tenth sheafe, issint bound et sever del 9 parts, touts les Parsons del Rectory avantdit, ses fermors et occupiers, de tout temps, &c. ount accept en plein satisfaction et payment del tout tythe-corne la annualment cressant, et cel manner del tything ount observed del tout dit temps avant: et monstre que ceo nient obstante le dit def. entendant cel manner del tything de infringe, ad prosecute suit en le Court Christian en Yorke pur la substraction de 40 Cart-load del rakings de wheate la cressant l'an 1586. nient obstante que le def. ad received et prise mesme le dit an le tenth sheafe del tout les blées la cressant et collect en sheafe, accordant al custome et manner del tything avantdit; et non obstante que il ad alledge en le Court Christian cest matter en discharge des dits tythes demanded, uncore le spirituall Judge ne voile ceo admitter; et coment que il ad deliver al def. un Prohibition a surceaser, uncore il ne voile cesser de poursecute vers luy en le dit Court Christian, en con-

* Savile (Sir John), *Les Reports de divers special Cases cybien en le Court de Commun Bank, come l'Exchequer, en le Temps de Royne Elizabeth.* Lond. 1688. fol. pp. 100, 101.

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tempt del nostre Sñress le Roigne, et al damnum a pl. A que le def. plead rien culp' al contempt et al poursecution en le Court Christian, &c. mes pur aver brief de Consultation, il demurred en ley sur le dit count, &c. Et monstre divers reasons pur cause queux le dit custome del tything est encounter reason. Car quant il dit que il use de paier le tenth sheafe de touts les sheafes de graine la cressant, apres les blées sont reaped, bound et mise en sheafes, la sil ne miste les blées en sheafes, mes leave tout pur rakings, ou miste forsque petit quantity en sheafes, la il poet a son pleasure faire ceo riens ou cy simple satisfaction come il list, et pur ceo tiel manner de custome returnera al nul satisfaction : et pur ceo en cest case il doet aver alledge, que ils use a mitter touts les blées, ou tant part del eux, en garbs, et de paier le tenth sheafe en satisfaction. Et semble que tiel manner del tything nest que le common et usuall course del tything ; et donque ne poet estre alledge destre custome et certaine manner de tything, quant il ne vary del usuall tything en touts lieus. Auter reason fuit alledge que le custome ne fuit bon, pur ceo que choses de un nature et kind ne poent estre apt satisfaction pur mesmes les choses, car satisfaction est de choses del auter nature, et nemy de mesmes les choses : come si un soit oblige de paier 10 l. en money, il ne poet plede que il ad paid 5 l. in satisfaction de 10 l. car il ne poet sound en satisfaction ; mes de paier un Chival en satisfaction del money, et ascun choses del auter nature, ceo poet estre bon. Quel diversity *Pyriam* Justice denied. Car il dit que il sachoit ou il paid un bushell del eggs en satisfaction de touts eggs en un Ville : *& sic de similibus.* Mes pur un auter cause semble que count nest bon, car nest ascun express allegation del satisfaction, mes pur argument, quel est issint incertaine que nul respons poet estre fait al ceo. Et pur ceo quant al touts exceptions al *Pyriam* il semble que le count fuit male, et issint fuit adjudge, et consultation grant. *Et sic vide* que Prescription de paier le tenth sheafe sever de 9 parts pur touts tythes del Corne est male."

If this extract should not suffice to satisfy the reader's curiosity, he will find more of the same kind in Brooke, Benloe, Bendloes, Dyer, Fitz-Herbert, and Staundford, the full title of whose works it is not necessary to give in this place. They will find, in all of them, the English streaming in, like the sunshine through the cracks and crevices of some crumbling ruin, and making the cobwebs shine with a dusty light.

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If these matters were in a bad state during the sixteenth century, during the seventeenth they were much worse. The language had now reached its lowest point of degradation. There is misrule in every thing. The distinctions of number and gender are entirely lost sight of, and there is a general revolt among the parts of speech, as if King Grammar had been beheaded. French and English dance the *carmagnole* together, and murder the noble mother tongue. To the truth of this statement, the following Reports will bear ample testimony. The first is from Rolle's Abridgement, Vol. I. p. 58.

"En un Action sur le case si le Plaintiffe declare que il fuit per divers ans devant un *Brewer* et obtaine son viver per *Brewer de Beere* et vender de ceo, al son Customers, et brewe *wholsom Beere*, et le Defendant aiant communication ove ses Customers concernant son dit Trade, et de son Béere brewe per luy, al intent a discredit luy, et son Béere tam bien al son Customers, come al vicines ; ove que il avoit devant Commerce ; dit ceux parols del Plaintiffe et de son Béere, [Here follow the words on which the action is brought.] Per parlons de quel parols il fuit esteeme enter son Customers et vicines a brewer et vender *unwholsom Beere*, et ils apres refuse d'achater Béere de luy, et daver Commerce ove luy en son dit Trade, Nul Action gist pur ceux parols ; sans monstrant ascun particuler perde per ceo, come que ascuns particuler persons abstaine d'achater Béere de luy, ou tiel semble particular perde, car ceux parols serront prise d'estre parle en merriment et in geste, car il est impossible d'estre voier en le understanding de ascun, et poet estre prise que il intend que il brewe *Small Beere*, et nemy *unwholsom Beere*, *Mich.* 15. Car. B. R." *

The other is from the Reports of Levinz, Part I. p. 136.

"*Term. Sanct. Trin. Anno* 16, *Car.* II. *in Banco Regis. Dominus Rex versus Church-wardens de Axminster. Home pendus per le Bell-rope, si le campanes sont Deodands.*

"IN un *Information* pur le Roy, le Case fuit, un *Brockhurst* ringing un Bell en l'Esglise fuit strangle avec le Rope ; et si le Bell serra un *Deodand*, fuit le question sur cest *Information* pur le detainer de ceo del Roy. Et les Objections vers le Roy fueront deux : 1. Que le Bell fuit fix al Freehold ; a que

* *Un Abridgement des plusieurs Cases et Resolutions del Common Ley : Alphabeticalment digest desouth several Titles :* Per Henry Rolle, Serjeant del Ley. *Ovesque un Table de general Titles contenus en ceo.* London. 1668. 2 vols. fol.

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fuit respond que ne fuit fix al Freehold, mes tied en le Steple, et bound down avec pins ou Keys que peut estre remove sans alteration del Freeholder. 2. Object. Que les Bells sont parcel des biens del Esglise, et vaine serroit a Forfeiter ceo al Roy d'estre per luy redone al Esglise, arere ; *scil.* al *pios usus* : A que fuit dit que serra forfeit come un satisfaction pur sang, d'estre dispose pur le Roy al auter pious uses. *Hide, Chief Justice, & Windham* fueront de opinion que le Bell ne fuit forfeit, les auters deux semble contra, mes riens *ultra* fuit fait en le case que Jeo Dye." — Part. I. p. 136.*

In the same style with these are the Reports of Anderson, Jones, Latch, Littleton, Lutwych, Palmer, and Siderfin ; and the works of Finch and Winch, and of other learned men of the age. But with this century ceased the use of the French in English law books, without any special edict to that effect, though, it would seem, not without authority. It had been long previously discontinued by legislative enactments, in the pleas of the courts, and the publication of the Statutes. It seems to have fallen into disuse by the common consent of all wise men. Our only astonishment is, that it should have maintained its ground so long. Its disgraceful end forms a sad contrast with its triumphal beginning. It came as a conqueror, and departed as a slave.

The first Reports originally published in English are those of " William Style, of the Inner Temple, Esquire," in the year 1658. They were at first briefly taken in law French. The Reporter says in the Introduction ; " I have made these Reports speak English, not that I believe they will be thereby generally more useful, for I have been always, and yet am of opinion, that that part of the Common Law which is in English hath only occasioned the making of unquiet spirits contentiously knowing, and more apt to offend others, than to defend themselves ; but I have done it *in obedience to authority*, and to stop the mouths of such of this English age, who though they be as confusedly different in their minds and judgments, as the builders of *Babel* were in their languages, yet do think it vain if not impious to speak or understand more than their own mother-tongue." †

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* *Le Reports de Sr. Creswell Levinz, jades un del Justices del Common Bank, en Trois Parts : Commencant en le* 12 *An de Roy Charles II. & fini en le* 8 *An de son Majesty William III Imprimée per l'Original, escrie desouth son proper Maine. Ovesque Tables al chescun Part.* London. 1702.

† Style's *Narrationes Modernæ*, fol. Lond. 1658. Introduction, p. 2.

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Such is the history of the French language in England; a language which though long since discarded, has left behind it voluminous records of its former power, and still struggles to make itself heard amid "the noisy strife of the hoarse-clamoring bar," in the title of a statute or a term of court, and the loud *Oyes!* of the crier. It came first into use as a cunning contrivance of state policy; it continued in use from the respectability of ancient custom; it went out of use from the persuasion, that a general intelligence of the law is better than either political contrivance or ancient custom.

ART. II.—1. BOECKH; *Erklärung einer Aegyptischen Urkunde in Griechischer Cursivschrift vom Jahre 104 vor den Christlichen Zeitrechnung.* (Explanation of an Egyptian Document in Greek cursive Writing, of the Year 104 before the Christian Chronology. By Professor BOECKH. From the Transactions of the Historical and Philological Class of the Prussian Royal Academy of Sciences.)

2. BUTTMANN; *Erklärung der Griechischen Beischrift auf einem Aegyptischen Papyrus aus der Minutoli'schen Sammlung.* (Explanation of the Greek Marginal Writing upon an Egyptian Papyrus in Minutoli's Collection. By Professor BUTTMANN. From the same Academy's Transactions.)

SEVERAL years ago, by a most remarkable concurrence of circumstances, the learned world was put in possession of some original and very ancient legal documents from Egypt, which throw light on the jurisprudence of that renowned country. But, though they have been so long known to antiquaries and scholars, generally, and have not escaped the notice of the jurists also, on the continent of Europe, we regret, for the honor of a liberal profession, to be obliged to say, that we have not seen any allusion to them in the *juridical* journals either of Great Britain or of this country.

It is true, indeed, that, if the value of the historical records of our race is to be measured by their capacity of being turned to account in a pecuniary view, — if an Egyptian deed of real estate, and the record of an Egyptian law-

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suit, are to be estimated only by their utility as precedents for modern conveyancers or special pleaders, — they will hardly repay the trouble of a single perusal. But if, as Sir William Jones observes, "the law be a science," then, as in other sciences, comparative views of the jurisprudence of different nations and different ages, or, in other words, an extended process of induction cannot fail to remunerate the scientific lawyer, as well as the statesman and general inquirer, for bestowing a portion of his leisure hours upon such researches. Under the conviction, therefore, that some of our professional, as well as general, readers will take an interest in the subject of the present article, — and we can assure them all, that, if there is any want of interest in this case, it will be owing, not to the subject itself, but to our manner of treating it, — we shall proceed to give a brief account of one of the extraordinary documents in question; which is an Egyptian deed of a piece of land in the city of Thebes, written on the papyrus of that country, more than a century before the Christian era, with the impression of a seal, or stamp, attached to it, and a certificate of registry on its margin, in as regular a manner as the keeper of the registry in the county of Suffolk would certify to a deed of land in the city of Boston at this day. Well may we exclaim, with the sage of holy writ, "Is there any thing whereof it may be said, See this is *new*? It hath been already of old time, which was before us; there is no new thing under the sun."

Before we proceed, however, to the contents of this remarkable conveyance, a brief history of the circumstances connected with its discovery will not be uninteresting. We shall follow the account given of it by the learned Professor Boeckh, of Berlin, who, with the coöperation of his distinguished colleagues, Professors Ideler, Bekker, and Buttmann, translated and elucidated it in the Transactions of the Berlin Academy of Sciences.* In connexion with that account we shall avail ourselves of some emendations and remarks of Dr. Thomas Young, who has justly acquired an enviable celebrity by his discoveries in the hieroglyphic language of Egypt, as well as by his various works in numerous departments both of science and literature. It may

* *Abhandlungen der historisch-philologischen Klasse der Königlich Preussischen Akademie der Wissenschaften.*

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not be amiss for us to remark, in passing, that, by a letter received from Professor Boeckh during the last year, we are informed, that, although his Memoir upon this Egyptian document has been long published, nothing further of importance has been since discovered to throw any new light upon the subject of it, or upon Egyptian jurisprudence in general.

The original manuscript Deed in question is written in the *Greek language*, — as was common while Egypt was under its Greek dynasty, — and is known among the learned as *the Papyrus of Mr. Anastasy*, the Swedish consul at Alexandria, to whom it belonged. A perfect fac-simile, exhibiting even the blemishes and coloring of the original, was obtained by General Minutoli, and transmitted by him to the Royal Academy of Sciences in Berlin about the year 1820; and from this fac-simile, an engraving of which is given in the Berlin Transactions above referred to, a translation of the document was made, accompanied with elucidations by the eminent scholars above named. The *fac-simile* annexed to the present article, was made from the Berlin engraving, (without being *drawn* anew,) by the new and admirable process in lithography, called *Dixon's Transferring Process*, from the name of an ingenious American, Mr. Joseph Dixon, of Taunton in Massachusetts; of which we shall give some account in a note at the end of this article.

The *writing*, notwithstanding it is 1944 (or 1946) years old, is in good preservation; the substance of the *papyrus* itself is of an extraordinary firmness; and the dryness of the tomb, in which the manuscript is supposed to have been deposited, together with the balsamic preparation of the mummy, by whose side the roll was doubtless placed, must have been favorable to its preservation; the papyrus itself, too, appears to have been balsamic, as, on being burnt, it emitted an aromatic smoke.

The manuscript is an original instrument of sale of a piece of land in the city of Thebes, bought by one *Nechutes*; and it was probably in his tomb, that the document was found, where the sanctity of the place would the better insure its safe preservation. On the left hand margin there is the figure of a human head, which is either a stamp or a seal, and which has a beard, according to the Greek custom.

This document is, in many respects, of the highest in-

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terest. In the first place, we learn from it several circumstances relating to the Egyptians; and then it is extremely valuable, as a memorial, in the history of the *written* language of Greece. In relation to this last point, it should be recollected, that there has long been a dispute, whether the Greeks, in the common business of life, used an alphabet of *small* letters, technically called, by scholars, *cursive* letters, or had only the *uncial* or capital letters, which have come down to us in the inscriptions upon their marble monuments and their coins. For, although the Greeks of the present day have an alphabet of small letters, the origin of which has not been traced, yet all the manuscripts of the classic authors of Greece which are now extant in the cursive character, are of comparatively modern date; and, hence, some learned men have too hastily drawn the conclusion, that the small letters of the modern Greeks are one among their many supposed corruptions of the language of their fathers. Hitherto we have never had so ancient an authentic monument of a complete *cursive* or running hand, as the instrument now in question. The inscription from a leaden plate, which was found in a tomb near Athens, and published by Akerblad, was not *cursive*, except a little unconnected scrawl in it; and the material was not adapted to a cursive handwriting. The verse of Euripides's Antiope,

Ὡς ἓν σοφὸν βούλευμα τὰς πολλὰς χεῖρας [χέρας] νικᾷ,

which was found, in the year 1743, upon an ancient wall at Resina, in Italy, in cursive letters, and having accents and breathings, though received as genuine by Villoison and some other scholars, is now generally believed to be modern, and may have been written on the wall in sport. Some genuine traces, however, of a cursive character, appear in the scrawls, made by the soldiers, upon the pillars of the barracks in Pompeii, which were discovered near the entrance, in the year 1767; but these are not of importance. And, finally, the papyrus inscription, which Schow published, and which is genuine, is not more ancient than the second or third century of the Christian era. But, in the document now under our consideration, we have a specimen of cursive writing, of an ascertained date, at least as early as the year 104 *before* Christ; and we may safely conclude, that a cursive hand was in use before that period. It is worthy of

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remark, too, as we may infer from this document, that the Greek language was already in general use in Egypt, — even Upper Egypt, — as the legal or official language in transactions of business.

The writing in question consists of two separate portions; the first or principal part contains the *contract of sale* of the land; the other, which is on the right hand, and in a somewhat smaller character, is a *certificate of the registry* of the sale in the office or records of the appropriate jurisdiction. The certificate is more recent, and in a different and more careless handwriting; and we may hence infer, that this instrument of sale is not a copy, but the original itself.

The contents of the papyrus are, briefly, as follows. In the first part, lines 1 to 5, we have the usual designation of the epoch, or reign, and the names and titles of the sovereigns in whose time the instrument was executed, which were requisite, to give it the proper formalities; just as the deeds of land in England and this country used anciently to begin with a recital of the king's reign, and a designation of his titles, &c. After the introductory recital, from line 6 to 13, we have the formal statement of the contract, the names of the parties, and, — what is very remarkable, — descriptions of their *persons*, just as they would be given in a modern passport of a traveller in the different countries of Europe.

We have made the following copy, principally from that given by Professor Boeckh, but with the subsequent emendations of Dr. Young and Professor Buttmann; the latter of whom has particularly elucidated the certificate of registry, by a comparison of it with one of the same kind found on another papyrus, the body of which is written in the national language of the Egyptians, while the certificate itself is in that of their Greek masters.

In the following copy, the *figures* in parentheses designate the lines of the original manuscript; and the Greek words in brackets, are the different readings of Dr. Young, whose translation we have generally followed.*

* See Young's *Account of some Recent Discoveries in Hieroglyphical Literature and Egyptian Antiquities*, &c., 8vo. London, 1823,— a work, by the way, written in too much haste and under too great agitation, to do justice to the eminent author's well founded claims.

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Original Greek Conveyance of a Piece of Land in Thebes.

(1) Βασιλευόντων Κλεοπάτρας καὶ Πτολεμαίου υἱοῦ τοῦ ἐπικαλουμένου Ἀλεξάνδρου, θεῶν Φιλομητόρων Σωτήρων, ἔτους ΙΒ τοῦ καὶ Θ, ἐφ' ἱερέως τοῦ ὄντος (2) ἐν Ἀλεξανδρείᾳ Ἀλεξάνδρου καὶ θεῶν Σωτήρων καὶ θεῶν Ἀδελφῶν καὶ θεῶν Εὐεργετῶν καὶ θεῶν Φιλοπατόρων καὶ θεῶν Ἐπιφανῶν καὶ θεοῦ (3) Φιλομήτορος καὶ θεοῦ Εὐπάτορος καὶ θεῶν Εὐεργετῶν, ἀθλοφόρου Βερενίκης Εὐεργέτιδος, κανηφόρου Ἀρσινόης Φιλαδέλφου καὶ θεᾶς [ἱερειας], Ἀρσινόης (4) Εὐπάτορος τῶν ὄντων ἐν Ἀλεξανδρείᾳ, ἐν δὲ Πτολεμαΐδι τῆς Θηβαΐδος ἐφ' ἱερέων Πτολεμαίου, τοῦ μὲν Σωτῆρος, τῶν ὄντων καὶ οὐσῶν (5) ἐν Πτολεμαΐδι, μηνὸς Τυβὶ ΚΘ, ἐπ' Ἀπολλωνίου τοῦ πρὸς τῇ ἀγορανομίᾳ τὸν μῆνα [με] ἐπὶ τῆς ψιλοτοπαρχίας τοῦ Ταθυρίτου [Παθυρίτου].

(6) Ἀπίδοτο Παμώνθης, ωσημεμες [ὡς L ΜΕ μέσος], μελάνχρως, καλὸς, τὸ σῶμα μακρὸς [φαλακρὸς], στρογγυλοπρόσωπος, εὐθύριν, καὶ Ἐναχομνεὺς [Σναχομνεὺς], ωσημεμσος [ὡς LK μέσος], μελίχρως (7) καὶ οὗτος στρογγυλοπρόσωπος, εὐθύριν, καὶ Σέμμουθις Περσινηῖ, ωσηκβμετηῖ [ὡς LKB μέση], μελίχρως, στρογγυλοπρόσωπος, ἐπίσιμος φύσκη [ἔνσιμος ῆσυχῇ] καὶ Μελὺτ [Ταθλὺτ] (8) Περσινηῖ, ωσηρμετηῖ [ὡς LΛ μέση], μελίχρως, στρογγυλοπρόσωπος, εὐθύριν, μετὰ κυρίου τοῦ ἑαυτῶν Παμώνθου τοῦ συναποδομένου οἱ τέσσαρες (9) τῶν πεντωλιτοστῶν [πεντεψαιτος τῶν] ἐκ τῶν Μεμνονέων σκυτέων, ἀπὸ τοῦ ὑπάρχοντος αὐτοῖς ἐν τῷ ἀπὸ νότου μέρει Μεμνονίων . . . . [πλακο"υ"ς] (10) ψιλοῦ τόπου πήχεις ΕΝ περιτονῇ [ἓν τέταρτον ἡ] Γείτονες, νότου ῥύμη βασιλικὴ, βοῤῥᾶ καὶ ἀπηλιώτου Παμώνθου καὶ Βοκὼν Ἑρμιος [Βοκονσιήμιος] ἀδελφὸς (11) καὶ κοινὸς πόλεως [τοιχὸς] λιβὸς οἰκία Τέφιτος [Τάγητος] τοῦ Χαλόμν [Χαλόμη] ῥεούσης ἀνάμεσον διαφ. εις.. ανωϊν [δι φερούσης ἀπὸ τοῦ, πδ.], Γείτονες πάντοθεν. Ἐπρίατο Νεχούτης (12) Μικρὸς Ἄσωτος, ωσημεμες [ὡς LM μέσος], μελίχρως, τερπνὸς, μακροπρόσωπος, εὐθύριν, οὐλὴ μετώπῳ μίσῳ, χαλχοῦ νομίσματος ΧΑ. Προπωληταὶ καὶ (13) βεβαιωταὶ τῶν κατὰ τὴν ὠνὴν ταύτην οἱ ἀποδόμενοι. ἐνεδέξατο Νεχούτης ὁ πριάμενος.

Ἀπολ. Κ. Ἀγρ.

Translation.

(1) IN THE REIGN of Cleopatra and Ptolemy her son surnamed Alexander, the gods Philomotores Soteres, in the year XII, otherwise IX, in the priesthood of the existing priests (2) in Alexandria [the priest] of Alexander, and of the gods Soteres, and of the gods Adelphi, and of the gods Evergetæ, and of the gods Philopatores, and of the gods Epiphanes, (3) and of the god Philometor, and of the god Eupator, and of the gods Evergetæ; the Prize-bearer of Berenice Evergetis, the Basket-bearer of Arsinoe Philadelphus and (4) the priestess of Arsinoe Eupator in Alexandria; and in the Thebaic Ptolemais, in the priesthood of the existing priests and priestesses of Ptolemy Soter, (5) in Ptolemais; on the 29th of the month Tybi,* and under Apollonius, presiding over the Market (or Exchange) of the Memnonians, and of the lower government of the Tathyritic [Pathyritic] nome (or district).

(6) PAMONTHES, aged about 45, of middle stature, dark complexion, handsome person, bald, round-faced and straight-nosed; and ENACHOMNEUS,† aged about 20 years, (7) of middle size, yellow complexion, likewise round-faced and straight-nosed; and SEMMUTHIS Persinei, aged about 22 years, of middle size, yellow complexion, round-faced, flat-nosed, and of quiet demeanor; and MELYT‡ (8) Persinei, aged about 30 years, of middle size, yellow complexion, round-faced and straight-nosed, together with their principal, or master, Pamonthes, a party in the sale, the four (9) being children of Petepsais, one of the leather workers of the Memnoneia—HAVE SOLD out of the piece of land belonging to them in the southern part of the Memnoneia, (10) eight thousand cubits of vacant ground, one fourth part of the whole. The bounds are, on the south by the Royal Street, on the north and east by the land of Pamonthes and Bokon of Hermis,§ his brother, and the common land of the city; on the west by the house of Tephis,‖ the son of Chalomn; a canal running through the middle, leading from the river; these are the abutters on all sides. NECHUTES the Less, the son of Asos, aged about 40 years, of middle stature, yellow complexion, cheerful countenance, long face, and straight nose, with a scar upon the middle of his forehead—HAS BOUGHT the same for one talent of brass [or copper] money. The vendors being the acting salesmen [or brokers], and warrantors of the sale; Nechutes, the purchaser, has accepted the same. APOLLONIUS, Pr. Exch. [?]

* According to Prof. Boeckh, this day of the fifth Egyptian month corresponded to the 13th of February, of the year before Christ, 104. The Egyptian months were as follows;

1. Thoth,	beginning	Sept. 18.	4. Choiak,	beginning	Dec. 17.	7. Phamenoth,	beginning	Mar. 17.	10. Payni,	beginning	June 15.
2. Phaophi,	"	Oct. 18.	5. Tybi,	"	Jan. 16.	8. Pharmuthi,	"	Apr. 16.	11. Epiphi,	"	July 15.
3. Athyr,	"	Nov. 17.	6. Mechir,	"	Feb. 15.	9. Pachon,	"	May 16.	12. Mesori,	"	Aug. 14.

† *Snachomieus*, according to Dr. Young. ‡ *Tathlyt*, according to Young. § *Boconsiemis*, according to Young. ‖ *Tages*. Young.

Certificate of Registry.

(1) Ἔτους ΙΙ τοῦ καὶ Θ Φαρμουθὶ Κ ... ἐπὶ τὴν ἐν Ἑρμονθει (2) τράπεζαν, ἐφ' ἧς Διονύσιος, δεκάτης ἐγκυκλίου, κατὰ διαγραφὴν Χωτελώνου, ὑφ' ἥν (3) ὑπογράφει Ἡρακλείδης ἀντιγραφεὺς τελώνης (4) Νεχούτης Μικρὸς Ἄσωτος ψιλὸν τόπον (5) πήχεις ΕΝ...τὸν ἐν τῷ ἀπὸ νότου μέρει (6) Μεμνονέων, ὃν ἐωνήσατο παρὰ (7) Παμώνθης, τοῦ καὶ Ἐναχομνέως (8) (ἐπιγράψαντος) σὺν ταῖς ἀδελφαῖς, (9) χαλκοῦ ταλ. ά, τέλος χ'.

Διονύσιος τραπεζίτης.

Translation.

In the year xii, otherwise ix, on the 20th of the month Pharmuthi,* at the Board in Hermonthis,† at which Dionysius is officer for the usual duty [or tax] of the tenth—according to the official statement of [Cho?] the collecting officer, which Heraclides the certifying clerk has subscribed—Nechutes the Less, son of Asos, [has] a piece of vacant land of eight thousand cubits, on the southern part of the Memnoneia, which he bought of Pamonthes and Enachomneus signing with their sisters; for one talent of brass (or copper) money. The duty, 600 [drachmæ.]

DIONYSIUS, Officer of the Board.

* May 8th.
† Hermopolis. *Young.*

We subjoin but two or three explanatory remarks, abridged from Dr. Young's publication. The preamble may be illustrated by that of the Rosetta Stone; in which the reigning sovereigns, with their various epithets, are described in a similar manner. The double date is well known to have been adopted by Cleopatra and Alexander; and its origin is sufficiently explained by Eusebius and Porphyry. Professor Boeckh makes it the year 104 B. C.; but from a comparison of different authorities, it seemed to Dr. Young more probable that it was 106 B. C.; which conclusion he arrived at from a comparison of the chronologies of Porphyry, Champollion Figeac, and Saint Martin.

Such are the contents of this remarkable juridical document, so far as the state of the original text enables us at present to determine its meaning with precision; and, in this respect, we may add, that there are very few places in it where the reading is not perfectly ascertained, by a comparison of it with two or three others of the kind. When a few more papyri of this class shall be critically examined, there can be no doubt that they will so elucidate each other, as to leave no uncertainty remaining. For, as Dr. Young justly observes, "It is scarcely conceivable, by a person who has not made the experiment, how much the difficulty of reading a depraved character is almost universally diminished by the comparison of two or three copies of the same or of similar passages; the words, which would be wholly unintelligible in either, taken singly, being often very easily legible when both are at once under the eye; and, still more commonly, a word, which is confused or contracted in one, being written clearly or at length in another." *

In this place, by the way, we cannot avoid noticing a remark made in a late useful English work, which excites our surprise, and at the same time forebodes, that we must (we are sorry to say it) look to some other country than England for the further elucidations above anticipated. The work we refer to is, the account of the Egyptian Antiquities in the British Museum, published in the year 1836, under the patronage of the well known London Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and forming a part of the collection called the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge." The re-

* Young's *Discoveries in Hieroglyphical Literature*, p. 63.

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mark we allude to is this: the author says, " The *only* Greek copy which we have seen of this curious document, [the instrument under our consideration,] is in Dr. Young's book" ! So that the revised text by M. Jomard, in Paris, the important emendations of Buttmann, in Berlin, and the critical discussions of the German and French scholars, though published many years before, appear to have been inaccessible to this English writer ; who, in candor, we must admit, is not deficient in cleverness, and has claims to scholarship ; though it cannot be denied, that he has suffered some of his Greek to be printed with a degree of carelessness, that would not be tolerated on the *continent* of Europe, in a work published under the authority of any respectable name.

The subject of this article would afford occasion for much discussion, both critical and juridical ; but that would probably lead us into details of a professional or technical nature, for which our readers generally would not thank us. We will therefore only add, for the information of those persons, who take an interest in these inquiries, that, by a most extraordinary coincidence, after the discovery of the Egyptian deed which has been the subject of this article, a papyrus was found containing the record of a *law-suit* before an Egyptian tribunal, in which reference is made to several title deeds; by one of which, Asos, the father of the defendants Nechutes and Asos, with *Nechutes the younger*, (the purchaser in our present deed,) bought the land which was in litigation ; and the reader will find, to his astonishment, that two, if not three of the very title deeds referred to in that trial, are still preserved, and are in the possession of an individual in England, (George F. Grey, Esq.) who purchased them of an Arab at Thebes, in January, 1820 ! Surely, this is an age of wonders.*

* *Dixon's Transferring Process.*— This great and invaluable improvement in the lithographic art, was originally announced in the following notice, published in the " Salem Gazette " of May 25th, 1832, which we now have before us. *Seven years afterwards*, (1839), a process apparently similar in its results, though we do not yet know the details of it, was announced as a new discovery, in *France ;* which attracted the notice of the Royal Family and men of science in Paris, and was made the express occasion of their attending an exhibition of it, under the direction of the *French* inventor. It is due to the reputation of our own country, that our claim to the origin of this noble invention, at the date we have mentioned, should be established ; and we, therefore, re-publish here the original announcement of it, as follows :

" We saw yesterday some fine specimens of lithographic printing, executed in this town, at the lithographic establishment of Colonel Peabody and

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ART. III. — *Observations on the Financial Position and Credit of such of the States of the North American Union as have contracted Public Debts; comprising an Account of the Manner in which the Sums raised by each State have been applied, and a Consideration of the Probable Effects of such Application upon the General Wealth and Prosperity of the Country.* By ALEXANDER TROTTER, Esq. London. 1839. 8vo. pp. 455.

THE title of this book fully describes its object. One of the most remarkable consequences of the very complicated system of government which distinguishes this country from all others is, the great difficulty experienced at every step in acquiring information respecting all its parts. There is so little tendency to centralization in the United States, that it is questionable whether, excluding the small number of official persons at Washington, obliged in the course of their duties to look equally round, many individuals can be found who possess that knowledge respecting the portions of their own country remote from them, which should belong to men claiming to be tolerably well informed. Great numbers of the better educated classes are more acquainted with the state of Europe than with that of America. The West knows

Mr. Dixon, by an entirely new process; and we are informed by the inventors, that it was the result of a number of experiments made by them, for the purpose of ascertaining the reality of the security afforded to our moneyed institutions by Perkins's stereotype plates. The conclusion is, that they afford not the slightest protection against counterfeits, as it has been repeatedly demonstrated that a perfect fac-simile can be transferred from any bank-bill, in the short space of half an hour, and, when the transfer is once made, any number of copies can be taken.

"The specimens of printing now before us, transferred by the new process, are so perfect, that, as we compare them with the originals, we can perceive little or no difference, although the originals are perfectly dry, and were printed in the usual manner. We are aware that transfers are frequently made in common lithography, but it is only from recent prints, and with a peculiar ink. But in the mode invented by our townsmen, it is of no consequence how old the printing may be.

"According to the representations made to us, which appear to be borne out by facts, this appears a valuable acquisition to the arts. Printed despatches, received by mail or from foreign places, can be distributed by this process, without regard to size, form of type, or language, in less than an hour. Books, also, which have many plates, it is stated to us, can be reprinted at an expense much below the present cost.

"We are assured that the invention is to be given to the public, as soon as the banks can be made secure, by the adoption of a method of which Colonel Peabody and Mr. Dixon are the patentees, which will put their notes beyond the power of lithography to counterfeit."

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very little of the East, and in that little prejudice has a greater sway than the desire for truth. On the other hand, the East is almost as indifferent about exactness respecting the West, considering it in such a perpetual state of change as to baffle every hope of arriving at fixed ideas. The local matters, that interest any one State, seldom make themselves felt far beyond its limits; and nothing but a Presidential election has force enough to inspire an adequate idea, in the general mind, even of the relative political power of the different members of the Union.

If the truth of these remarks should be doubted in some points, we think it will be generally conceded when we limit them to the financial questions which arise in the States. It is but very lately that these, in their separate capacity, have come forward as dealers in money, and few persons who are not themselves engaged in the same business have yet formed adequate notions of the extent to which they have gone. Mr. Trotter will, in all probability, be able to furnish many with particulars that will surprise them. Although a foreigner, he has collected, with great industry, facts not generally understood by natives of this country. In consequence of the applications for loans, that are perpetually making by the States to the capitalists of Europe, and particularly of London, an obvious necessity arises for the information essential to estimate properly the ability of the respective applicants to fulfil the engagements they are disposed to make. Hitherto, it would certainly seem as if a suitable degree of attention had not been paid to the duty of collecting this, and as if money had been advanced at hap-hazard, with more reference to the tempting nature of the terms offered, than to the resources of the parties offering them. It is high time that this mode of proceeding should be changed; for it will inevitably lead to disappointment upon one side, and irritation upon both. The more usurious a contract is, the more oppressive it will be felt by the borrower; and, if ultimately there should be found an unwillingness to comply with its conditions, amounting in fact to inability, the greater will be the disposition to seek in the severity of those conditions an excuse for non-performance. This is the nature of man whether taken individually or in society; and when we hear of some of the agreements which have been made in London, it is, we confess, with no small surprise, that we perceive how far the ordi-

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narily shrewd and careful citizens of that great metropolis appear to have overlooked or forgotten it.

Nineteen States out of the twenty-six, and one Territory, have authorized the contracting of a debt, which in the aggregate may now be estimated as equal to two hundred millions of dollars. A very large part of this is actually due to foreigners, and consequently subjects the country to a heavy annual drain of money in the form of interest, which must, in most cases, be remitted to Europe at the hazard and expense of the borrowers. It is, therefore, highly incumbent upon every citizen of the United States, if he does not now know, directly to set about understanding, what he has got to represent the debt thus created, and how far his industry and his capital have been assisted or hazarded by the mode in which the money raised has been spent. The work of Mr. Trotter is very well calculated to aid him in his investigation; for, although not in itself pretending to be perfect, nor yet embracing many items which the passage of time has already added to the list to be learned, it nevertheless furnishes, in a small compass, a more complete notion of the most essential facts than any which it has been our fortune hitherto to meet with.

The first chapters are devoted to a general view of the financial history of the Union, involving a sketch of the most disputed political questions of the day. They embrace also some account of the resources of the soil, of the products of the different sections of the country, and of the advantages and disadvantages believed to attend them, the operation of slavery on one side, and the barrenness of the land on the other, and the general tendency of the credit system. All these are unquestionably important elements in the consideration of the financial position of the States. But it is obvious, that, unless they are touched upon in the slight and cursory way of the author, they would each of them furnish the materials for a book as large as his. We cannot venture to follow him in the estimates which he makes of them, nor to give our reasons where we disagree with him in opinion. After all, every mind will make a scale for itself, according to the impressions it has heretofore received, and this will not be liable to modification by the force of mere abstract reasoning. The author has acted very judiciously in submitting only the facts and his own impressions, without pretending to decide upon any thing.

The fifth chapter displays the immediate object of the

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book. The author here begins with a notice of the important difference which exists between the creation of loans for the purpose of increasing the productiveness of a country, and that where mere consumption is intended. This distinction is always made in the relations between private individuals, and materially affects the degree of credit given to one person over another; but it has not been customary to apply it in the same manner to nations. Perhaps this may be owing to the fact, that borrowing money by a State for investment is an idea peculiarly American, and another ramification of the system of credit, for the extension of which we are so remarkable. However this may be, the fact is too important to be lost sight of in an estimate of the resources of a borrowing party; for it cannot be doubted, that a debtor will be more able to repay the money he has borrowed, if he has invested it in some shape that may return a part, even admitting that it may be but a small part, than if he had spent it without leaving himself any thing at all to show in its stead.

After all, however, the great test will be in the application, judicious or otherwise, of the means thus obtained; and by this must our borrowing States be tried. It is important to know exactly what has been gained in exchange for the money; and if we find that the object acquired is in reality more than an equivalent, then is the position of a State benefited by the loan she has made, and her credit is strengthened; but, on the other hand, if we find that there is no great probability of a return proportionate to the outlay, or that some other undertaking is reasonably likely to impair or destroy the fair promise before full performance, then has the borrowing of money been a positive disadvantage, and the credit of the borrower is diminished.

Of the large amount that has been borrowed within a few years by the States, considerably more than half has been expended in works of internal improvement, such as canals, railways, turnpike roads, &c.; the rest has been made the basis of banking institutions. The first mode of appropriation has been that most generally adopted in the free States of the Union; the second has been confined in a great degree, though not entirely, to the slave-holding States. Both of them have been productive of very important immediate effects upon the industry of the community. Yet it remains to be seen, whether the disadvantages that may be experienced hereafter from the manner in which the works have been carried on,

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will not require a great deduction from the benefits derived. There was, no doubt, much weight in the objections made to the adoption of the policy of internal improvements by the national government, when it was agitated. The principal ones were, that the system could not be carried on with a proper regard to economy, and that it would be the means of creating an army of dependents upon the administration, whose votes could be influenced to settle the popular elections. There were other arguments drawn from the jealousy of encroachment upon State rights, which showed more narrowness of mind, than solidity of judgment or comprehensiveness of policy; we therefore do not state them. Of the two objections enumerated, the first appears to us to have been far the stronger. The tendency of the members of our national legislature to regard measures rather in the light of instruments with which to advance their popularity within their districts at home, than as modes of promoting the general prosperity, would inevitably have given rise to much contention, and to the proposal of many schemes of no great national benefit, the adoption of which it would nevertheless have been difficult successfully to resist. And the execution of the system might have made an opening to much favoritism and jobbing, which would have put the country to great expense with little benefit.

Admitting these objections to a national system of internal improvements to have very great weight, it is nevertheless much to be doubted whether those, which lie against the one adopted as a substitute for it, do not more than counterbalance them. In the first place, the tendency to improvements of a local and wholly useless character, instead of being counteracted by the separate action of the States, has been infinitely increased. The competition, from being between great sections of country, the West, the East, the South, and the North, as it was in Congress, has been between the several States, and in some cases has degenerated into a contest between the different counties in the same State. In addition to this, there has been no system adopted to make the works executed conduce to the common benefit. The utter want of general plan has led to a hurtful emulation, by which each State strives to secure to itself whatever it may gain from its neighbour, and this at a constant expense of new undertakings to divert trade from one point and to another, which, if carried on, must in the end absorb all the profits

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attending even the most judiciously executed ones. There can be little hope of permanent profit in any one quarter, where success becomes the signal for new efforts in others to diminish if not to destroy it. Moreover, the extraordinary expense at which all this is carried on by the States would have covered a great many fat jobs given to favorites of the national government, even if we are to suppose that such things do not also sometimes happen with the States themselves. Most of the money which has been raised to pay for these State undertakings, has been borrowed upon terms much less advantageous than it would have been, had the United States been the applicant. The wealthy capitalists of Europe who would have been glad to advance to the national government the whole sum, which has been actually procured, at a very low rate of profit, on account of the general confidence in the security of the loan, have been induced to do the same thing to the separate States only by extraordinary appeals to their avarice, and by the offer to them of terms, which, in many cases, if they had been made in private among individuals at home, would have been reckoned to be highly usurious.

On the whole, therefore, if we strike the balance between centralism and consolidation on the one side, and State pride on the other, we shall perhaps discover that the latter, however good in itself, is apt, when carried to an extreme, to prove, like all other pride, equally expensive and inconvenient. And we may also find, that the very moment, when it appears to have most firmly established its preponderance in the national councils, is the one from which the heaviest counterpoise begins to make itself felt. The Americans are proverbial for never being discouraged. If they cannot carry a point directly, they will manage to do it by some roundabout way. They were determined upon improving the communications between the seaboard and the interior. A very large number of them thought it best that this work should be done under the superintendence of a common head, and they proposed a method of action accordingly. But the extent of it excited the apprehensions of a still greater number, and these refused to adopt it. According to them, the business could be intrusted with safety only to the care of the separate States, upon whom it was in the end devolved. The consequence has been the outlay of quite as much money, if not a great deal more, than would have been expended on the other plan, the creation of a great many more works of doubtful utility

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than could have been carried through under the jealous eyes of the national legislature, and the establishment of an enormous debt, which the States, as such, will find it difficult, — as to a few of them, it is not hazarding too much to say, impossible, — ever to pay. And, after all, it is not improbable that Hercules will be obliged ultimately to put his shoulder to the wheel, or they will sink beyond the hope of extrication.

We have given this short chapter for the benefit of the school of strict construction, although at the expense of a little digression. We mean by it to show of how little avail is the resistance of any human power, when directed to check the developement of a country like this. The course of events will, far more unerringly than man can do, distinguish the statesman from the small politicians who may have made a figure in their day; and posterity will take care to award to each, provided it shall stop to recollect the names of the latter, the share of credit which his good acts alone shall have earned for him.

The policy of borrowing money for the sake of establishing banks, appears to have originated in the State of Louisiana, where there is a sufficient inducement existing for so singular an undertaking in the great profits that can be drawn from the use of it. This establishes a rate of interest much higher than can be safely borne in older countries. The mode in which this system has been carried into effect is, however, but imperfectly understood among us. We will, therefore, take from the work of Mr. Trotter, now before us, the clear and simple account he gives of it.

"The cases in which the State is co-proprietor in a bank are very numerous; and while this system, as we have seen, affords a greater degree of security to the holder of the State's engagements, the benefits which the State derives from it are very considerable.

"The Bank of Louisiana was one of the earliest institutions of this nature, and its charter seems to have served as a model for similar establishments in other States; for this reason, and on account of its having now been sufficiently long in operation to have presented several interesting results, some details may be entered into, as illustrative of the general proceedings of banks founded on this principle. This bank was established by an act, which was finally approved of by the legislature on the 10th of April, 1824, and soon afterwards commenced business; the charter extends to 1870. The capital consisted of $4,000,000, of which one half was subscribed by the State,

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and paid for by an issue of bonds bearing interest at 5 per cent.; the remaining half was subscribed by individuals, and was to be paid for in specie, although the enforcement of this provision was afterwards relaxed. The credit of the State being then untried, the bonds were only received at the rate of $83\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. of their nominal amount, so that bonds for $2,400,000 were given as the State's subscription, which were to be redeemed in equal portions at the end of ten, fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five years from the date of the act; the bonds were not to be sold by the bank otherwise than for specie, and not below the rate at which they received them; the bank was allowed to appoint the place where the half-yearly interest was to be paid; but any additional charge, loss on exchange, or other expenses which might be consequent upon the payment at any other place than New Orleans, were to be defrayed by the bank.*

"The faith of the State was pledged for the payment of the principal and interest of the bonds, but, so long as the share of the State in the profits of the bank was more than sufficient to pay the interest, the payment was to be made by the bank, and the surplus was to be retained under the joint administration of the treasurer of the State and the officers of the bank, to constitute a sinking fund for the redemption of the principal; and it was enacted that, until the full liquidation of the first series of $600,000, no part of the surplus profits on the State's share should be otherwise appropriated than to the payment of the principal of these bonds; but, it was stipulated, that, after the redemption of this first series, one fourth part of the half-yearly dividends upon the stock held by the State might be applied towards the current expense of the government; no greater portion of the dividends, however, was to be so applied until a further sum of $600,000 had been redeemed, when one half of the dividend might be applied to the use of the State; after which no greater amount was to be applied by the State to its own use until the whole of the bonds were paid off.

"Many judicious regulations were laid down by the charter for the management of the bank, with a view both to the accommodation of the public and the security of the institution. One half of the capital was to be appropriated solely for the purpose of being lent upon notes or bonds secured by mortgages or immovable property; but no mortgages were allowed to be taken upon land not in a state of cultivation, and not

* The State bonds were sold at a profit of $322,000; but, by an engagement to pay the interest in London at the rate of 4*s.* 6*d.* per dollar, the bank loses the premium on the current rate of exchange between England and America, which will absorb nearly one half of this profit before the bonds are all repaid.

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more than one half of the net value of the real property to be mortgaged, after deducting all previous mortgages or incumbrances, was, in any case, to be advanced. The rate of interest to be charged by the bank was limited to nine per cent. per annum upon loans and on discount of bills, and to six per cent. when the period did not exceed four months.

"The success of this bank has now been fairly tried; a half-yearly dividend of four per cent. has been regularly paid to the shareholder; and, at the expiration of the first ten years, the sinking fund had accumulated to a sum sufficient to effect the liquidation of the first fourth part of the loan; the second series, which becomes due in the course of this year, has in like manner been provided for, and notice has been given that it will be paid on an appointed day; for the last five years, therefore, the State has had the power of applying one fourth part of the dividends falling to its share to the general purposes of the government; and henceforward, till the remaining portion of the bonds are redeemed, it will have the disposal of one half, or four per cent. per annum, on its share of the capital. If the same prosperous course is continued, the State, at the expiration of ten years more, will have become possessed of one half of the capital of the bank, and will be in the enjoyment of the full dividend upon that share, without a single dollar having been advanced by the treasury." — pp. 92–95.

The same kind of process that is described in this extract has been adopted with more or less of modification in many of the States in the south and west of the Union. Sometimes they have only guarantied the payment of the money borrowed to form the capital of the banks, and, at others, they have become principals by assuming part or the whole of the ownership of those institutions. Of the propriety or the expediency of adopting any plan of the sort, there will be different opinions. We are not prepared to deny that it may sometimes turn out for the advantage of all the parties concerned. Our own opinion is, that successful banking does not depend upon skill in legislation, but upon the particular system of management which shall be adopted. A bank may prosper under a charter very loosely put together, and it may fail under one adapted with the utmost accuracy to the axioms of political economy. The success of the former will not, however, sustain an argument in favor of unsound principles, any more than the failure of the latter will weaken the force of sound ones. In the one case as in the other, the persons who shall have conducted the banks will have acted with little reference to the mere directions of the charters which create

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them ; and the returns will generally prove to be in exact proportion to the prudence, discretion, and honesty, which shall have been exercised.

Aside from this, however, there are some very grave objections against the connexion thus formed between the States and banks, which Mr. Trotter has barely glanced at. The temptation to force large dividends without much reference to the profits made, in order to meet the interest that falls due on the bonds, is doubtless very great. But it is nothing in comparison with the errors that are likely to grow out of a wrong system of making loans. A bank is created, as in Alabama for example, upon the distinct understanding that the inhabitants of each county in the State are to be entitled to borrow on mortgage a certain amount of money bearing some proportion to its extent and population. The practical effect of this is to stimulate planters to extend their plantations upon this borrowed money beyond a safe line, and consequently to excite a spirit of competition, which for a time runs up the prices of land and negroes above the level of natural demand and supply. Presently things take an unfortunate turn ; the price of cotton falls, and no longer returns enough to pay, besides the cost of production, the interest on the mortgages ; and the bank must foreclose or go behindhand with the interest on its own bonds. Then it is, that the evil of the State's connexion with such an institution developes itself. The elections to the legislature soon come on, and in every county a party is at once organized, which is in favor of adopting any measures, however injurious they may ultimately prove, that will relieve the planters from immediate pressure. This is the fruitful parent of suspensions of specie payment, restrictions upon the bank's power to collect debts, general bankruptcy and stop laws ; — in short, of the whole train of evils that attend a connexion between avarice and unbridled ambition. We do not know whether any State in the Union has yet run through the whole circle of this experience ; but it is apparent from the work of our author, even though it does not include the history of the past year, that one or two of them are in full career to arrive at it.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature distinguishing the inhabitants of the United States from all other nations is, their disposition not to leave any plan untried, provided only that it bears a plausible shape. This is not yet fully understood by foreigners, and the mistakes they commit for want of the

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knowledge often lead to injurious surmises respecting the intentions of our countrymen, that are not deserved. Enterprise and adventure are qualities much more generally developed among us, than prudence and caution. The consequence is, that an infinite number of promises made in perfectly good faith, but the performance of which depends upon a somewhat too sanguine calculation of probabilities, are destined to be broken. The moral effect of this must be admitted to be bad. It breeds an indifference to the precise terms of contracts, deeply to be regretted. Yet, although this has been for a long time regarded as a national characteristic, the fact that the credit of American citizens has never been more than temporarily impaired, goes to show, that, with much of disregard, there must be more of substantial performance, of engagements. The success which frequently attends well directed energy will more than compensate for a great deal of rashness. When we look round upon the South American States, as well as some of those in the old world, we can form a better idea of the extent to which indolence and apathy can extinguish credit. And we may discover, that, however great doubt may surround the fulfilment of the obligations of some States of this Union, there would be not a few persons glad to exchange for the most questionable of them, the best of those of other and more indolent countries.

Our author considers all these things only in a business point of view. The object of his work is to estimate the solvency of the debtor States, and he does so with fairness and candor as well as judgment. To this end he commences with Massachusetts, and goes through with them all in order, specifying in each case the nature of the debt contracted, the amount and object for which the money was borrowed, and the special provisions made for the ultimate payment, or the general resources, which, in the absence of these, may be relied upon. This is an excellent method, calculated to furnish to all who are interested in the subject, in very brief compass, the information they may want. His conclusions are highly favorable to the credit of Massachusetts and New York; but, as the financial condition of those States is generally better understood than that of the others, we abstain from discussing it. As to Pennsylvania, he sums up the amount of her liabilities as follows;

"The public debt, and the engagements of this State, according to the last annual report on the finances of the Com-

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monwealth, consisted, at the close of the fiscal year, on the 31st of October, 1838, of

Loans not pertaining to canals and railroads,		$1,680,000·00
Loan for the Eastern Penitentiary, per act 21st March, 1834,		120,000·00
Loan for the Union Canal Company, per act 1st March, 1833,		200,000·00
Temporary loan, per act 16th June, 1836,		200,000·00
Ditto, per act 14th April, 1838,		800,000·00
Appropriations to miscellaneous objects; viz.		
For Turnpike and State roads,	$69,302·72	
Bridges,	82,512·50	
Colleges, Academies, &c.	525,000·00	
Common Schools,	616,511·61	
Penitentiaries,	21,314·98	
Miscellaneous, viz.		
Geological Survey, &c.	231,088·05	
		1,545,729·86
Appropriations for internal improvements,		532,057·01
Debts pertaining to public improvements by canals and railroads,		22,229,003·32
Debt due to the United States on account of surplus revenue,		2,867,514·78
Total,		$30,174,304·97

"The faith of the State is also pledged for $300,000·00 to the Pottsville and Danville Railroad Company, and for the payment of the interest on $200,000·00 of the stock of the Bald Eagle and Spring Creek Navigation Company.

"The temporary loans contracted in June, 1836, and in April, 1838, amounting to one million of dollars, and a portion of the canal debt, making in all $1,694,000·00, have however either become payable since the date of the report, or will be due in the course of the present fiscal year. The repayment of these sums will lessen to that extent the liabilities of the State; but on the other hand, two loans amounting to $2,480,000·00 have since been contracted, (under an act of the 26th of January, 1839,) and another of $1,150,000 has been authorized by the legislature, (by act 27th June, 1839,) which will add so much to the amount. Deducting and adding these sums respectively, the debt will be increased on balance, to $32,110,304·97.

"As, however, the excess of the sums thus raised, over the amount of the loans falling due will, together with the ordinary revenue of the State, provide for the portion of the appropriations likely to be immediately called for, and as the revenue of the State will, it is supposed, be sufficient to meet the remaining

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appropriations as the several sums may be required, the whole of the liabilities under the head of appropriations ought, in considering the future prospects of the State, to be deducted from this amount.

"The portion of the surplus revenue received by the State ought not either, under the prevailing notions entertained upon the subject by the other States of the Union, to be considered in the light of a debt; if this amount be likewise deducted, the sum forming the permanent debt of the State will be $27,165,003·32."

We believe this amount has been considerably increased within the present year, as well to finish some works partially executed, as to pay the interest upon the old debt. At the same time, this ruinous expedient of compounding interest has been stopped for the future by the passage of a law for levying a direct tax. The author proceeds to explain the nature of the improvements which have absorbed so vast a sum. Of the probability whether they will ever yield sufficient to pay the interest on the debt, he does not undertake to express an opinion; but, inasmuch as it is provided that the deficiency shall be taken from the treasury, he considers the point of no consequence to the creditors. The debt seems therefore to him to be perfectly secure, as, to use his own words, "the great wealth of the State appears to offer a sufficient guaranty that its public credit may be maintained at an easy cost to the inhabitants."

There can be no doubt that this is true. But, in a country like ours, where so much depends upon the popular opinion, the question with a creditor should never be what the ability to pay is, so exclusively as to lose sight of the inconvenience and burdensome nature of a tax levied to pay it. A disposition to comply with engagements to a reasonable extent may be relied upon; but, in moments of distress, when the resources of the people are shortened, it is not to be expected of human nature that they will not complain, and there will then always arise men of a demagogue spirit, who will, for the sake of advancing themselves, give a distinct voice to the secret wishes of all. We do not desire to be understood as saying that this will happen under any circumstances like the present, or in a very short time; but we throw out the suggestion as worthy to be considered by all those persons at home or abroad, by whom the present work may be retained as a guide. Pennsylvania has carried her system of inter-

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nal improvement a little further than would seem altogether prudent, considering the temper of her population; but, on the other hand, she has great resources within herself, the developement of which will, whenever the debt ceases to be enlarged, very soon provide for its extinguishment.

We very much fear that the engagements into which the State of Maryland has entered will prove much more burdensome. The amount of the debt authorized by her is stated by our author to be equal to the sum of $16,160,667·00, which, estimating the free white population of that State at about 375,000, is equal to $43 per head. As a set-off, she holds a property in various canals and railroads, some of which have already proved profitable, and are now doubtless worth more than they cost; but of others it may be questioned whether they will soon, if ever, cease to be a burden. If she should be driven to resort to direct taxes to meet the interest accruing upon her debt, they will fall upon a population, in some portions of the State already from other causes on the decline, and upon lands which the cultivation of tobacco has gone very far to exhaust. Emigration to the new and fertile regions in the West is so easy an alternative, that the presence of a tax-gatherer would doubtless decide many to the complete abandonment of their lands. This expedient must obviously be adopted with a great deal of caution. The individuals to whom the government of the State is now intrusted have a great responsibility, for upon them will depend, in a great degree, her extrication in safety from the embarrassments in which she is involved. We would by no means desire to intimate any thing, which should have the slightest effect to impair the credit which this State has enjoyed; but it is impossible for calm observers not to be startled by the magnitude of the sums for which our author shows she has made herself liable, and the unfavorable condition of the annual account of her treasury. Neither does it need any spirit of prophecy to show to what end, unless there is an energetic change of policy, these two things must inevitably lead.

The debt authorized by the State of Louisiana is set down by Mr. Trotter at $23,139,000·00, which is far greater, in proportion to the probable number of free white inhabitants, than that of Maryland. Nearly the whole of the amount thus raised has been made the basis of banking operations in New Orleans. It is consequently very clear, that the prosperity

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of that State will very much depend upon the prudence and skill exercised by the banks. A large proportion of the lands in the State are mortgaged to secure the ultimate payment of the sums borrowed of these institutions by the planters. Hence any misfortune, which should make industry cease to be profitable in Louisiana, would have the effect of making most of the territory revert into the hands of the State. How this may happen, we can best learn from the pages of our author.

"Besides the instances in which the State is either the sole owner or the co-proprietor of the institutions which have arisen out of the application of the public funds to banking purposes, there are other cases in which the States assist by their credit, without deriving any direct advantage beyond reserving a power, under the act which incorporates the bank, of taxing the dividends, or requiring a payment for the privileges granted in the charter, although sometimes the State stipulates for an eventual share of the profits in consideration of its guaranty. The mode of putting the banks thus constituted into operation is not necessarily in all cases the same; but, in general, the property of the individuals who embark in the undertaking is mortgaged in the first instance to the bank, which pledges the mortgages so obtained to the State; and the State, on the actual deposite of the title-deeds, issues its bonds to the bank for a stipulated proportion of the amount, by the sale of which the capital is either wholly or in part raised. The State stipulates, in almost all cases, for the right of examining into the condition and management of the bank; and, as the value of the property mortgaged is ascertained by the appraisement upon oath of commissioners appointed by the legislature, whose appraisement is often again subjected to revision, the system seems to offer a considerable security to the holder of the State's bonds, and one which is constantly increasing; for, in a country progressively improving, the property thus pledged must every year acquire a greater value. In some instances, the State further requires, that the whole profits of the establishment should be set aside until the bonds issued by the State are redeemed."

The banks created in this manner are called *Property Banks*, and are peculiar to the Southern States of the Union. We shall not pretend to pass any judgment upon them. After all, as we observed in the early part of our article, every thing depends upon the management. Yet, if we consult the abstract principles of political economy, fortified by the experience of the past, we shall hardly find land to be a solid

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basis for bank operations, or the province of the banker to be to deal in money no part of which he owns. We in America have to say, in answer to all such objections, what Molière's "Médecin malgré lui" said to an inconvenient contradiction of his anatomical theory, "Cela était autrefois ainsi; mais nous avons changé tout cela, et nous faisons maintenant la médecine d'une méthode toute nouvelle." We doubt whether a patient would ever survive medical treatment based upon the position that his heart was on the right side; but the case is not parallel with that of a young State, which may strike out a novel path for itself and be prosperous notwithstanding.

We will now pass to the States in the West, which have borrowed a little of the policy of their neighbours in both of the other sections of the Union. They have raised money with which to create banks, and also money for internal improvements. The State of Illinois has authorized a stock of $3,000,000 for the first of these purposes, and $8,600,000 for the second. But our author has found it difficult to collect exact information respecting the manner in which either portion of this large sum has been employed. Some particulars have been supplied in the last number of this Journal,* which furnish a clear idea of the evils attending the system of internal improvements when carried on by the States. Illinois has commenced many things and executed nothing. She has borrowed just enough, to make it an absolute necessity that the debt should be greatly enlarged in order that she may realize any advantage at all from the money already obtained. She has rushed into banking with extravagant expectations of the profits to be realized from it, the usual forerunner of errors in policy. We perceive that the suspended debt of her banks is already equal to $637,509·77. And she has bribed the dissatisfied counties to consent to a series of railroads and canals, which must infallibly entail upon them a burden of taxation far heavier in the end, than the sum which they received as a consideration. It is, however, much too early to predict what the end of all this will be. There is now little prospect of any revival of the credit which was so liberally extended to the States in Europe a short time since. Every dollar of money to be raised hereafter in this way, with very few exceptions, will be realized, if at all, at an enormous sacrifice. The consequence must be, that the works will lag on

* See pp. 133 *et seq.* of this Volume.

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heavily, and the interest running on the existing debt will require means, the providing of which will furnish a fine opportunity for the developement of financial talent in America.

Even the young States of Arkansas and Michigan, and the still younger Territory of Florida, appear to have rushed headlong into this debt-creating system. The first of these has authorized the issue of six per cent. bonds, to the extent of $3,100,000 for the purpose of establishing two banks, the Bank of the State of Arkansas with a capital of $1,000,000, and the Real Estate Bank for which $2,100,000 are to be raised. The credit of the State does not appear to have been very strong; for few of its bonds were taken up, until the United States government thought proper to invest $800,000, including nearly the whole of the Smithson fund, in the purchase of them. We allude to this more particularly on account of the following note of Mr. Trotter, at the foot of page 337.

"The United States government became the purchaser of both the sums of stock issued on account of this bank, $100,000 having been purchased on account of the commissioners of Indian affairs, and $200,000 on account of the Chickasaw Orphan fund. A further purchase of $500,000 Arkansas stock has been made by the federal government since the account in the Appendix was rendered, but in which loan does not appear. This was the investment of a legacy to the United States, left by Mr. James Smithson of London, to found a literary institution at Washington. These instances afford a proof of the estimation in which the security of State stock is held in America."

Now we must venture to deny the truth of the assertion made in the last sentence. It is no proof of the estimation in which stock is held in America, that bonds which cannot be sold elsewhere at par should be taken by the Secretary of the Treasury. It only proves the opinion of the Secretary himself. We believe there are few persons at all well informed upon financial matters in the United States, who did not learn with surprise the manner in which the Smithson fund had been invested, and a still smaller number, who would not have loudly protested against it, if it was not generally understood that the nation regarded that fund in the light of a sacred trust, which no financial error should be permitted to diminish, or State embarrassments impair. Neither in saying this do we mean to injure the credit of Arkansas. She

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should have been made to take her chance in the market with all her sisters, without being favored with the deposit of a sum, which ought to have been secured by all the capital and industry of the oldest and most wealthy of them. We think it important that Mr. Trotter should not mislead his European readers, or himself, by the inference which he has drawn in this instance. For his experience should by this time have taught him, that the acts of the financial head of the national government in the United States are not in all cases the safest guide to the opinions of the most intelligent of the moneyed circles of the country.

The last chapter of Mr. Trotter's book is devoted to a general review of the grounds for State credit, which is drawn up with much ability and candor. As an evidence of what foreigners think of our political condition, perhaps the following passage may not be without its use.

"Though, in estimating the future by the past, there is great reason, therefore, to believe, that a determination to adhere strictly to their engagements is still likely to characterize the people of the several States, yet the effect of the continued and rapid strides which democratic principles are making in the United States may have too important consequences to be altogether overlooked in the present inquiry.

"Until late years, the middling classes, which in all free countries constitute the most important section of the community, enjoyed in the United States a practical importance in no degree inferior to that of the corresponding classes in this country. Possessed of wealth, of talent, and of station, they were able to exert the influence which these ought ever to command in the selection of their representatives in the national councils; but the subjugation of this important and respectable class to the numerical force of the majority, in the wealthiest States of the Union, at the period of the elections in 1834, evinces the power which the dangerous right of universal suffrage is calculated to confer on those who are little fit to judge of the true interests of the State, and most open to the influence of uncontrolled feelings.

"The growth of popular opinion, in the worst sense of the word, in the United States, and the influence it has had in overruling the wiser and better principles advocated by the more enlightened portion of the citizens, have been lamentably shown in the little power which the executive has been proved to possess on all points where it has been opposed by popular clamor, which, whether expressed throughout the Union gener-

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ally, or in a detached portion of it, has in the end always proved victorious.

"The continuance of slavery, and still more the unnecessary recognition of it in Missouri, on that State being admitted into the Union; the want of power in the local governments to protect the abolitionists at New York, or the Roman Catholic establishment at Boston; and the inability of the general government to confirm the decisions of the Supreme Court in cases of the violation of treaties with the Indians; the yielding to the Carolina tariff question, and the abolition of a national bank, though the clamor in the first of these instances had common sense in its favor, and in the other was sanctioned by the head of the government, — are all proofs of the supreme authority of the popular voice, when the feelings of the people are excited.

"The effect which this prevalence of democratic principles may have in the case before us is very evident; for, should the States be obliged hereafter to have recourse to taxation to defray the interest on their loans, it will not, probably, be till the different undertakings for which the loans were raised will have been rendered unpopular by want of success; and, although it does not follow that the people, under these circumstances, will refuse to submit to the necessary sacrifice, their adhering to their engagements cannot be so confidently depended upon, as it might be if the legislative bodies were returned by classes more directly interested in the maintenance of the financial integrity of the States.

"In deprecating, however, the dangerous tendency of democratic principles, it must be borne in mind that the direction of the bias which this power will give to the course of events, will depend on the character of the people who exercise it; and as, in the supposed instance, the question is a simple one, of whether the States will act honestly or fraudulently, much will depend on the prevalence of religious principles among them; for no views of expediency, however far-sighted, or even principles of national honor, can, under the supposed circumstances, be relied upon. To what extent, therefore, religious feelings prevail in the United States, and are likely to form a principle of action, must be a question of deep importance if viewed only in connexion with the subject under discussion; for, in deciding whether, in times of difficulty, the States will keep good faith with their creditors or not, the existence of such an influence, or of an opposite one, must infallibly be found to throw its weight into one side of the balance or the other.

"Being without the means of forming an opinion on this

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subject, and wishing neither lightly to admit the existence of this feeling among the inhabitants of the United States, nor lightly to deny it, I shall content myself with pointing out the importance of it."— pp. 353–356.

We think this a fair, though not an exact, statement of the difficulties that attend State credit in America. Mr. Trotter does not recollect, that the great majority of voters throughout the United States are small landholders, too poor to bear much taxation. So very cheap is the fee of the soil, that a very small burden upon it in one place will make an owner sell out for what he can get, and remove to another, where he will not feel it. Now it may be the case, that the floating and movable voters, without property of any kind, will in particular places get the upper hand, and, with or without the consent of the land-owners, impose taxes, the weight of which they never will feel, or from which, if they do, they can escape at once by removal. Whenever these taxes become burdensome, it is the land-owners who will be the discontented, for they are the only fixed class of the population. And they will either refuse to continue them, or they will begin to remove. The latter branch of the alternative leads to depopulation, which is as fatal to the maintenance of a debt as the former. Hence it will be seen, that too great caution cannot be exercised, as well in the manner and degree in which direct taxes are resorted to, as in the extent to which they are relied upon as a resource by persons disposed to become creditors. It is not the disposition in which the debt is contracted, that is to be censured; for we have no doubt that every proposition which has been made on the part of the debtor States has been in perfectly good faith, and there is on their part a sincere determination to abide by the terms of the engagements they have entered into, however onerous they shall prove. Neither is it so clear that a failure in performance, if any such happens, is to be apprehended from the precise cause mentioned by our author, the preponderance of the masses, who have no property, in the legislative bodies; for these will never feel the weight of a tax. The dissatisfaction, if it arises at all, will spring up among the small freeholders, who may get rid of their burdens by removal to the West at little sacrifice,— thus devolving the whole upon the few persons of large property, upon whom the weight would prove intolerably great.

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But it is altogether too early, at this time, to undertake to foresee evils of the kind described. The foreign creditors, who may feel uneasy at the present appearances, have in their favor the extraordinary resources of the country, the certainty that the people are well disposed to maintain their engagements, and the probability that a majority of the States would ultimately prefer that the national government should be made to assume their debts, to the adoption of any act of declared bankruptcy. At the same time, a result of this kind is so uncertain, and must be brought about against so great a degree of resistance, that it should never be made the basis of any extension of obligations.

The general observations made by our author upon the nature of our government present a wide field for discussion, which we regret that our limits must prevent us at this time from entering upon. There can be little doubt in the minds of reflecting persons, that a change has already taken place in the action of the federal constitution, which does not appear to have been foreseen by any of its framers. The people manifest an increasing distaste for the complicated theory of a division of powers, and more and more incline to the purely democratic feature of a single executive head precisely representing their will. We hope soon to find an opportunity for the developement of our views upon this topic, without however any design to take part in the political differences of the day. We do not perceive that this change is likely to have much effect upon the financial credit of the country, which will depend more upon the reputation acquired by those to whom its affairs may be intrusted, than upon any abstract notion. There can be no doubt, that in America there is a great fund of intelligence, judgment, and practical skill in matters of finance, always at hand in the commercial cities, which may be drawn upon with great advantage whenever the embarrassments of the public shall become such as absolutely to need its assistance.

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ART. IV. — 1. *I Promessi Sposi. Storia Milanese del XVII. Secolo, scoperta e rifatta* da ALESSANDRO MANZONI. Firenze. 3 Vol. 1829. 12mo.

2. *Sulla Storia Lombarda del XVII. Secolo Ragionamenti* di CESARE CANTÙ. Lugano. 1833.

IT would have afforded us great satisfaction to be able to present to our readers a detailed biographical sketch of the brightest ornament of historical romance in Italy, Alexander Manzoni. Trite as the observation is, we cannot help repeating it, there is no introduction to an author's works like a knowledge of his life and character. Nothing brings your eye so close to the written picture of his mind; nothing gives such force to his observations, or explains so well those little traits which drop from his pen, almost without his perceiving it, the spontaneous, strongly-marked expression of the heart. Nor is the converse less true. Some men have received from nature so rare a power of communication, that to read their works is to know them. It is like listening to a free and familiar conversation, where the heart pours itself out, without check and without reserve. How delightful the friendship we thus form with a favorite author! How he winds himself into our affections! What a hold he gains upon our sympathies! The intimacy of daily intercourse could do no more. And there, too, he always is, with the same serenity of aspect, the same cheering tones, and all those little winning ways, that so often find access to the heart, when closed to every other appeal.

We have never seen a Life of Manzoni. We know him only through his works. And yet, were we called upon to draw a portrait of him, we should hardly hesitate to make the attempt. We should paint him as one of the most amiable of men; with sympathies easily awakened, and a heart to receive and preserve their slightest impressions. We should expect to find him freest and most expansive in the midst of his friends, or of his own domestic circle. We should there look for the benignant smile; glances beaming with a love too strong to be repressed; every now and then somewhat of sly humor lurking around the eye and the corners of the

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mouth ; a play of features not so remarkable for its variety, as for a tone of decided individuality, which we should suppose it to preserve throughout every change. We should expect to hear him talk in a mild, firm tone of voice, flexible to a certain point, and never too sharp or too decided, except when he approached one or two particular topics. Should there be any striking character in the room, he would perceive it at once, approach him gradually (we do not mean cautiously), and draw him out. If any thing extravagant were said or done, the author need not be under any apprehension of meeting it in print ; yet, if some time or other in the course of his reading, he should chance to come across something very like it, it would be easy to guess how it got there. We should say too, that he was a man to walk through a wood, view a sunset, a fine landscape, or even go through some sorts of adventures with. And if he said nothing to you in your twilight walk, if he uttered not a word while gazing upon nature in her majesty, yet there would be a tremulous pressure of the hand, a glow upon his countenance, that would go further than any words could go, and make you feel that his heart, like your own, was overflowing. But we must check our pen. We have a long path before us, yet, unless our readers could turn to Manzoni's volumes, instead of our meagre account of them, hardly enough so to justify what we already have said.

It is now more than twelve years since the " Promessi Sposi " was first published ; and it is generally believed that the author, in strict accordance with the Horatian precept, kept his manuscript by him nine full years before he ventured to submit it to the public eye. It came, if our recollection of the first edition be correct, in no very inviting form, with a title, of which it would be hardly saying enough to call it unpretending, and with none of that parade of preparation and anticipated applause, with which it is so often found convenient to usher in a new candidate for public favor. Yet, before six months were over, you would have found it in every corner of Italy, and in such a variety of editions, that, had the law of copyright been known there, the author might easily have interwoven his laurels with gold. Nor was it long left in solitary possession of the field. First came the " Monaca di Monza," a rib from the lovers' own side, to claim rela-

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tionship and keep them in countenance. Others, of various forms and sonorous titles soon followed, each enforcing its claim in some style of rhetoric peculiar to itself; while our author, like the good vicar of Wakefield with his poor relations, was obliged to acknowledge the tie, though the blind, the lame, and the halt were of the number. Since that time, it has not only kept its ground, but apparently gone on extending and confirming its reputation. Rivals have striven to supplant it, and failed; critics have attacked it, and been forgotten; and, hardest of all, admiring editors have swelled it with notes and glosses and comments, and been laughed at for their pains. The author too, as if satisfied with his success, has locked his portfolio, although we have often heard it whispered, that there was still something in it. Will it be counting too much upon the indulgence of our readers, if we ask them to follow us through a minute examination of this beautiful production?

The writer of an historical romance voluntarily assumes a double task; and, while he aims at giving a correct picture of particular traits of human character, attempts to illustrate some of those incidents peculiar to different ages, which are too closely connected with every-day life, to obtain a separate place upon the page of the historian. In judging works of this class, therefore, it becomes necessary to study them with an eye to this double intention, and to consider their historical bearing as well as their truth to nature. If they fail in either of these respects, whatever be their merit in one class, they fall below the standard at which they professedly aim, and must be judged accordingly. Truth to nature will not atone for historical infidelity; nor will a knowledge of the manners and usages of a distant epoch, however profound, supply the place of a clear perception of the great laws of human character. And what shall we say of invention, of the power of delineating individual character, of describing particular incidents and scenes, and of binding the whole together by a clear, simple, yet warm and animated, narrative?

The first question, therefore, which claims our attention in the present inquiry, is purely historical. What was the state of Lombardy in the seventeenth century?

Lombardy, at the moment in which our story commences, had been for nearly a century under the absolute dominion of the crown of Spain. Twenty-one governors, the representa-

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tives of four sovereigns, had succeeded one another in the space of ninety-three years; and a term, which would hardly be considered sufficient for learning the details of a common office, was the utmost limit allotted to the administration of men, on whose knowledge and judgment the fortunes and the happiness of thousands depended. Absolute in his control, freed by distance and the peculiar character of the Spanish court, from that restraint, which the consciousness of an ultimate responsibility might have imposed, each governor gave himself up, without fear or scruple, to the pursuit of his capricious pleasures, or the still more dangerous study of personal aggrandizement. And, although the Spanish dominion, both in Naples and in Sicily, was distinguished by corruption and oppression, by the hauteur, the cruelty, and the lasciviousness of its ministers, the first rank on this dark catalogue has been reserved, by a well known and popular saying, to the governors of the Milanese.

Worthy companions and instruments of such rulers, the Milanese nobles seem to have joined them heart and hand in their task of oppression, and to have sought, in the privileges and immunities of their order, a compensation for the loss of the higher privileges which they had once possessed as citizens. Surrounded on all occasions by a band of desperate ruffians, armed both in public and in private, raised above the laws, either by family interest or by personal power, they pursued whatever chanced to be the fancy of the moment, without hesitation and without remorse. To accomplish a difficult enterprise in open opposition to the laws; to inflict immediate and signal punishment upon whoever hesitated to comply with their demands; to be distinguished by superior audacity and a more relentless cruelty, from the common mass of crime with which they were surrounded, was their highest ambition, and the aim of their lives. And, were it possible to adopt the theory of the great Italian dramatist, the same qualifications, which had enabled the founders of those names on which they prided themselves to win for them so brilliant and so durable a glory, contributed to fit the men who then bore them for succeeding, to the utmost extent of their wishes, in the career of crime and pollution which they had chosen.

No one who knows what human nature is, will expect to find the clergy exempt from this deep-rooted and universal corruption. Religious, like all other forms of power, has

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ever been made the instrument of vice, where vice has prevailed ; and the men who, on some occasions, would urge on their enterprises by industry or by force, will not hesitate to resort, on others, to the more stealthy but equally efficient aid of the cassock and the cowl. But corruption in the church is of a far more extensive and dangerous import than in a merely civil community. It is the duty of the clergy to instruct, to console, and to defend. They speak to us in the language of the Deity ; and how large is that portion of every nation to which the promises and the precepts of religion never penetrate, except through the mouths of their religious teachers. They have voluntarily assumed, in the name of the Being whose laws they interpret, a burthen, which nothing but a firm reliance on him, and a constant recurrence to his aid, can give them strength to bear. Like their divine Master in his mission upon earth, they interpose themselves between the sinner and the ruin to which he is hastening, between the oppressed and the oppressor, the wretched and their wretchedness. They have a consolation for every sorrow, and a balm for every wound.

But the existence of the clergy as an independent body will always be attended with serious disadvantages. The peculiar facilities which they enjoy for acquiring a strong influence over the minds of their disciples ; the position which they occupy as intermediary between the delinquent and the only Being by whom his delinquency can be pardoned or punished ; the habit, which, from childhood upward, is formed of relying upon them for instruction, consolation, aid ; offer facilities for the abuse of power, which have sometimes been found too tempting even for the strongest minds. Add to these, privileges and exemptions ; raise the men, already possessed of this fearful weapon of mystery and faith, high above their fellows by temporal rights and the dazzling prosperity of this world ; knit them together in a strong bond of alliance, where common interests, common dangers, and common pursuits concur to draw the tie closer, the greater the strength with which it is assailed ; and you put them to a test too severe for unassisted human power.

Hence in times of general oppression, when law is too feeble to protect the lower classes, or its ministers too corrupt to enforce its injunctions ; when no one can place sufficient reliance upon his personal rights, or his individual power,

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to separate himself from the class in which he was born, unless he can secure the support of some order, which privilege or power has raised above the common level; the clergy, like every other privileged body, will be filled by thousands, that resort to it for protection, and swell its ranks with a devoted multitude of retainers. It can hardly be necessary to say what would be the character of a clergy thus constituted. Yet such was the clergy of the epoch which Manzoni has undertaken to illustrate.

Fortunately for the poor, for the oppressed, for religion herself, two men were called, within a few years of each other, to the archiepiscopal chair of Milan, who seem to have been expressly sent, in that period of suffering and pollution, to confirm the wavering, and recall those who had wandered astray, by the visible presence of pure Christian virtue. These were Charles and Frederic Borromeo. The former has been raised by the Catholic Church to the rank assigned to those, whose virtues seem to be of too pure and elevated a cast, not to be the immediate and special inspiration of the Deity. Frederic was already twenty when his uncle died. During that important period, which so often irrevocably decides the character of a whole life, he had been within the influence of the exalted qualities of his kinsman. To imitate these was the study of his life. Their revered example was his guide in doubt, his support in trouble, his consolation in sadness and in sorrow. And the first question that he asked himself, upon any new or trying emergency, was, What would St. Charles have done in such a situation? By a rare but all-important combination, his intellectual qualifications were hardly inferior to those of his heart. An indefatigable student from his earliest years, the absorbing duties of his station never prevented him from devoting some hours of each day to composition and reading; and the catalogue of the works which he dictated, or wrote with his own hand, while conscientiously engaged in functions, which of themselves would be too great a burthen for a common mind, would seem astonishing even for a professed author. He founded the Ambrosian Library of Milan; he restored the Academy of Fine Arts; he extended his patronage to every branch of intellectual culture, and with a judiciousness and earnestness of purpose, equal to the zeal which he displayed in the more immediate duties of his calling. Like his uncle, he waged a constant

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warfare with the vices of his age and of his order; and, if some few escaped the general contamination, and the wretched and the lowly were not always without a refuge, it is to Charles and Frederic that the praise belongs.

Next to the privileged body, come the ministers of their crimes, the extensive and terrible race of bravoes. Daring, unscrupulous, incapable of remorse or of attachment, yet preserving, even in the depths of their moral debasement, a certain pride of profession, they formed a band of determined and obedient retainers, on whom their master could rely for the accomplishment of every wish. The menaces of government were of no avail against them; they walked abroad in open day, under the very eyes of the ministers of justice; and the rewards, which were offered for their lives or their capture, seem to have added to their audacity, by multiplying the proofs of the terror which they inspired.

The laws and privileges of this period were worthy of the men for whom they were designed. The right of asylum, which forms so singular a feature in the history of modern Europe, was still preserved in full vigor; nor will any comment of ours be required to show what influence it exercised upon such a state of society as that which we have attempted to sketch.

Agriculture and commerce were trammelled with protections and checks, planned with so minute a specification of detail, that there was hardly a stage in the progress of any natural production, from the moment when the seed was first laid in the ground till the harvest was consigned to the vender, for which there is not some especial provision. Nor is the exactness of the criminal code less striking. It is hardly an extravagance to say, that not a year passed without some new device for the suppression of crime, or some new form of reward or of punishment, for alluring the penitent or for terrifying the guilty. The decrees against the bravoes alone would fill a volume. And lest ordinary means should prove insufficient, the torture in all its various forms was applied upon the slightest suspicion. The cord, the most common form of torture, was frequently held in readiness in the public squares, and at the corners of the principal streets. But with a church, a convent, or the palace of a noble within his reach, who would fear the impotent threats of a careless and timid legislator?

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The natural fertility of the Milanese territory, and the industry of its inhabitants, were but an inadequate resource against such complicated abuses. The manufactories, which, from the times of the Lombard republics, had supplied the materials of an active foreign commerce, were suffered to fall to decay; the artisans, by whose skill and industry they had flourished, were driven for support to foreign states; and the territory gradually, we had almost said systematically, was drained of its wealth and of its inhabitants. In eight years, from 1616 to 1624, the city of Milan alone lost twenty-four thousand workmen, and seventy manufactories of cloth were reduced to fifteen. When the Spanish government first took possession of the Milanese, they found in the capital a population of three hundred thousand souls. They left one hundred thousand. They found seventy manufactories of woollens; they left five. Add to facts like these, the plague, which raged with a violence, of which it is difficult, even with the recent ravages of the cholera fresh in our memories, to form an adequate conception; and famine, in her most revolting form, extending from the cottage of the husbandman to the palace of the noble, and filling the streets and the highways with the dying and the dead.

Such is an outline of the period which Manzoni has chosen for the scene of his narrative. Leaving to the historian the exposition of those general facts, which are now peculiarly his province, he has endeavoured to carry his readers back to the daily life, the private interests and private sorrows, which are so often the consequence of those facts. A profound study of contemporary authorities has enabled him to enter fully into the spirit of the age, and give to every scene and character its appropriate coloring. The public incidents of which he has availed himself possess a decided interest for the student of Italian history. A famine, the real causes of which must be sought in the ill-devised economical laws of the Spanish rulers, and in the oppression and outrages of the Spanish garrisons; a plague, which, even in that age, was remarkable for its extent and its duration; and the passage of the imperial troops to the siege of Mantua, which was attended with scenes of havoc and wanton cruelty, such as even the ravages of a hostile army could not have exceeded; — these events gave rise to scenes and incidents of the highest interest, where the heroes of the romance, by a simple and per-

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fectly natural action, are made to paint in the strongest colors the character of their age.

Three of these are borrowed from history. Frederic Borromeo is drawn from life. His habits, his virtues, his aims, even the tone of his conversation, are such as the most rigid research would justify. If our author has not interwoven the weaknesses of this great mind with the exquisite picture that he has drawn of its higher qualities, he has not denied their existence, and the occasion called for nothing more. The introduction of Frederic gives a peculiar moral beauty to the whole work. It is in the course of a pastoral visit that he first comes before us, and with that rare union of mildness and resolution, that bland dignity, those gentle reproofs, those ardent exhortations, that expansiveness of heart which embraces with equal readiness the highest and the lowest interests; that rare combination, in short, which commands universal love and admiration, since there is hardly a human being but finds in it some quality that he particularly admires. He enters so promptly into the cause of the humble heroine of our tale, and does it with so much delicacy, so much good sense, and withal so naturally, that he has at once a complete hold of the reader's heart.

No less remarkable is the second historical character; but he is a being of a very different class. Those of our readers, who are familiar with the local history of that period, will remember in the general picture of crimes one individual, who stands distinguished by guilt and daring of a peculiar order. His name is not known, but Cantri, in his admirable dissertations upon this portion of Lombard history, gives strong reasons for supposing him to have been a Visconti. He seems to have possessed a vigorous mind; an intrepidity of character, which set every form of danger at defiance; a firmness of purpose, which neither pity nor opposition could move; and a restless ambition of preëminence, which a few centuries earlier would have exalted him into a hero; but which, in the age and country in which he was cast, left him little more than the part of an outlaw and a ruffian. His residence, for many years, was a castle on the Venetian frontiers, in a spot which Nature herself seemed to have formed for the haunt of a bandit. This he had fortified with care, and garrisoned with a band of the boldest bravoes. Guards were stationed at every avenue. Not a member of his vast household but

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was inured to crime. And even at the present day it will hardly be considered strange, that few were willing to hazard their lives against men whose native ferocity was thus supported by the vigilance of military discipline. The exercise of his power was not confined to the lower classes; the wealthiest nobles were equally under his control; nor was there any one so strong as not to find himself, sooner or later, constrained to court the alliance of this master spirit. At length, after years spent in outrages upon society, he, of his own accord, suddenly sought an interview with Frederic Borromeo, changed the whole course of his life, and devoted the remainder of his days to a rigorous atonement for the vices of his former career.

There are two other characters, drawn from the minuter history of the age; a nun of a noble family, whom domestic tyranny had forced into a convent, and her lover, a hardened villain, the worthy accomplice of the Innominato. Others are incidentally introduced, but the part which they perform is too slightly connected with the general story to call for a particular description.

The rest are purely of invention. In these, accordingly, we have a right to require a fuller expression of the author's feelings, and a more delicate test of his knowledge of the age he has undertaken to illustrate.

We speak first of Padre Cristoforo, not merely because he has so much to do with the narrative, but because he has imperceptibly come to be a standard in our mind for monastic virtue. The old man first meets us in a moment of perplexity and sorrow; one of those moments, in which the heart would break, if left to itself; and yet precisely those, when we feel how hard it is to find one that will lend a willing ear to our complaints, and repay the outpouring of grief with words of commiseration and of hope. He is hurrying along the road from his convent to a little mountain village, where the inmates of an humble cottage await his coming as the condemned awaits his reprieve. The coarse garb of his order is not unsuited to his venerable form; for the severity of the folds, and the heaviness with which it falls in straight, unwavering lines, correspond with the gravity, the almost sternness, of his aspect. His silver beard waves upon his breast in the fulness of unshorn majesty; and the cowl, that has fallen backward, brings out, in clearer proportion, the noble lines of his

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head. There is but little hair left there ; yet age would account for that ; but will age alone tell the secrets of that furrowed brow, and the flitting play of the mouth and the eye ? There is something written there in deeper characters, than age, with all its sorrows, could form ; some absorbing thought, that for years and years has been setting deeper and stronger its indelible seal. We must go back to his early life, if we would know all the secrets of that brow.

He was born to affluence, but not to nobility. In his education the same disparity prevailed. He was taught all the accomplishments of a gentleman ; but the taint in his blood separated him from those, who by similitude of cultivation and of taste should naturally have been his companions. Yet perhaps his heart would have kept him from them, if his rank had not ; for his was gentle and affectionate, and ill fitted to share in the acts of outrage and cruelty which were their daily occupation. It was natural, that, from pitying the oppressed, he should soon become their protector ; for what noble heart can content itself with barren expressions of commiseration ? But oppression can only be resisted by power ; and thus he was gradually led on, from scene to scene of violence, and forced, by his love of justice and of virtue, to associate with the men whom he most abhorred, and mingle in the scenes most revolting to his nature. Wearied, heart-sick with such a life, he began to look with longing eyes toward the calm of the convent. Compunctions, suddenly excited by one terrible incident, decided at once and irrevocably his wavering mind. It was while returning one day from his usual walk, that he chanced to meet a nobleman, well known to him for his haughty and tyrannical character. A dispute arose ; angry words were exchanged ; they soon came to blows ; a servant of Cristoforo, in parrying a thrust aimed at his master, fell dead at his feet ; but Cristoforo, at the same instant, planted his own sword in the breast of his antagonist. A convent of Capuchins was at hand ; the crowd urged, forced him to its gate ; and there, in the silence of his inviolable asylum, he found leisure to mature the thought, which, half formed and indistinct, had so often flitted through his mind. He assumed the robe of the order. His first act was to humble himself to the kinsman of his adversary, kneeling to the brother of the deceased in his crowded hall, and asking his pardon for the blood that he had shed ; the next, to de-

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vote the remainder of his days to the atonement of his crime, and to the aid and consolation of the wretched. And this he does, with so pure a courage, so earnest a zeal, such an abundance of charity and of love, and yet with so much humility, and such deep-rooted and constant compunction, that, be your creed what it may, you can hardly give him any other name than that of saint.

Don Rodrigo and his cousin Attilio, although the parts they perform are not of equal importance, may, without any violation of propriety, be classed together. They are cast in the same mould, worthy representatives of that nobility to which they belong. Yet, however insignificant in themselves, as far as our author is concerned, they are drawn with great truth and vivacity.

But how shall we describe Don Abbondio, the poor old parish priest, who had trembled on thus far through life, and asked no higher blessing than to be allowed to tremble on through the rest of his days ; with the proviso, however, that there should be as many of them and as long as possible ? The poor man had taken orders, for by doing so he had united himself to a class, redoubtable both for its numbers and for its immunities. He endeavoured also to perform his duty, as far as his fears would allow him ; but with that regard to personal safety which was ever his presiding care. He is a perfect exemplification of the selfishness of fear ; of its tendency to concentrate every thought, every feeling, upon our personal convenience ; to lose sight of duty, and suppress all the nobler sympathies and tendencies of our nature in presence of this debasing thought. He serves as a foil for Frederic and Padre Cristoforo, whose virtues seem, if possible, to borrow a new lustre from the contrast.

In the three remaining characters, our author seems to have proposed nothing more than a faithful picture of human nature under the influence of peculiar circumstances. Agnes, the mother of the betrothed, is a kind-hearted, good-natured country-woman, industrious from habit, and pious from the united influence of habit and conviction. She neither says nor does any thing remarkable ; yet her part is an important one, and it would be difficult to make a person of her class speak or act with more propriety and truth to nature.

Lucia, her daughter, the heroine of the narrative, is somewhat more idealized. Not that any of the qualities assigned

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to her are such as we should not expect to find in one of her station, but there is a certain delicacy of coloring, and a softening down of the features, which, without falsifying the likeness, give it to you in its most favorable and intellectual form. It is like a bust modelled in the style of the ancients, broad, full of feeling for all that gives character to the face, but with a total disregard of those accidental details, which have nothing to do with real expression. Lucia is made beautiful as a matter of course, for who would think of painting a bride and a heroine in any other way? But it is a beauty peculiar to her class, and one which such of our readers, as have turned aside from the post-roads of Italy, to wander through the secluded mountain districts, can easily form an idea of. In her mind you perceive at once the forming hand of Padre Cristoforo; a certain degree of cultivation; a ready apprehension of duty; a piety pure, undoubting, refined; even elevated, if unwavering conviction and an intuitive abhorrence of wrong can constitute moral elevation; that piety, in short, which belongs to a warm and innocent heart.

In Renzo there is nothing ideal. He is a country artisan in the costume of the seventeenth century, frank and bold; thanks, too, to Padre Cristoforo, sincere and virtuous-minded; yet hasty, and full as ready to trust to his own hand for protection, as to that of the law. Like some few, whom we have actually met with in life, he improves upon acquaintance; you like him better the more you know of him.

Such are the simple materials from which Manzoni has drawn one of the most striking pictures, that ever have been given, of the manners and the customs of a distant age. All the leading characteristics of the individual, of the degree of civilization to which he has attained, and of the extent to which that civilization has been diffused, are brought into play; and each receives a developement proportioned to its real importance. No historian has ever painted with more truth the influence of circumstances upon character, or the vigorous vitality with which the Deity has endowed those principles, which he designed for the guide and the solace of mankind. The sublime piety of Frederic is beautifully contrasted with the timid morality of Don Abbondio. The devoted charity of Fra Cristoforo is set in bold relief by the temporizing policy of the superior of his order at the table and in the closet of the privy counsellor. And while our

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author thus withdraws the veil from the corruptions of the clergy, who does not feel his confidence increased in the exalted picture which he has given of what they might and ought to be? The Innominato and Rodrigo, with their ruffian retainers, the remorseless license of their lives, and the lowness of the objects for which they willingly encountered so much obloquy and guilt, form the best illustration of the aims and character of the corrupt nobility whom they represent. And from the persecution and sufferings of Renzo and Lucia, the desolation of the famine, the terror produced by the passage of the German troops and the ravages of the plague, results a picture of the miseries, the trials, the peculiar characteristics of the age, which surpasses the highest coloring of the most eloquent historian.

The story by which these personages and incidents are bound together is a very simple one. Renzo and Lucia are upon the eve of being married. Don Rodrigo, the feudal lord of the district, has met Lucia a few weeks before, on her return from her work, and conceived for her a passion which he is resolved to gratify at every hazard. Accordingly, the evening before the marriage was to take place, two of his bravoes are sent to waylay Don Abbondio, and forbid him, in the name of their master, and at the peril of his life, to perform the ceremony. He promises compliance and secrecy. But the bridegroom, who comes early next morning to fix the hour for the completion of his happiness, soon finds the way of extracting from the frightened curate his terrible secret; and the poor old man, after two such scenes, and with still more dismal forebodings for the future, shuts up his house and goes to bed with a fever. The desolation of the betrothed may be easily imagined, and it is then that Renzo and Agnese hear for the first time of the odious persecutions to which poor Lucia has been exposed. Agnese, with the confidence which people in trouble are apt to feel in the learned in the law, sends Renzo a couple of miles across the country, to ask the advice of Doctor Azzecca-garbugli, who, it would seem, had a high reputation for holding the clue to all sorts of scrapes. As a recommendation to the Doctor, he takes with him the two well-fattened capons that were to have decked the wedding board. But what is his surprise, after having heard from the lips of the complaisant man of law full half a dozen acts and edicts, which seemed to have been made on

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purpose for his case, to find himself thrust away by the shoulders the moment he lets out that he is not the criminal, but the victim, and that the author of the outrage is Don Rodrigo. Disconsolate, bewildered, hardly knowing what to do, he retraces his steps towards the cottage of his promised bride. He there finds a more faithful counsellor, Padre Cristoforo. The old man resolves at once to beard Rodrigo in his den, and, if he can arouse neither his fears nor his conscience, at least to ascertain to what length he is resolved to carry his brutal design. The scenes that follow, the dinner-table of Rodrigo, the interview of the tyrant and the friar, the hurried and almost penitential warning of the old family servant, are executed with a masterly hand. But the result is as might have been expected; and all that Cristoforo obtains is a secret ally in the old butler.

In the mean time, poor Lucia has been prevailed upon, by the entreaties of her mother and the desperation of Renzo, to consent to attempt a forced marriage; for, by the laws of that period, if they could only succeed in declaring themselves husband and wife before the curate and in the presence of witnesses, the ceremony was in every respect legal and binding. The trial was made the next evening. Two friends of Renzo accompany him as witnesses, and Agnese undertakes to hold the curate's talkative attendant, Perpetua, at bay. But this time his very fears come to the aid of Don Abbondio, and give him an unusual alertness in warding off the blow. Just as Lucia is in the act of uttering the fatal words, he throws down the light, casts the baize covering of his table upon her head, and, in the confusion that ensues, makes good his retreat to an adjoining room. Here he begins to cry lustily for help. The sexton, aroused at his call, sounds the alarm from his steeple, and in a few moments the village comes pouring, *en masse*, upon the green plot in front of the church. Our adventurers have barely time to save themselves by a back path. Here they meet a messenger from Cristoforo. They have failed in their attempt upon the curate, but have escaped a danger more terrible than any that had thus far threatened them.

Don Rodrigo, stung by the reproaches of the friar, and the taunts of his cousin Attilio, had resolved to resort to a measure for obtaining possession of Lucia, which even to his eyes seemed hazardous. He forms his plan in concert with his trusty Griso; sets his bravoes at work; and awaits the issue

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with a mixture of exultation and doubt. The ruffians had already forced their way into the house, when the village bell sounded the alarm at the cry of Don Abbondio. Startled at the sound, which seemed to menace them with an indefinite, uncertain danger, they become confused, hesitate, and with difficulty are kept together by their more experienced leader, who, though taken equally by surprise, preserves enough of his native daring and presence of mind to guide them back to the castle.

Our readers will remember the old butler. The extraordinary movements at the castle had not escaped his vigilant eye. Warning had been given to Padre Cristoforo ; and it is his messenger calling them to the convent, that the betrothed and their mother meet, on their flight homeward from the alarm in front of the church. They find the good father waiting for them at the convent chapel ; and there, after a short prayer, and a parting benediction, he consigns them to a boatman, whom he had already engaged to convey them across the lake, whence they proceed by land, the females to Monza, and Renzo towards Milan.

Our mountaineer first enters the capital in a moment of universal confusion. The scarcity of provisions, which for some time had been growing more sensible, and gradually assuming all the features of a famine, had at length reached a pass at which popular feeling could no longer be restrained by ordinary means. It was chiefly directed against the bakers, whom common report accused of being concerned in a monopoly of grain. From being a simple spectator of the ravages of the excited populace, Renzo is betrayed into some indiscretions of the tongue, which a government spy turns to his own advantage, and awakes him next morning a prisoner in the hands of the *sbirri*. Fortunately for him, the tumult had not wholly subsided. He dexterously avails himself of an opportunity of rescue that occurs as he is on his way to prison, and escapes into the territories of Venice. Being a skilful workman, he finds immediate occupation in a manufactory, where one of his own family had long stood foreman, and begins to look forward to the happy moment when he can invite Lucia and her mother to join him in his new abode.

Poor Lucia has also her share of troubles. Their first care had been to present the letter, of which they were bear-

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ers, to the guardian of a Capuchin convent in Monza. The good friar, like his friend Cristoforo, enters warmly into the sufferings of the maiden, and obtains for her, by his personal recommendation, the protection of the personage whom we have already mentioned as the Monaca di Monza. Agnese remains a short time with her daughter, and then returns upon a visit to her native place. Lucia, by her gentle and winning manners, soon gains a strong hold upon the affections of the capricious princess.

But what is Don Rodrigo doing all this while? To sit tamely down after such an insult, and acknowledge himself beaten by a country clown and a Capuchin friar, — what noble could bear so humiliating a thought? He traces Lucia to the convent. But the stroke was too bold a one for him. In this exigence he addresses himself to the Innominato; and such is the occasion on which we first meet this formidable outlaw. The Innominato takes up the enterprise with warmth. He repents of his engagement, the moment after; for he had already become wearied with his career of guilt; yet his word has been passed, and the pledge must be redeemed. He bethinks him of Egidio, the lover of the noble nun. Hard is the struggle in the breast of the princess; but, the first crime committed, who can flatter himself that he will have strength to resist the second? A pretext is found for sending Lucia upon an errand at a distance from the convent, and on the way she is seized by the emissaries of the Innominato, and conveyed, half dead with affright, to his castle. What a night! what tears, what agony, what desperation! In the midst of her anguish, her consciousness of the present, her terrors for the future, she invokes the aid of the Virgin, and vows, as the dearest offering she can make, never to marry.

Nor was the night of the Innominato a tranquil one. He had long been tormented by the occasional upbraidings of remorse. The sight of Lucia, the few words of supplication, of heart-wrung entreaty, that she had uttered, had completed the work, and conscience now spoke in a voice that would not be hushed. After tossing for hours on his feverish couch, he is roused at early dawn by the ringing of bells and shouts of joy from below. They are for the coming of Frederic, who was that day to make a pastoral visit to a neighbouring village. "Who is he? Why should one man have the power of making so many people happy, and I only the com-

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mon one of making them miserable? I will see him; I will hear him." Imagine that interview, for we cannot describe it. See the Innominato as he issues from the presence of Frederic; mark his relaxed brow, and the change in his eye; observe with what anxious steps he retraces his way towards the castle, each instant seeming an age, for each seemed to prolong the torment of his victim; see him follow the litter of Lucia till she is once more placed in safety in the hands of a kind-hearted villager, and then flying again to the presence of him from whom he had heard such words of joy and consolation as had never fallen upon his ears before. And if you would change a little the coloring of the scene, recall to your minds who the Innominato was; think how long his dwelling-place had been the scene of every horrid tale, and his name a word of terror even to babes; and then picture to yourselves our friend Don Abbondio, mounted upon a mule, and riding at his side even into the jaws of that very den. One alone of all the exclamations that broke from him in that hour of trial, will sufficiently explain the state of his mind. "It could not have gone worse with me, even if I had married them at once!" And so too he thought, when stammering and unable to reply, he listened to the reproofs of Frederic for this grave transgression of his duty.

The story of Lucia, of the conversion of the Innominato, of the part taken by Frederic, is rapidly noised abroad; and, in the interest generally awakened for our heroine, a Milanese lady of rank volunteers to take her under her protection. In Milan, therefore, we must leave her for the present, and look around for other personages who have an equal claim upon our notice.

Don Rodrigo was not the last to hear of the conversion of his ally and the liberation of Lucia, and to perceive what a figure he was making in the eyes of the world. Every thing had promised so well! By the assistance of Attilio, Padre Cristoforo had been sent off to Rimini to preach during Lent. Renzo, after his adventures at Milan, had been publicly proscribed, and a reward offered for his capture. The ground was clear; and to think that just at that moment, Frederic, with his out-of-the-way piety, and the Innominato, with his ridiculous scruples, which after all looked so much like hypocrisy, should spoil so fine a game, and one that had cost him more anxiety, and greater efforts, than all his other enter-

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prises put together! To complete his embarrassment, Frederic was coming, in a few days, into his part of the country; and with what face could he meet him? And yet how could he, the first lord of the district, avoid going in person to welcome so high a dignitary? There was no choice, and away he goes to Milan, to drown in dissipation the recollection of his defeat, or throw it at once into the shade by some new and signal triumph.

Poor Renzo! his first thought had been to escape, and then to open a correspondence with Lucia. But he soon found it necessary to change his name for a while and secrete himself. Then, as he did not know how to write, think of his task in making out his story, and telling what he hoped and what he intended, and what grounds he had both for his hopes and his intentions; and all this with the aid of a scribe who was not to be let fully into the secret, and who moreover knew his business too well, not to throw in a few flourishes of his own pen, by way of embellishment to the simple story of the mountaineer. And then there was the answer of Agnese, which he could not read, and was accordingly obliged to have recourse to his scribe again. Here were the adventures of Lucia; the story of the barbarous outrage upon her person; of her miraculous deliverance; and, last of all, the vow, — that terrible vow to the Madonna. Think how all this sounded in the poor swain's ears, and so distinctly told too, for the scribe of Agnese was cousin-german to that of Renzo, and repaid his embellishments with interest. In short it was all confusion, doubt, mystery; with just light enough to drive a man mad. And all this for that wretch of a Rodrigo, and that cowardly old curate! But patience; their time is coming.

First follows the passage of the Imperial army to the siege of Mantua; friends, it is true, but such friends! Every village sacked; every field laid waste; such wanton havoc; such brutal outrages! The peasants flying to the mountains for shelter, driving their flocks and herds before them; and old and young, men and women, tottering under the weight of whatever there was a hope of saving from the hands of the invader. Among the fugitives we find three of our old acquaintances, Agnese, Don Abbondio, and his faithful Perpetua. They take refuge at the castle of the Innominato, whose name was then covered with more benedictions than

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perhaps balanced the bitter tears which his former excesses had drawn forth. But what an asylum for Don Abbondio! A regular camp; provisioned, that was well enough; fortified, that too might pass. But the armed men; the muskets; the swords; the change of sentinels; the busy note of preparation; the sudden and oft-repeated alarms! The poor priest was almost dead with terror; and, had it not been for one important duty, that kept him constantly occupied during the whole three weeks of his imprisonment, Heaven only knows how he would have survived them. He was employed from morning to night, searching out among the glens and precipices by which the castle was surrounded, some nook, where, in case of a fight, he might hide himself away.

The troops all gone, the famine became more general, and more fatal. And just as the minds and bodies of men seemed to have been prepared for some new calamity, comes the plague. It was the parting legacy of the Germans. Its progress in the beginning was slow, although the forms that it assumed were always terrible. During the winter it crept stealthily onward, silently spreading from hamlet to hamlet, strengthening its hold with each progressive step, and gradually becoming more and more evident, until of a sudden, like a long-smothered flame, it broke forth in all its terrors. And then the bands of society were severed, the dearest ties broken asunder. Every thought centred in the all-absorbing care of self-preservation. The ordinary resources of government were soon exhausted; the hospitals crowded to overflowing; men and children left to perish by the wayside; the holiest recesses of domestic life profaned by the tread of the loathsome instruments, who alone could be found in those moments of desolation, to perform the duties of the sick bed and the grave; the laws without force; the very men who had made them, and who should have watched over their execution, victims of the common scourge. It is here, in the thronged chambers of the Lazzaretto, that we meet once more the four principal personages of our narrative, two of them for the last time.

Renzo no sooner recovers from the plague, than he sets out in search of his beloved. His steps are first turned towards his native village; and there whom should he meet, pale, emaciated, leaning upon a staff, that hardly yields the desired support to his trembling limbs, but Don Abbondio?

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From him he hears the long catalogue of woes, which, to the native of a little mountain hamlet, where every next door neighbour seems a kinsman, might almost be called domestic. Agnese is safe, but with a relation in a distant village; Lucia at Milan, but whether dead or alive he knows not. Away then once more to the capital, with a hurried pace and a beating heart. He finds the house of her protector, but she is at the Lazzaretto. Thither he turns his steps, and there, amid the dying and the dead, surrounded by every form of desolation and of woe, he finds Padre Cristoforo. The old man is well nigh his end, with the pestilence already written in unerring lines upon his pallid features; but still active, still regardless of himself; hoarding, as it were, the last sands of life, that he may gain one more hour to the service of others. The interview is a brief, a melancholy one. Renzo is worked up to the highest pitch of excitement; and even there, with such a scene before him, he breaks out, for a moment, in execrations upon his oppressor. A few words from the friar recall him to himself. With a stricken conscience and a moistened eye, he listens to his reproof; but how much deeper does the lesson sink into his heart, when the Father leads him to the couch where Don Rodrigo is breathing away in insensibility the last moments of his wicked life. A prayer at that bed-side, an entreaty, warm from the depths of his soul, that the Almighty might forgive him as he had forgiven, and he resumes, with a calmer, almost with a lighter heart, his melancholy search. We will not follow him. We will not count those moments of agonizing doubt. He finds Lucia, finds her safe, safe from that hand which had laid so many low. Padre Cristoforo releases her from her vow. It is their last sight of the good old man; for, but a few days after, he is called to that reward for which he had so long been toiling. The pestilence ceases. Agnese, Lucia, Renzo, meet again in their own dear mountain home. The curate, freed from the fear of Don Rodrigo, no longer withholds the nuptial blessing; and our hero and heroine, and their kind-hearted mother, their hearts purified by sorrow, are left as happy as mutual love and the gratification of their warmest desires could make them.

Such is the plot of the "Promessi Sposi." There is not an extravagance in the whole work; not a scene that might

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not have actually occurred; not a phrase or a sentiment in the mouth of any individual, which might not have been expected from such a person, under such circumstances. Every character is in perfect keeping; from the terrors of Don Abbondio to the garrulity of Perpetua; from the meek piety of Lucia to the sublime morality of Padre Cristoforo.

The general management of the narrative is not less happy; and each personage, and each incident, is introduced with singular skill. The work opens with a description of one of the loveliest scenes in Italy, a branch of the lake of Como. The description is not long, but yet enough so to make you feel the power of the author, and raise your expectations of what is to follow. The first scene is the meeting of Don Abbondio with the bravoes of Rodrigo. From this moment you are interested for Lucia and her lover. Who are they? What is the meaning of this tyranny? What is there in a simple country girl, that a noble of the land should resort to such high-handed measures in order to prevent her marriage? Then come Perpetua, and poor old Abbondio, at home. Renzo follows next; and, if you get thus far, you must read the whole book, for you must see how it is going to end, and what Padre Cristoforo can do, and whether that wretch Rodrigo really will succeed, and what is to become of poor Lucia; the whole story, in short, for it is so well woven together, that one part seems to follow the other like real life.

The historical incidents are managed with equal felicity. The famine, the passage of the Germans, the plague, are so necessarily connected with the rest of the tale, that you would be puzzled how to bring one part about without the help of the other. We will even say as much for the historical characters. Frederic, the Innominato, the Monaca di Monza, have not so much the air of having been sought out by our author, as of having come, of their own accord, to place themselves just where they stand.

A great variety of scenes result from this arrangement. The flight of the betrothed, and their first separation from home, are described in language which none but a poet could have used. The mob at Milan, Renzo's escape from the *sbirri*, and his flight into the territory of Bergamo, particularly the last, with that long, long night of wandering, are told with wonderful power. Nothing can be more ludicrous than the

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appearance of Don Abbondio on almost every occasion; while the closing incidents, the aspect of Milan, of the Lazzaretto, and the scenes that pass there, are equal to the finest passages of Scott himself. We are at a loss, in fact, to select, where all is so beautiful; but perhaps were we called upon to fix on any particular chapter as giving an idea of the real power of Manzoni, we should choose the sketch of Padre Cristoforo.

The general character of the narrative is simplicity. Of this our author never loses sight, even in the most elevated or in the most pathetic passages. The result is a truth to nature, which almost makes you fancy the whole story to be true. There is, moreover, a quiet vein of humor running through it, so well managed, and brought out with such skill, as to produce a most delightful effect. It will remind the English reader of the exquisite humor of the good Vicar of Wakefield.

We would not have it supposed however, that, much as we admire this work, we consider it faultless. It has several defects, and some that we could hardly pardon in any other author. Interesting as the stories of Frederic and of the Innominato are, they are too long. This remark applies with still greater force to Don Ferrante and the Monaca di Monza. They are not enough before our eyes as actors in the general plot, to bear so minute a detail of their private history. After having read so much about what they have done on other occasions, we want them to do more on this. Nor does it better the matter to say, that these stories are beautifully told; that the portrait of the Monaca di Monza is drawn with a vigor, that has seldom been equalled; that Don Ferrante is a decided "Secentista," and painted to the life. They are not at all the more connected with the story for all this; and they give it, moreover, an episodical character, which has more than once made us think, that our author has not always distinguished the style of the school of "Gil Blas," (where story is interwoven with story, and every new comer feels bound to tell you the history of his life,) from the more concentrated and continuous narrative which belongs to historical romance. In the catalogue of the library of Don Ferrante, we are almost afraid of making a gross blunder, but we cannot help thinking of the celebrated library of Don Quixote.

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The description of the famine is accompanied with many rare and interesting notices, but still it fills up too much room; and many a reader who is seeking for mere amusement, and who must have the brim of his cup sweetened if you would make him draw in instruction with it, will be apt to skip it all, after the first page. How easily, too, might the whole history of the plague have been interwoven with the narrative. What Renzo sees in the country, in the streets of Milan, and in the Lazzaretto, conveys a far more impressive idea of the real extent of the suffering, than the whole introduction. When your feelings have once become interested in the heroes of the story, you cannot bear to lose sight of them so long. The interest flags, unless they are constantly before you; and, when you return to them after a minute description of any event, however important in itself, they no longer look as familiar as they ought. In these instances, therefore, our author seems to us to have failed in those very qualifications, in which he has succeeded so well in other parts of his work. He has encroached somewhat too much upon the province of the historian; and, although the details into which he enters are highly interesting, and not to be found elsewhere, yet are they not the less out of place. This becomes still more apparent, upon comparing them with the description of the passage of the German army; a portion of real history, yet so skilfully interwoven with the general plot, that the narrative never for a moment stands still, and some one or other of the persons that interest us, is kept constantly before our eyes. The same may be said of the scenes that occur during Renzo's second journey to Milan. He is constantly with us, from the first to the last of the melancholy search; and the idea which this mode of narration gives us of the ravages of the plague, of the desolation and terror that reign in every part, is so clear, so distinct, and so powerful, that you feel as if he had taken you by the hand, and carried you with him through all the horrors of the scene. Why then that long, misplaced introduction?

One more complaint, and we have done. Manzoni has most of the qualifications of a great writer. He feels deeply. He thinks clearly. His knowledge of life and of man is extensive and profound. He has a perfect command over his conceptions, and all his ideas are distinct and well defined.

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Why, then, neglect his language? Why refuse the aid of those graces of expression, those artifices of style, which add to the charm even of the profoundest ideas, and of the strongest feelings? It is but a cold conclusion to say, that his work is well written; and yet we cannot in conscience say any thing more. With a language unrivalled for richness and variety; with idioms and phrases that seem to have been purposely formed to give a winning grace, an irresistible energy, to every conception of the mind, and every emotion of the heart; with beauties courting his attention on every side; he has preferred a meagre parsimony of all, that nowhere seems so much out of place as in a work written purely to please. His fear of affectation, and his abhorrence of the *secentisti*, have betrayed him into a neglect of those higher beauties, which are as far removed from the vapid turgidness of that forgotten school, as they are true to nature herself. He could never be an affected writer. He possesses too much of real feeling, of that spontaneous feeling which is the surest guard against affectation. We know that Manzoni's diction bears the coloring of his literary opinions. This is not the place for discussing them; yet, in so long an examination of his principal work, it would have been both difficult and unfair to avoid a passing allusion.

We would say in conclusion, that we look upon the "Promessi Sposi" as one of the most beautiful productions of the age. As a work of art we have ventured to criticize it, and point out, one by one, what seem to us blemishes. Yet, however much these may diminish our pleasure in one sense, we lay down these volumes with a firm conviction, that the author has accomplished the task which he had set himself. We have seen what materials the age furnished him, and what he formed for himself. We have seen, too, the beautiful use that he has made of them; how, by the very simplicity of the heroes of the tale, he has heightened the picture of oppression and crime; how, by the introduction of Cristoforo and Frederic, he has set religion in the most fascinating light; how truly he has entered into the spirit of the age, and how faithfully he has preserved its coloring. And yet we believe that we are adding even to these eulogiums, when we praise its calm and soothing tone; that tranquillizing influence, which it preserves throughout, and which

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leaves the reader, like the hero and heroine of the tale, quiet, contented, but not boisterously happy, for they have felt what a chastening power there is in the hand of adversity.*

ART. V. — *Letters of* MRS. ADAMS, *the Wife of John Adams. With an Introductory Memoir, by her Grandson*, CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown. 1840. 16mo. pp. lxiv. and 448.

JOHN ADAMS, second President of the United States, died at the age of ninety-one, at the ancient seat of his family in Quincy, Massachusetts, on the 4th day of July, 1826, a half century from the day on which he had affixed his signature to the Declaration of American Independence. Eight years before his death, after a union of fifty-four years, he was bereaved of his wife, one of the illustrious women of New England, in that great day of its heroes and heroines. The work before us is a small selection from her letters. Prefixed to them is a Memoir, which, while it is a beautiful specimen in that department of writing, affords valuable illustration to the contents of the volume.

Mrs. Abigail Adams was the second daughter of the Reverend William Smith, the Congregational clergyman of Weymouth, a village on the coast of Massachusetts Bay, bordering

* Since writing the preceding pages, we have been favored by a literary friend with a biographical sketch of Manzoni. "What is writ is writ," and we do not feel disposed to alter it. But the following dates may, perhaps, not be uninteresting. Manzoni is a grandson of the celebrated Beccaria. He was born in 1784, and was married in 1808 to a Protestant lady of Geneva, who subsequently embraced the creed of her husband. His first publications were two short poems in blank verse. In 1810 he published his "Inni Sacri," five sacred lyrics, of which two at least are of a very high order; in 1820, the "Conte di Carmagnola," and, in 1823, the "Adelchi," two tragedies which have been more admired by foreigners than by Italians. An Ode upon Napoleon, which we shall not hesitate to call the finest that ever has been written upon that difficult subject, was published about the same time. He has also written a defence of the Catholic religion in reply to some passages in Sismondi, and a disquisition on some questions in the history of the Lombards. He resides at Milan, and is now married to a second wife.

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upon Quincy, and about twelve miles from Boston. Educated at a time when there was no public provision in the colonies for the instruction of females, her opportunities for intellectual culture were only such as could be found in private reading, and the society of her family friends. "I was never sent to any school," she says to one of her correspondents; "and female education, in the best families, went no further than writing and arithmetic; in some few and rare instances, music and dancing." In her twentieth year, in October, 1764, she was married to Mr. John Adams. He was a young lawyer of rising reputation; but, so far were her high destinies in this union from being anticipated, that it appears the disparity of rank between the minister's daughter and the legal aspirant, presented some interruption to the course of that true love, which, for one reason or another, has never yet been known to run smooth.

"The father of Mrs. Adams," we quote from the Memoir, "was a pious man, with something of that vein of humor, not uncommon among the clergy of New England, which ordinarily found such a field for exercise as is displayed in the pages of Cotton Mather. He was the father of three daughters, all of them women of uncommon force of intellect, though the fortunes of two of them confined its influence to a sphere much more limited than that which fell to the lot of Mrs. Adams. ..... It is an anecdote, told of Mr. Smith, that, upon the marriage of his eldest daughter [Mary], he preached to his people from the text in the forty-second verse of the tenth chapter of Luke, 'And Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her.' Two years elapsed and his second daughter, the subject of this notice, was about to marry John Adams, then a lawyer in good practice, when some disapprobation of the match appears to have manifested itself among a portion of his parishioners. The profession of law was, for a long period in the colonial history of Massachusetts, unknown; and, after circumstances called it forth, the prejudices of the inhabitants, who thought it a calling hardly honest, were arrayed against those who adopted it. There are many still living, who can remember how strong they remained, even down to the time of the adoption of the present Federal Constitution; and the records of the General Court, at its very last session, of 1840, will show that they have not quite disappeared, to this day. Besides this, the family of Mr. Adams, the son of a small farmer of the middle class in Braintree, was

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thought scarcely good enough to match with the minister's daughter, descended from so many of the shining lights of the colony. It is probable that Mr. Smith was made aware of the opinions expressed among his people; for he is said, immediately after the marriage took place, to have replied to them by a sermon, the text of which, in evident allusion to the objection against lawyers, was drawn from Luke vii. 33; 'For John came neither eating bread nor drinking wine, and ye say, *He hath a devil.*'*"—*Memoir*, pp. xxxiv, xxxv.

The first ten years of Mrs. Adams's married life were passed in tranquil domestic happiness. In August, 1774, her husband, entering on that course of distinguished public service, which occupied him for nearly thirty years, repaired, as a delegate from Massachusetts, to the General Congress, while she remained at home, a witness and sharer of the severe sufferings of Boston and its neighbourhood in the early period of the revolutionary struggle. In the winter of 1777–8, having made in the interval a few short visits to his family during the recesses of Congress, Mr. Adams sailed for France, as one of the commissioners to negotiate a treaty with that power, and remained abroad during the war, with the exception of a few weeks in the autumn of the following year. In 1784, having been sent to London to negotiate a treaty of commerce, Mrs. Adams joined him there, and was introduced at court, the first female representative of her country in the diplomatic circles. Mr. Adams returned from Europe on the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and, having been elected Vice-President, fixed his winter residence for the sessions of Congress, first at New York, and then at Philadelphia. When, with the downfall of the Federal party in 1801, he was superseded in the Presidency, he retired to finish his days at his early home. The small property, accumulated in his few years of professional practice, had been so judiciously administered by his wife during his devotion to public duties, as to make the retreat of his declining years the seat of an easy independence, and of a modest but liberal

"* As this anecdote rests entirely upon tradition, it has been differently told, and it is here admitted in this form, rather as a characteristic feature of the age, and of the individual, than from any positive reliance upon its accuracy. There are yet transmitted, among the inhabitants of Weymouth and Hingham, many stories of Mr. Smith's application of texts, in a similar manner, to the events of the Revolution; which render the truth of this far from improbable."

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hospitality. Mrs. Adams lived long enough to see her eldest son employed in some of the highest public trusts, though not to witness his elevation to the chief magistracy of the Union.

The selection from her correspondence before us consists of letters written at different times between the years 1761 and 1814. Most of them are addressed to Mr. Adams, two before their marriage, and others during his absence, in Congress, and abroad upon the public service. There are a few to her son, Mr. John Quincy Adams, while a child and youth, and the rest, with a small number of exceptions, are to her sisters and nieces in New England. They are charming specimens of epistolary composition; and the last, by a matron of more than threescore and ten, does not suffer in point of grace, — scarcely in point of vivacity, — in a comparison with the first by a girl of seventeen. But their chief value is of a different kind, and one which we should do injustice to indicate in any other words than those of the author of the Memoir.

"In every instance of domestic convulsions, and when the pruning-hook is deserted for the sword and musket, the sacrifice of feelings made by the female sex is unmixed with a hope of worldly compensation. With them there is no ambition to gratify, no fame to be gained by the simply negative virtue of privations suffered in silence. There is no action to drown in its noise and bustle a full sense of the pain that must inevitably attend it. The lot of woman, in times of trouble, is to be a passive spectator of events, which she can scarcely hope to make subservient to her own fame, or to control.

"If it were possible to get at the expression of feelings by women in the heart of a community, at a moment of extraordinary trial, recorded in a shape evidently designed to be secret and confidential, this would seem to present the surest and most unfailing index to its general character. Hitherto we have not gathered much of this material in the United States. The dispersion of families, so common in America, the consequent destruction of private papers, the defective nature of female education before the Revolution, the difficulty and danger of free communication, and the engrossing character, to the men, of public, and to the women, of domestic cares, have all contributed to cut short, if not completely to destroy, the sources of information. It is truly remarked, in the present volume, that 'instances of patience, perseverance, fortitude, magnanimity, courage, humanity, and tenderness, which would have graced the Roman character, were known

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only to those who were themselves the actors, and whose modesty could not suffer them to blazon abroad their own fame.'* The heroism of the females of the Revolution has gone from memory with the generation that witnessed it, and nothing, absolutely nothing, remains upon the ear of the young of the present day, but the faint echo of an expiring general tradition. There is, moreover, very little knowledge remaining to us of the domestic manners of the last century, when, with more of admitted distinctions than at present, there was more of general equality; very little of the state of social feeling, or of that simplicity of intercourse, which, in colonial times, constituted in New England as near an approach to the successful exemplification of the democratic theory, as the irregularity in the natural gifts of men will, in all probability, ever practically allow.

"It is the purpose of the present volume to contribute something to the supply of this deficiency, by giving to tradition a form partially palpable. The present is believed to be the first attempt, in the United States, to lay before the public a series of private letters, written without the remotest idea of publication, by a woman, to her husband, and others of her nearest and dearest relations. Their greatest value consists in the fact, susceptible of no misconception, that they furnish an exact transcript of the feelings of the writer, in times of no ordinary trial. Independently of this, the variety of scenes in which she wrote, and the opportunities furnished for observation in the situations in which she was placed by the elevation of her husband to high official positions in the country, may contribute to sustain the interest with which they will be read." — pp. xxiv–xxvi.

We select, for our first extract, a letter to Mr. Adams of May 24th, 1775, five weeks after the battle of Lexington and Concord. It conveys a vivid idea of the disturbed state of things, which continued throughout that year in the writer's neighbourhood.

"I suppose you have had a formidable account of the alarm we had last Sunday morning. When I rose about six o'clock, I was told, that the drums had been some time beating, and that three alarm guns were fired; that Weymouth bell had been ringing, and Mr. Weld's was then ringing. I immediately sent off an express to know the occasion, and found the whole town in confusion. Three sloops and one cutter had come out and dropped anchor just below Great Hill. It

"* Letter, 4 March, 1786, p. 325."

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was difficult to tell their designs ; some supposed they were coming to Germantown, others, to Weymouth ; people, women, children, from the iron-works, came flocking down this way ; every woman and child driven off from below my father's ; my father's family flying. The Doctor * is in great distress, as you may well imagine, for my aunt had her bed thrown into a cart into which she got herself, and ordered the boy to drive her to Bridgewater, which he did. The report was to them, that three hundred had landed, and were upon their march up into town. The alarm flew like lightning, and men from all parts came flocking down, till two thousand were collected. But, it seems, their expedition was to Grape Island for Levett's hay. There it was impossible to reach them, for want of boats ; but the sight of so many persons, and the firing at them, prevented their getting more than three tons of hay, though they had carted much more down to the water. At last a lighter was mustered, and a sloop from Hingham, which had six port-holes. Our men eagerly jumped on board, and put off for the island. As soon as they perceived it, they decamped. Our people landed upon the island, and in an instant set fire to the hay, which, with the barn, was soon consumed ; — about eighty tons, it is said. We expect soon to be in continual alarms, till something decisive takes place. We wait, with longing expectation, in hopes to hear the best accounts from you, with regard to union and harmony, &c. We rejoice greatly on the arrival of Dr. Franklin, as he must certainly be able to inform you very particularly of the situation of affairs in England. I wish you would, if you can get time, be as particular as you *may*, when you write. Every one hereabouts comes to me, to hear what accounts I have. I was so unlucky, as not to get the letter you wrote at New York. Captain Beale forgot it, and left it behind. We have a flying report here, with regard to New York, but cannot give any credit to it, as yet, that they have been engaged with the ships, which Gage sent there, and had taken them, with great loss upon both sides.

"Yesterday we had an account of three ships coming into Boston. I believe it is true, as there was a salute from the other ships, though I have not been to learn from whence they come. I suppose you have had an account of the fire, which did much damage to the warehouses, and added greatly to the distresses of the inhabitants, whilst it continued. The bad

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" * Dr. Cotton Tufts, of Weymouth, well known for many years, as a leading man in the County of Norfolk, had married a daughter of Colonel John Quincy's, and, therefore, a sister of Mrs. Adams's mother."

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conduct of General Gage * was the means of its doing so much damage.

"Our house has been, upon this alarm, in the same scene of confusion, that it was upon the former. Soldiers coming in for a lodging, for breakfast, for supper, for drink, &c. Sometimes refugees from Boston, tired and fatigued, seek an asylum for a day, a night, a week. You can hardly imagine how we live; yet

> 'To the houseless child of want
> Our doors are open still;
> And, though our portions are but scant,
> We give them with good will.'

"My best wishes attend you, both for your health and happiness, and that you may be directed into the wisest and best measures for our safety, and the security of our posterity. I wish you were nearer to us; we know not what a day will bring forth, nor what distress one hour may throw us into. Hitherto I have been able to maintain a calmness and presence of mind, and hope I shall, let the exigency of the time be what it will. Adieu, breakfast calls." — pp. 32–35.

Her woman's heart does not fail her in all these distresses. "Courage," she writes in the next letter, "I know we have in abundance; and conduct, I hope we shall not want; but powder, — where shall we get a sufficient supply? I wish we may not fail there." The following relates to the battle of Bunker's Hill.

"Sunday, 18 June, 1775.

"DEAREST FRIEND,

"The day, — perhaps, the decisive day, — is come, on which the fate of America depends. My bursting heart must find vent at my pen. I have just heard, that our dear friend, Dr. Warren, is no more, but fell gloriously fighting for his country; saying, better to die honorably in the field, than ignominiously hang upon the gallows. Great is our loss. He has distinguished himself in every engagement, by his courage and fortitude, by animating the soldiers, and leading them on by his own example. A particular account of these dreadful, but I hope glorious days will be transmitted you, no doubt, in the exactest manner.

"'The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but the God of Israel is he, that giveth strength and power

"* He had taken the engines under guard, in consequence of a report, that the liberty party intended to fire the town. See 'The Remembrancer,' for 1775, pp. 95, 98."

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unto his people. Trust in him at all times, ye people, pour out your hearts before him; God is a refuge for us.' Charlestown is laid in ashes. The battle began upon our intrenchments upon Bunker's Hill, Saturday morning about three o'clock, and has not ceased yet, and it is now three o'clock Sabbath afternoon.

"It is expected they will come out over the Neck to-night, and a dreadful battle must ensue. Almighty God, cover the heads of our countrymen, and be a shield to our dear friends! How many have fallen, we know not. The constant roar of the cannon is so distressing, that we cannot eat, drink, or sleep. May we be supported and sustained in the dreadful conflict. I shall tarry here till it is thought unsafe by my friends, and then I have secured myself a retreat at your brother's, who has kindly offered me part of his house. I cannot compose myself to write any further at present. I will add more as I hear further.

"Tuesday Afternoon.

"I have been so much agitated, that I have not been able to write since Sabbath day. When I say, that ten thousand reports are passing, vague and uncertain as the wind, I believe I speak the truth. I am not able to give you any authentic account of last Saturday, but you will not be destitute of intelligence. Colonel Palmer has just sent me word, that he has an opportunity of conveyance. Incorrect as this scrawl will be, it shall go. I ardently pray, that you may be supported through the arduous task you have before you. I wish I could contradict the report of the Doctor's death; but it is a lamentable truth, and the tears of multitudes pay tribute to his memory; those favorite lines of Collins continually sound in my ears;

'How sleep the brave,' &c.

"I must close, as the Deacon waits. I have not pretended to be particular with regard to what I have heard, because I know you will collect better intelligence. The spirits of the people are very good; the loss of Charlestown affects them no more than a drop of the bucket." — pp. 39–41.

Mrs. Adams's first impressions, from an interview with the Commander-in-chief, soon after his arrival, are recorded in the following terms.

"I was struck with General Washington. You had prepared me to entertain a favorable opinion of him, but I thought the half was not told me. Dignity with ease and complacen-

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cy, the gentleman and soldier, look agreeably blended in him. Modesty marks every line and feature of his face. Those lines of Dryden instantly occurred to me ;

> ' Mark his majestic fabric ! he 's a temple
> Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine ;
> His soul 's the deity that lodges there ;
> Nor is the pile unworthy of the god.' " — pp. 51, 52.

In the autumn of this year, the horrors of pestilence in the lately peaceful and happy neighbourhood, were added to those of war. An epidemic dysentery, which first appeared in Boston, extended its ravages through the adjoining towns. Mrs. Adams was severely attacked, and only recovered to become the sole nurse of three persons under her own roof. A domestic died, and about the same time her mother, to whom she was tenderly attached. The severity of this latter affliction may be judged from the language in which it is communicated to her husband.

"Have pity upon me. Have pity upon me, O thou my beloved, for the hand of God presseth me sore.

"Yet will I be dumb and silent, and not open my mouth, because thou, O Lord, hast done it.

" How can I tell you, (O my bursting heart !) that my dear mother has left me ? — this day, about five o'clock, she left this world for an infinitely better.

" After sustaining sixteen days' severe conflict, nature fainted, and she fell asleep. Blessed spirit ! where art thou ? At times, I am almost ready to faint under this severe and heavy stroke, separated from *thee*, who used to be a comforter to me in affliction ; but, blessed be God, his ear is not heavy that he cannot hear, but he has bid us call upon him in time of trouble.

" I know you are a sincere and hearty mourner with me, and will pray for me in my affliction. My poor father, like a firm believer and a good Christian, sets before his children the best of examples of patience and submission. My sisters send their love to you, and are greatly afflicted. You often expressed your anxiety for me when you left me before, surrounded with terrors ; but my trouble then was as the small dust in the balance, compared to what I have since endured. I hope to be properly mindful of the correcting hand, that I may not be rebuked in anger.

" You will pardon and forgive all my wanderings of mind, I cannot be correct.

" 'T is a dreadful time with the whole province. Sickness and death are in almost every family. I have no more shock-

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ing and terrible idea of any distemper, except the plague, than this.

"Almighty God! restrain the pestilence which walketh in darkness and wasteth at noonday, and which has laid in the dust one of the dearest of parents. May the life of the other be lengthened out to his afflicted children." — pp. 67 – 69.

Some of the movements, which terminated in the evacuation of Boston by the British troops, are thus described, while they were in progress and their object was unknown.

"Saturday Evening, 2 March, 1776.

"I dare say there would be no difficulty in procuring a vote and instructions from all the Assemblies in New England for Independency. I most sincerely wish, that now, in the lucky moment, it might be done.

"I have been kept in a continual state of anxiety and expectation, ever since you left me. It has been said 'to-morrow' and 'to-morrow' for this month, but when the dreadful to-morrow will be, I know not. But hark! The house this instant shakes with the roar of cannon. I have been to the door and find it is a cannonade from our army. Orders, I find, are come for all the remaining militia to repair to the lines Monday night by twelve o'clock. No sleep for me to night. And if I cannot, who have no guilt upon my soul with regard to this cause, how shall the miserable wretches, who have been the procurers of this dreadful scene, and those who are to be the actors, lie down with the load of guilt upon their souls?

"Sunday Evening, 3 March.

"I went to bed after twelve, but got no rest; the cannon continued firing, and my heart beat pace with them all night. We have had a pretty quiet day, but what to-morrow will bring forth, God only knows.

"Monday Evening.

"Tolerably quiet. To-day the militia have all mustered, with three days' provision, and all are marched by three o'clock this afternoon, though their notice was no longer ago than eight o'clock, Saturday. And now we have scarcely a man, but our regular guards, either in Weymouth, Hingham, Braintree, or Milton, and the militia from the more remote towns are called in as seacoast guards. Can you form to yourself an idea of our sensations?

"I have just returned from Penn's Hill, where I have been sitting to hear the amazing roar of cannon, and from whence I could see every shell which was thrown. The sound, I think, is one of the grandest in nature, and is of the true species of the subli e. 'T is now an incessant roar; but O! the fatal

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ideas, which are connected with the sound! How many of our dear countrymen must fall!

"Tuesday Morning.

"I went to bed about twelve, and rose again a little after one. I could no more sleep, than if I had been in the engagement; the rattling of the windows, the jar of the house, the continual roar of twenty-four pounders, and the bursting of shells, give us such ideas, and realize a scene to us of which we could form scarcely any conception. About six this morning, there was quiet. I rejoiced in a few hours' calm. I hear we got possession of Dorchester hill last night; four thousand men upon it to-day; lost but one man. The ships are all drawn round the town. To-night we shall realize a more terrible scene still. I sometimes think I cannot stand it. I wish myself with you, out of hearing, as I cannot assist them. I hope to give you joy of Boston, even if it is in ruins, before I send this away. I am too much agitated to write as I ought, and languid for want of rest."—pp. 88–90.

The letters of Mrs. Adams, which hitherto we have extracted, were all addressed to her husband. The following, to her son John Quincy Adams, who, then a boy in his eleventh year, accompanied his father to France in 1778, reveals her admirable character in a not less interesting aspect.

"MY DEAR SON,

"'T is almost four months since you left your native land and embarked upon the mighty waters, in quest of a foreign country. Although I have not particularly written to you since, yet you may be assured you have constantly been upon my heart and mind.

"It is a very difficult task, my dear son, for a tender parent to bring her mind to part with a child of your years going to a distant land; nor could I have acquiesced in such a separation under any other care than that of the most excellent parent and guardian who accompanied you. You have arrived at years capable of improving under the advantages you will be likely to have, if you do but properly attend to them. They are talents put into your hands, of which an account will be required of you hereafter; and, being possessed of one, two, or four, see to it that you double your numbers.

"The most amiable and most useful disposition in a young mind is diffidence of itself; and this should lead you to seek advice and instruction from him, who is your natural guardian, and will always counsel and direct you in the best manner, both for your present and future happiness. You are in pos-

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session of a natural good understanding, and of spirits unbroken by adversity and untamed with care. Improve your understanding by acquiring useful knowledge and virtue, such as will render you an ornament to society, an honor to your country, and a blessing to your parents. Great learning and superior abilities, should you ever possess them, will be of little value and small estimation, unless virtue, honor, truth, and integrity are added to them. Adhere to those religious sentiments and principles which were early instilled into your mind, and remember that you are accountable to your Maker for all your words and actions.

"Let me enjoin it upon you to attend constantly and steadfastly to the precepts and instructions of your father, as you value the happiness of your mother and your own welfare. His care and attention to you render many things unnecessary for me to write, which I might otherwise do; but the inadvertency and heedlessness of youth require line upon line and precept upon precept, and, when enforced by the joint efforts of both parents, will, I hope, have a due influence upon your conduct; for, dear as you are to me, I would much rather you should have found your grave in the ocean you have crossed, or that any untimely death crop you in your infant years, than see you an immoral, profligate, or graceless child.

"You have entered early in life upon the great theatre of the world, which is full of temptations and vice of every kind. You are not wholly unacquainted with history, in which you have read of crimes which your inexperienced mind could scarcely believe credible. You have been taught to think of them with horror, and to view vice as

> 'a monster of so frightful mien,
> That, to be hated, needs but to be seen.'

"Yet you must keep a strict guard upon yourself, or the odious monster will soon lose its terror by becoming familiar to you. The modern history of our own times, furnishes as black a list of crimes, as can be paralleled in ancient times, even if we go back to Nero, Caligula, or Cæsar Borgia. Young as you are, the cruel war, into which we have been compelled by the haughty tyrant of Britain and the bloody emissaries of his vengeance, may stamp upon your mind this certain truth, that the welfare and prosperity of all countries, communities, and, I may add, individuals, depend upon their morals. That nation to which we were once united, as it has departed from justice, eluded and subverted the wise laws which formerly governed it, and suffered the worst of crimes to go unpunished, has lost

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its valor, wisdom, and humanity, and, from being the dread and terror of Europe, has sunk into derision and infamy.

"But to quit political subjects, I have been greatly anxious for your safety, having never heard of the frigate since she sailed, till, about a week ago, a New York paper informed, that she was taken and carried into Plymouth. I did not fully credit this report, though it gave me much uneasiness. I yesterday heard that a French vessel was arrived at Portsmouth, which brought news of the safe arrival of the *Boston;* but this wants confirmation. I hope it will not be long before I shall be assured of your safety. You must write me an account of your voyage, of your situation, and of every thing entertaining you can recollect.

"Be assured I am most affectionately yours." – pp. 122 – 125.

* * * * *

"Your father's letters came to Salem, yours to Newburyport, and soon gave ease to my anxiety, at the same time that it excited gratitude and thankfulness to Heaven, for the preservation you all experienced in the imminent dangers which threatened you. You express in both your letters a degree of thankfulness. I hope it amounts to more than words, and that you will never be insensible to the particular preservation you have experienced in both your voyages. You have seen how inadequate the aid of man would have been, if the winds and the seas had not been under the particular government of that Being, who 'stretched out the heavens as a span,' who 'holdeth the ocean in the hollow of his hand,' and 'rideth upon the wings of the wind.'

"If you have a due sense of your preservation, your next consideration will be, for what purpose you are continued in life. It is not to rove from clime to clime, to gratify an idle curiosity; but every new mercy you receive is a new debt upon you, a new obligation to a diligent discharge of the various relations in which you stand connected; in the first place, to your great Preserver; in the next, to society in general; in particular to your country, to your parents, and to yourself.

"The only sure and permanent foundation of virtue is religion. Let this important truth be engraven upon your heart. And also, that the foundation of religion is the belief of the one only God, and a just sense of his attributes, as a being infinitely wise, just, and good, to whom you owe the highest reverence, gratitude, and adoration; who superintends and governs all nature, even to clothing the lilies of the field, and hearing the young ravens when they cry; but more particu-

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larly regards man, whom he created after his own image, and breathed into him an immortal spirit, capable of a happiness beyond the grave ; for the attainment of which he is bound to the performance of certain duties, which all tend to the happiness and welfare of society, and are comprised in one short sentence, expressive of universal benevolence, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.' "

"Justice, humanity, and benevolence are the duties you owe to society in general. To your country the same duties are incumbent upon you, with the additional obligation of sacrificing ease, pleasure, wealth, and life itself for its defence and security. To your parents you owe love, reverence, and obedience to all just and equitable commands. To yourself,—here, indeed, is a wide field to expatiate upon. To become what you ought to be, and what a fond mother wishes to see you, attend to some precepts and instructions from the pen of one, who can have no motive but your welfare and happiness, and who wishes in this way to supply to you the personal watchfulness and care, which a separation from you deprived you of at a period of life, when habits are easiest acquired and fixed ; and, though the advice may not be new, yet suffer it to obtain a place in your memory, for occasions may offer, and perhaps some concurring circumstances unite, to give it weight and force.

"Suffer me to recommend to you one of the most useful lessons of life, the knowledge and study of yourself. There you run the greatest hazard of being deceived. Self-love and partiality cast a mist before the eyes, and there is no knowledge so hard to be acquired, nor of more benefit when once thoroughly understood. Ungoverned passions have aptly been compared to the boisterous ocean, which is known to produce the most terrible effects. 'Passions are the elements of life,' but elements which are subject to the control of reason. Whoever will candidly examine themselves, will find some degree of passion, peevishness, or obstinacy in their natural tempers. You will seldom find these disagreeable ingredients all united in one ; but the uncontrolled indulgence of either is sufficient to render the possessor unhappy in himself, and disagreeable to all who are so unhappy as to be witnesses of it, or suffer from its effects.

"You, my dear son, are formed with a constitution feelingly alive ; your passions are strong and impetuous ; and, though I have sometimes seen them hurry you into excesses, yet with pleasure I have observed a frankness and generosity accompany your efforts to govern and subdue them. Few persons are so subject to passion, but that they can command themselves,

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when they have a motive sufficiently strong ; and those who are most apt to transgress will restrain themselves through respect and reverence to superiors, and even, where they wish to recommend themselves, to their equals. The due government of the passions, has been considered in all ages as a most valuable acquisition. Hence an inspired writer observes, 'He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty ; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.' This passion, coöperating with power, and unrestrained by reason, has produced the subversion of cities, the desolation of countries, the massacre of nations, and filled the world with injustice and oppression. Behold your own country, your native land, suffering from the effects of lawless power and malignant passions, and learn betimes, from your own observation and experience, to govern and control yourself. Having once obtained this self-government, you will find a foundation laid for happiness to yourself and usefulness to mankind. 'Virtue alone is happiness below;' and consists in cultivating and improving every good inclination, and in checking and subduing every propensity to evil. I have been particular upon the passion of anger, as it is generally the most predominant passion at your age, the soonest excited, and the least pains are taken to subdue it ;

—'what composes man, can man destroy.'

"I do not mean, however, to have you insensible to real injuries. He who will not turn when he is trodden upon is deficient in point of spirit ; yet, if you can preserve good breeding and decency of manners, you will have an advantage over the aggressor, and will maintain a dignity of character, which will always insure you respect, even from the offender.

"I will not overburden your mind at this time. I mean to pursue the subject of self-knowledge in some future letter, and give you my sentiments upon your future conduct in life, when I feel disposed to resume my pen.

"In the mean time, be assured, no one is more sincerely interested in your happiness, than your ever affectionate mother." — pp. 146 – 151.

The tenderness and address, with which the counsels in the last extract are insinuated, are beyond all praise. One might imagine them to have proceeded from some foresight of the momentous future responsibilities of the mind they were meant to guide.

The feelings of the exulting patriot were sometimes, it seems, no more than strong enough to control those of the lonely wife. We transcribe some records of the frequent

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struggle between them, which occur in letters addressed to Mr. Adams in the third year of his second absence in France.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,

"The family are all retired to rest; the busy scenes of the day are over; a day which I wished to have devoted in a particular manner to my dearest friend; but company falling in prevented it, nor could I claim a moment until this silent watch of the night.

"Look, (is there a dearer name than *friend*? Think of it for me,) look to the date of this letter, and tell me, what are the thoughts which arise in your mind? Do you not recollect, that eighteen years have run their circuit since we pledged our mutual faith to each other, and the hymeneal torch was lighted at the altar of Love? Yet, yet it burns with unabating fervor. Old Ocean has not quenched it, nor old Time smothered it in this bosom. It cheers me in the lonely hour; it comforts me even in the gloom which sometimes possesses my mind.

"It is, my friend, from the remembrance of the joys I have lost, that the arrow of affliction is pointed. I recollect the untitled man, to whom I gave my heart, and, in the agony of recollection, when time and distance present themselves together, wish he had never been any other. Who shall give me back time? Who shall compensate to me those years I cannot recall? How dearly have I paid for a titled husband? Should I wish you less wise, that I might enjoy more happiness? I cannot find that in my heart. Yet Providence has wisely placed the real blessings of life within the reach of moderate abilities; and he who is wiser than his neighbour sees so much more to pity and lament, that I doubt whether the balance of happiness is in his scale.

"I feel a disposition to quarrel with a race of beings who have cut me off, in the midst of my days, from the only society I delighted in. 'Yet no man liveth for himself,' says an authority I will not dispute. Let me draw satisfaction from this source, and, instead of murmuring and repining at my lot, consider it in a more pleasing view. Let me suppose, that the same gracious Being, who first smiled upon our union and blessed us in each other, endowed my friend with powers and talents for the benefit of mankind, and gave him a willing mind to improve them for the service of his country. You have obtained honor and reputation at home and abroad. O! may not an inglorious peace wither the laurels you have won."— pp. 168–170.

* * * * *

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,

"I have omitted writing by the last opportunity to Holland, because I had but small faith in the designs of the own-

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ers or passengers ; and I had just written you so largely, by a vessel bound to France, that I had nothing new to say. There are few occurrences in this northern climate, at this season of the year, to divert or entertain you ; and, in the domestic way, should I draw you the picture of my heart, it would be what I hope you still would love, though it contained nothing new. The early possession you obtained there, and the absolute power you have ever maintained over it, leave not the smallest space unoccupied. I look back to the early days of our acquaintance and friendship, as to the days of love and innocence, and, with an indescribable pleasure, I have seen near a score of years roll over our heads, with an affection heightened and improved by time ; nor have the dreary years of absence in the smallest degree effaced from my mind the image of the dear, untitled man to whom I gave my heart. I cannot sometimes refrain considering the honors with which he is invested, as badges of my unhappiness. The unbounded confidence I have in your attachment to me and the dear pledges of our affection, has soothed the solitary hour, and rendered your absence more supportable ; for, had I loved you with the same affection, it must have been misery to have doubted. Yet a cruel world too often injures my feelings, by wondering how a person, possessed of domestic attachments, can sacrifice them by absenting himself for years.

" ' If you had known,' said a person to me the other day, ' that Mr. Adams would have remained so long abroad, would you have consented that he should have gone ? ' I recollected myself a moment, and then spoke the real dictates of my heart. ' If I had known, Sir, that Mr. Adams could have effected what he has done, I would not only have submitted to the absence I have endured, painful as it has been, but I would not have opposed it, even though three years more should be added to the number, (which Heaven avert !) I feel a pleasure in being able to sacrifice my selfish passions to the general good, and in imitating the example, which has taught me to consider myself and family but as the small dust of the balance, when compared with the great community.' "— pp. 175, 176.

We give another letter addressed, in 1783, to John Quincy Adams.

" This evening, as I was sitting with only your sister by my side, who was scribbling to some of her correspondents, my neighbour, Field, entered with, ' I have a letter for you, Madam.' My imagination was wandering to Paris, ruminating upon the long, long absence of my dear son and his parent, so that I was rather inattentive to what he said, until he repeated,

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'I have letters for you from abroad.' The word 'abroad,' roused my attention, and I eagerly seized the letters, the handwriting and seal of which gave me hopes, that I was once more about to hear from my young wanderer; nor was I disappointed.

"After two years' silence, and a journey of which I can scarcely form an idea, to find you safely returned to your parent, to hear of your health and to see your improvements! You cannot know, should I describe to you, the feelings of a parent. Through your father, I sometimes heard from you, but one letter only ever reached me after you arrived in Russia. Your excuses, however, have weight and are accepted; but you must give them further energy by a ready attention to your pen in future. Four years have already passed away since you left your native land and this rural cottage; humble indeed when compared to the palaces you have visited, and the pomp you have been witness to; but I dare say, you have not been so inattentive an observer as to suppose, that sweet peace and contentment cannot inhabit the lowly roof and bless the tranquil inhabitants, equally guarded and protected in person and property in this happy country as those who reside in the most elegant and costly dwellings. If you live to return, I can form to myself an idea of the pleasure you will take in treading over the ground and visiting every place your early years were accustomed wantonly to gambol in; even the rocky common and lowly whortleberry bush will not be without their beauties.

"My anxieties have been and still are great, lest the numerous temptations and snares of vice should vitiate your early habits of virtue, and destroy those principles, which you are now capable of reasoning upon, and discerning the beauty and utility of, as the only rational source of happiness here, or foundation of felicity hereafter. Placed as we are in a transitory scene of probation, drawing nigher and still nigher day after day to that important crisis which must introduce us into a new system of things, it ought certainly to be our principal concern to become qualified for our expected dignity.

"What is it, that affectionate parents require of their children, for all their care, anxiety, and toil on their account? Only that they would be wise and virtuous, benevolent and kind.

"Ever keep in mind, my son, that your parents are your disinterested friends, and that if, at any time, their advice militates with your own opinion or the advice of others, you ought always to be diffident of your own judgment; because you may rest assured, that their opinion is founded on experience

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and long observation, and that they would not direct you but to promote your happiness. Be thankful to a kind Providence, who has hitherto preserved the lives of your parents, the natural guardians of your youthful years. With gratitude I look up to Heaven, blessing the hand which continued to me my dear and honored parents until I was settled in life; and, though now I regret the loss of them, and daily feel the want of their advice and assistance, I cannot suffer as I should have done, if I had been early deprived of them.

"You will doubtless have heard of the death of your worthy grandpapa before this reaches you. He left you a legacy more valuable than gold or silver; he left you his blessing and his prayers that you might return to your country and friends, improved in knowledge and matured in virtue; that you might become a useful citizen, a guardian of the laws, liberty, and religion of your country, as your father (he was pleased to say) had already been. Lay this bequest up in your memory, and practise upon it; believe me, you will find it a treasure that neither moth nor rust can devour.

"I received letters from your father last evening, dated in Paris the 10th of September, informing me of the necessity of his continuance abroad this winter. The season is so far advanced that I readily sacrifice the desire of seeing him to his safety; a voyage upon this coast at this season is fraught with dangers. He has made me a request, that I dare not comply with at present. No husband, no son, to accompany me upon the boisterous ocean, to animate my courage and dispel my fears, I dare not engage with so formidable a combatant. If I should find your father fixed in the spring, and determined to continue abroad a year or two longer, the earnest desire I have to meet him and my dear son might overcome the reluctance I feel at the idea of engaging in a new scene, and the love I have for domestic attachments and the still calm of life. But it would be more agreeable to me to enjoy all my friends together in my own native land; from those who have visited foreign climes I could listen with pleasure to the narrative of their adventures, and derive satisfaction from the learned detail, content, myself, that

> 'The little learning I have gained,
> Is all from simple nature drained.'

"I have a desire that you might finish your education at our University, and I see no chance for it unless you return in the course of the year. Your cousin, Mr. Cranch, expects to enter next July. He would be happy to have you his associate. I hope your father will indulge you with a visit to England this

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winter. It is a country I should be fond of your seeing. Christianity, which teaches us to forgive our enemies, prevents me from enjoining upon you a similar vow to that which Hamilcar obtained from his son Hannibal, but I know not how to think of loving those haughty islanders.

"Your friends send you their affectionate regards; and I enjoin it upon you to write often to your ever affectionate mother." —pp. 188 – 192.

In the summer of 1784, as we have already mentioned, Mrs. Adams left home to join her husband, who had been appointed minister to England. On board ship, though almost disabled by sea-sickness, and incommoded by more than a common share of the other *désagrémens* incident to a passage across the Atlantic in those days, she, with her habitual industry and consideration for the happiness of her friends, began a journal, which was continued through several weeks. It is given entire in the present volume, and is followed by several long letters, principally addressed from England and France to her female friends, communicating, with a sort of continuity, the adventures and observations of three years. Together they make one of the most agreeable records of a traveller's experiences in a foreign country that are to be found in print. Mrs. Adams would anywhere have been a quick observer, and lively delineator, of life, scenery, accidents, and manners; but the interest of her journal is much enhanced by the peculiarity of that position, from which (experienced in life, but new to courts, — exalted in station, but a novice in society, — highly intellectual, but simply bred, — the New England village wife of one who had shaken the thrones by which they now stood together,) she made her observations upon foreign men, modes, and institutions; and that too at a period, which has already become historical, and of which perhaps no other such record remains from the pen of an American observer, — certainly none from any observer occupying the same advantageous point of view. We cannot undertake to indicate the most attractive portions of what is throughout highly entertaining or instructive, or both. Now great people and events of the day are brought before the view, and now modes of dress and ceremony are sketched with a distinctness, of which only the female hand is capable. We must, however, give our readers one glance at the octogenarian sage, who

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

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"As to the people here," writes Mrs. Adams, "they are more given to hospitality than in England, it is said. I have been in company with but one French lady since I arrived; for strangers here make the first visit, and nobody will know you until you have waited upon them in form.

"This lady I dined with at Dr. Franklin's. She entered the room with a careless, jaunty air; upon seeing ladies who were strangers to her, she bawled out, 'Ah! mon Dieu, where is Franklin? Why did you not tell me there were ladies here?' You must suppose her speaking all this in French. 'How I look!' said she, taking hold of a chemise made of tiffany, which she had on over a blue lutestring, and which looked as much upon the decay as her beauty, for she was once a handsome woman; her hair was frizzled; over it she had a small straw hat, with a dirty gauze half-handkerchief round it, and a bit of dirtier gauze, than ever my maids wore, was bowed on behind. She had a black gauze scarf thrown over her shoulders. She ran out of the room; when she returned, the Doctor entered at one door, she at the other; upon which she ran forward to him, caught him by the hand, 'Helas! Franklin;' then gave him a double kiss, one upon each cheek, and another upon his forehead. When we went into the room to dine, she was placed between the Doctor and Mr. Adams. She carried on the chief of the conversation at dinner, frequently locking her hand into the Doctor's, and sometimes spreading her arms upon the backs of both the gentlemen's chairs, then throwing her arm carelessly upon the Doctor's neck.

"I should have been greatly astonished at this conduct, if the good Doctor had not told me that in this lady I should see a genuine Frenchwoman, wholly free from affectation or stiffness of behaviour, and one of the best women in the world. For this I must take the Doctor's word; but I should have set her down for a very bad one, although sixty years of age, and a widow. I own I was highly disgusted, and never wish for an acquaintance with any ladies of this cast. After dinner she threw herself upon a settee, where she showed more than her feet. She had a little lap-dog, who was, next to the Doctor, her favorite, and whom she kissed. This is one of the Doctor's most intimate friends, with whom he dines once every week, and she with him. She is rich, and is my near neighbour; but I have not yet visited her. Thus you see, my dear, that manners differ exceedingly in different countries. I hope, however, to find amongst the French ladies manners more consistent with my ideas of decency, or I shall be a mere recluse." — pp. 252 – 254.

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Here, too, is a passing glimpse, some years later, of the man "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Who would have guessed, were it not so written, that the great hand, that had wielded the triumphant truncheon of America and freedom, ever picked plums from a cake for a baby?

"On Thursday last I dined with the President, in company with the ministers and ladies of the court. He was more than usually social. I asked him after Humphreys, from whom I knew he had received despatches a few days before. He said that he was well, and at Lisbon. When I returned home, I told your father that I conjectured Mr. Humphreys would be nominated for Lisbon, and the next day the Senate received a message, with his nomination, as resident minister at the Court of Portugal; the President having received official information that a minister was appointed here, Mr. Friere, as I before informed you. He asked very affectionately after you and the children, and at table picked the sugar-plums from a cake, and requested me to take them for master John." — pp. 415, 416.

On the 8th day of February, 1797, Mr. Adams, as President of the Senate, was to count the votes of the electoral colleges, and announce himself President elect of the United States. If we may trust our heads or hearts, few things finer can be read than the following letter, addressed to him from Quincy on that day. One is half ready to say, that to be allied to such a wife was to be qualified for high place and great actions.

> "'The sun is dressed in brightest beams,
> To give thy honors to the day.'

And may it prove an auspicious prelude to each ensuing season. You have this day to declare yourself head of a nation. 'And now, O Lord, my God, thou hast made thy servant ruler over the people. Give unto him an understanding heart, that he may know how to go out and come in before this great people; that he may discern between good and bad. For who is able to judge this thy so great a people?' were the words of a royal sovereign; and not less applicable to him who is invested with the chief magistracy of a nation, though he wear not a crown, nor the robes of royalty.

"My thoughts and my meditations are with you, though personally absent; and my petitions to Heaven are, that 'the things which make for peace may not be hidden from your eyes.' My feelings are not those of pride or ostentation upon

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the occasion. They are solemnized by a sense of the obligations, the important trusts, and numerous duties connected with it. That you may be enabled to discharge them with honor to yourself, with justice and impartiality to your country, and with satisfaction to this great people, shall be the daily prayer of your A. A." *

— pp. 428, 429.

We are not satisfied with this volume. We are not satisfied, because it gives us a sharp appetite for more of the same kind. As a picture of past times, as an exhibition of an extraordinary character, as a contribution to the public history of the country, it has great attraction and value. We trust that the Editor will not fail to increase his claims upon the gratitude of the readers of this selection, by greatly extending it in a future edition.

ART. VI. — *Theory of Legislation; by* JEREMY BENTHAM. *Translated from the French of* ETIENNE DUMONT, by R. HILDRETH, Author of "Banks, Banking, and Paper Currencies," "Despotism in America," "Archy Moore," &c. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, & Co. 1840. In Two Volumes. 12mo.

MR. DUMONT'S office in respect to Jeremy Bentham's fragments, was the same as that of the comparative anatomists in respect to extinct species of animals, who, digging

* We are tempted to record an anecdote, which, besides being related on good authority, has a verisimilitude which vouches for its truth.

It was natural, that those who were acquainted with Mrs. Adams's extraordinary intelligence, and the profound interest which she took in public affairs, should exaggerate the influence exerted by her over her husband's mind. At the time when Mr. Adams displeased his cabinet by sending the special mission to France, an anonymous writer in one of the Boston newspapers accounted for the error by saying that "the old lady was not with him." The piece was written by a distinguished friend of Hamilton and Pickering, and Mrs. Adams had intelligence respecting its authorship. It so chanced, that not long afterward she dined with the President at the table of this gentleman, who supposed his *incognito* to be preserved. The conversation turned upon some more recent measure of the President, which the host and his friends spoke of with strong commendation. At the first pause Mrs. Adams turned to him, and with a look of arch good nature which few eyes ever could express like hers, said, "The old lady was not with him then."

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into the earth, the great magazine of animal *exuviæ* and *débris*, and finding a tooth or a claw, a shell or a bone, here and there, construct therefrom the entire skeleton, and clothe it with flesh and a skin, and give, in due systematic order, the genera and species that have been extinct some thousands of years. So M. Dumont has ransacked the inexhaustible magazine of Bentham's fragments, and brought together the scattered parts, as it seemed to him, of systems of ethics and legislation, in which, however, he has himself supplied many deficiencies. Mr. Bowring, as executor to Mr. Bentham, has succeeded M. Dumont in the business of giving symmetry to the specimens of his testator; but his task is more arduous, for, instead of having finished and half-finished parts to piece out and fit together, he has little more than mere outlines, rudiments, and hints, of which he is to make entire systems, such as Bentham might perhaps have constructed if he had lived long enough.

The mass of works thus produced by M. Dumont by translating Bentham's manuscripts, and filling up the gaps, and adding something by way of ornament and illustration, has had an immense circulation on the continent of Europe. The effect of such speculations as those of Bentham, working in the minds of the busy political philosophers, must doubtless have been very considerable. The force of his ethical writings is almost spent; the principle of utility as the sole foundation and criterion of morals is about passing into the limbo of vanities. The effect, while it was in vogue, was no doubt beneficial in fixing the attention of mankind more steadily on utility as a landmark and guide to moral sentiments and philanthropy; but, on the other hand, it was injurious in making men overlook and forget the intuitive moral perceptions, and the spontaneous instinctive promptings and aspirations of the human mind, as being the basis and revealed principle of systems of ethics. The utility theory teaches us, that we learn the distinction of right and wrong, and virtue and vice, as we do geometry, whereas it is born with us, like hunger and thirst; and as there is a vast deal of art and science involved in the gratification of the appetites, so there is in giving direction and scope to the sentiment of goodness; but we must start with the *postulatum* of the sentiment, the innate feeling of right, and of the obligation of right, as an ultimate fact, the existence and verity

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of which cannot be proved, any more than that of taste and smell, being a mere matter of individual experience. Moral sentiment and obligation being conceded, it is then easy to perceive a difference between a good man and a useful machine. We must inquire what is most useful, and pursue it, say the utilitarians. Why? what is the obligation? This question they do not answer. They do not point out the distinction, in ethics, between the useful machine and the useful man who works it. The word *duty* seems to have no meaning in their philosophy.

Mr. Bentham's political speculations are also not without theoretical distortions; but he is not very Utopian, he does not write of perfect commonwealths, founded upon a state of manners, morals, and intelligence of rights and obligations, that have been out of vogue ever since the golden age. He takes mankind as he finds them, with their passions, views, depravity, and blind prejudices; and sometimes reminds his readers of Solon's modification of theories and principles, by the rule, that you are only to give a people as good a code as they will bear. Still he keeps the political *beau idéal* in view, as the central point which legislation is always to seek, but from which it is always driven off by the centrifugal perversity and inaptitude of men, or the untowardness of circumstances. He is a downright, sturdy, hardworking man, of great power and no grace, and utterly free from all offences of the imagination; but he is frequently commonplace and utterly sterile, with, at the same time, great parade of science and analysis, making formal divisions in due order of first, second, and so on, in so long a series that the reader often can hardly but forget where he began, long before he comes to the end. And then he has a way, in the beginning of his chapters and sections, of using a word in a singular and often in an uncouth sense, and then solemnly defining it, with the oracular air, all the while, of revealing momentous truths; whereas the whole of this analytical pageant is only an awkward shift to disguise the want of clear and precise thinking, and mastery of language. After faring on a tiresome length in some of these sandy tracts, the reader is ready to faint and give up the pursuit, but by and by, all by surprise, he finds himself on a firmer footing, in the midst of rich products. And from time to time he is recreated by a chivalrous emprise of the stout old knight, in battering down the moss grown fortress

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of some venerable prejudice; opening to the day the lurking-place of some monstrous error; or piercing, by his sarcasm, some empty form of conventional mummery. He becomes, all of a sudden, original, strong, fervent, and poignant. The greatest merit of Bentham's writings lies in his occasional heats and intellectual paroxysms, where he does not indulge in his cynical skepticism. It is hard and tiresome to read through his works, or rather the tomes that come out in his name, so much of which consists of mere rude masses; but then, again, one would not willingly forego his masterly passages. It would be a great service to the science of legislation and of ethics, and to his own memory, to collect his good things. A volume or two of excerpts might be made from his works, which posterity would gladly take along with them.

Bentham begins the present treatise on the "Theory of Legislation," by announcing with much solemnity, that he is the partisan and standard-bearer of utility. "The public good ought to be the object of the legislator; GENERAL UTILITY ought to be the foundation of his reasonings." And what is utility? It is "the fixed point to which the first link of a chain is attached"; it is the beginning, the end, and the middle of his system, the alpha, the omega, and all the rest of his political alphabet. It is the talisman that charms away all ill, and attracts all good. There is no end of his eulogies of utility. Its sovereign virtues surpass those of all quack medicines, and he speaks of it as the advertisers and venders of these same do of their elixirs and balsams, as something of his own discovery, to which, by his manner of speaking, you would suppose him to be entitled to a patent right. He tells us, "Utility is an abstract term. It expresses the property or tendency of a thing to prevent some evil, or to procure some good." This is utility. We understand it quite well if we know what *evil* and *good* are, but, lest we should not, he defines these also. "*Evil*," he says, "is pain, or the cause of pain; *good* is pleasure, or the cause of pleasure. *Moral good* is good only by its tendency to produce physical good. *Moral evil* is evil only by its tendency to produce physical evil; but, when I say *physical*, I mean the pains and pleasures of the soul, as well as the pains and pleasures of sense." So we understand what utility is. We are at the same time instructed that to give to

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this principle all its efficacy, three conditions are necessary ; 1. "To attach clear and precise ideas to the word utility ;" 2. "To establish the unity and sovereignty of this principle ;" 3. "To find the processes of a moral arithmetic by which uniform results may be arrived at." The first condition is complied with, the meaning of utility is understood ; the second may be conceded, viz. its unity (whatever this may mean) and sovereignty ; the third is not so easy ; these "processes of moral arithmetic, by which uniform results may be arrived at," are not readily discovered. Mr. Bentham beats about for them in vain, leading his readers into darkness and perplexity, beclouded with misty phraseology and definitions upon definitions, and divisions and distinctions infinite, but no light, no consequences, no "uniform results," only a vast vacuity of jargon and charlatanry. Perhaps there was more meaning and wisdom in this scientific parade and solemn marshalling of forces, thirty years ago, when this treatise was originally written ; but, at this day, it certainly appears to be mere mummery, the "uniform result" of which, to the reader, is, that Mr. Bentham cannot think and express himself with scientific simplicity, and clearness, and precision. He mistakes obscurity for profoundness. It is this scientific parade without definite meaning, or meaning worth expression, that renders him so insupportably tedious ; insomuch that his most docile and confiding disciple, most happily endued with patience and long-suffering fortitude, cannot choose but give over, and pass by the scientific flummery, and choose out the passages where he talks with plain straightforwardness upon a practical, interesting question, where he heaves out masses of sense, with frequent felicity of phrase, illustration, and historical and classical references, though often with too bitter antipathy to creeds and hierarchies.

Take any one of the topics treated of in these volumes upon legislation, as for instance, whether a man who has with his own labor raised a crop of wheat, and stored it, shall, on his being overtaken by a fatal disease in the autumn, have the right by law to leave it to his family, for their support after his decease, or shall leave it to be confiscated by the public, and his family to go to the alms-house. This is the topic of one of the chapters, which is treated very well ; and the conclusion is, that the law, which gives the bread to the chil-

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dren, is the better one. Here is a question, readily understood by everybody ; and all that can be said upon it, expressed in common English words, used in their ordinary acceptation, is level to the comprehension of any reader of ordinary intelligence. What possible assistance can be derived to the discussion, from the " unity and supremacy " of utility, and the " moral arithmetic," and the definitions and axioms and vague generalities, with which the reader has been afflicted through one half or two thirds of the preceding parts of the treatise ? Mr. Bentham would say, that he conducted the whole discussion, and came to his conclusion, upon the consideration of the greater utility, that is, the greater aggregate of good or pleasure, as he has it, or the greater alleviation or prevention of evil or pain, arising from one or the other law ; just as if he were the first philosophico-political writer, who has treated the question in this manner. This is really a notable instance of self-conceit, for he seems honestly to suppose, that he has made utility better understood, by saying, that it involves the comparison of good and evil, and pleasure and pain ; and that mental pain is physical pain, which last is mere nonsense. It is plain, that after reading all this analysis and speculation, which occupy much space in all Mr. Bentham's philosophical writings, we have no more knowledge of pleasure and pain, and good and evil, and utility, than we began with ; and it is only the author's own overweening self-esteem, that can make him imagine that he has enlightened us.

From the time when the first man first breathed, down to this present, all mankind have been in active quest of this same utility, of good, pleasure, ease, content ; and the same motive has influenced them in legislation as well as in war, hunting, agriculture, commerce, and the arts. To enjoin this motive on men, is as superfluous as to exhort them not to expose themselves to fire and frost.

The introduction of the doctrine of materialism into the definition and estimate of good and evil, and defining mental enjoyments and sufferings to be merely physical, does not strengthen this motive, nor throw the slightest light upon its operation. The difficulty is, to discriminate good and ill, the useful and the harmful ; and a still greater difficulty, to reinforce and give predominance to the motives for pursuing the one, and eschewing the other.

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Mr. Benthan has done something in the great and still beginning and never ending labor of demonstrating what is pernicious, and he sometimes points out the proper alternative, the useful. In this search, he is not, however, always successful; and still less is he in the work of reinforcing and multiplying the motives to the right in preference to the wrong. This, indeed, he rarely undertakes at all. And the effect of his exertions is all the less, by reason of his uncouth, empirical phraseology, affectation of profoundness, and other impediments already mentioned.

Mr. Hildreth remarks, in his Preface to this translation,

"Public attention in America is every day more and more attracted to the subject of Legal Reform; and the translator flatters himself that he will have performed a useful and acceptable service, in restoring to its native English tongue, the following treatise.

"It includes a vast field, never before surveyed upon any regular plan, and least of all according to such principles as Bentham has laid down. In the application of those principles, he has doubtless made some mistakes; for mistakes are of necessity incident to a first attempt. But he has himself furnished us with the means of detecting those mistakes and of correcting them. He asks us to receive nothing on his mere authority. He subjects every thing to the test of *General Utility.*" — p. viii.

From his speaking of *restoring* the treatise to its native English tongue, we infer that he was not aware that the same treatise, or something substantially the same, and bearing the same title, was published in English some ten years ago by Mr. John Neal.

It is very true, that the treatise "includes a vast field," but the assertion that it has never before been surveyed upon a regular plan, must be limited to the qualification of "regular plan," at least, if not to that of its not having been surveyed "upon the same principles"; for at the date of the composition, and long before, the continent of Europe teemed with similar speculations.

In 1830 the writings and character of Bentham came under the animadversion of the author of some ably written letters, under the signature of *Eunomus*, addressed to Sir Robert Peel, on the occasion of the discussions respecting the

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revision and consolidation of the English statutes on various titles. He says of Mr. Bentham,

"Taking advantage of the peculiar condition of ignorance, in which the English alone among modern nations exist, of the real truths of judicial and jurisprudential science, one of the most singular, and, in some respects, the most talented writers of the day conceived the design, which he has at length, to a very considerable extent, achieved, of founding an individual fame upon the means which his prolific and scorching pen conferred upon him of abusing that ignorance. The circumstances of this case, Sir, in all points of view, place it among the most curious incidents of modern literature. A future generation, fully informed by intermediate discussion in the principles of jurisprudential economy, will review it with an interest, and perhaps with an indignation, which we can scarcely yet realize. They will say, — *This writer* was not one of those who could justly shelter himself under the general ignorance which then prevailed of the principles of jurisprudence, or of the practical results of the tests to which those principles had been submitting on the continent of Europe for a long series of years. He was a man to whom neither the languages nor the literature of the continent were unfamiliar; he was a man who contrasted, by a long life of uninterrupted literary leisure, those engrossing pursuits of routine which excluded almost all other men from investigations which did not immediately belong to the business of established departments. He was a *citizen of the world*, in a degree which did not ordinarily belong to Englishmen. He was a citizen of France by a decree of the National Assembly, — he was a member of the French Institute, — he spent several years of his life upon the continent, — his personal connexions were principally continental, — and his name was of sufficient occurrence both in French, in German, in Russian, and in Polish literature, to compel a person of his very acute sensibility to fame and notoriety to keep a frequent eye to the journals and literature of the continent. All these circumstances, they will say, appertained to that individual; and, despite of them all, he either shut his eyes to that which he might have learnt from those peculiar sources of information, or he trusted to their remaining enshrouded in that obscurity which had hitherto been interposed between them and the English nation. For a long course of years, he continued, unweariedly, to inoculate the public mind with a series of mendacious and ignorant assertions and theories, in regard to their existing jurisprudence, and the causes of its defects, one and all of which would have been dispelled, and scattered

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to the winds, by only a moderate acquaintance with the experience and the wisdom of that continent with which he was, or might be, so familiar. The doctrine which he most strenuously accumulated his efforts to disciple the English nation to, was, that all the faults, all the abominations of their jurisprudence, arose from law having been made by judges instead of by legislators; — that it was the business of judges only to *pronounce* the law which legislatures concocted; — that a text-law might and should be framed, in which, 'saving the necessary allowance for human weakness,' 'no case that could present itself should find itself unnoticed or unprovided for.' He *did not tell them* that seventy years before, a man who, like himself, 'had just and profound views on all sorts of subjects,' * — FREDERIC THE GREAT, — had made the same discovery of the cause of the ill condition of the law; that he not only *projected* but *executed* the same remedy; — that with the same antipathy to judge-made law, and belief in the all-sufficiency of legislator-made law, the express directions of the King were that the Code might be simple, popular, and so complete, *that the judge might find in a precise text of law the decision of each individual case;* and that he *prohibited all analogical interpretation of the rules it contained by the judges*, and ordained that, in every case for which the code did not provide, application should be made to the legislative authority. He *did not tell them* that the absurdity of the project, though backed with all the *éclat* of the *great monarch's* reign, terminated its existence in less than thirty years; and that the first step that accompanied the publication of the *new* code was the restoration of the right of interpreting the laws to the judges. He *did not tell them* that the talented jurists who composed the *projet* of the Code Napoléon had, in their *Discours préliminaire*, exposed, in the most eloquent and profound manner, the vulgar absurdity of supposing 'that a body of laws could be framed which would provide for all possible cases, and at the same time be understood by the lowest citizen;' and had boldly declared that the *details* of law 'must necessarily be abandoned to the empire of usage, to the discussions of the learned, and to the decision of the judges.' He *did not tell them* that the most talented, experienced, and philosophical jurists of Germany, of Holland, of Belgium, of Italy, of Switzerland, of Russia, had been engaged almost unceasingly in some or other of those countries for half a century, in

"* This was Frederic's own description of himself, in his *Plan pour réformer la Justice.* 'Ce prince, qui a des vues justes et profondes sur toute sorte de sujets,' &c."

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the construction, discussion, and re-construction of CODES; that one of the greatest difficulties they had had to encounter had been to draw the line between the respective functions of LEGISLATION on the one hand, and JUDICIAL JURISPRUDENCE on the other; and that, in the result of all that discussion and experience, *those* codes had ultimately fallen into most disesteem which attempted most to supplant the functions of the judge, and to anticipate the details of *application.* Availing himself of a distinction which had originated in the laws of ancient Rome, centuries before the introduction of printing, and which had been absurdly enough continued by habit to the present time, — the now nominal distinction of *written* and *unwritten* law, — he represented to the community in the most mendacious terms, that the common law of the country was *unwritten*, and therefore *unknown* and *uncognoscible* law. He *did not tell them* that that *unwritten common law* was PRINTED four times as often in every year, — and in four times the number, — of the printed copies of the *written* or statute law. He argued upon *that unwritten* common law of which three thousand printed copies were distributed annually over the British Empire, as if it had been the same thing as the common law of Russia before the time of the Empress Catherine, which existed only in the Ukases of the judges; Ukases which were accessible and known only to those few persons who in that country corresponded to counsel or advocates in Britain, and to which persons they *were* accessible and known, only by the circumstance of their having been judges' servants, or having had other such private opportunities of learning the forms of courts, and of being acquainted with precedents and Ukases.

"Taking advantage of the same ignorance, he put forth claims to be the first of created excellences, who had conceived and had carried into execution, the project, which he represented as hitherto unknown and unattempted, of promulgating *the reason* along with each rule of law; — that reason which should be at once the sanction and the commentary. He *did not tell them* that the very distinction which constituted the superior excellence of the unwritten or common over the written or statute law, — the very ground on which its preference was awarded to it by professors, — was that the common or judge-made law existed, and existed alone, in the shape of a series of *rules deduced from reason;* that the rule was, with certain anomalous exceptions, never to be found unaccompanied by the reason; that it was often to be deduced *only* from the reasoning itself, the subject-matter of law being often too subtile and too complicated to admit of the very *form* of propo-

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sition. He *did not tell them* that that body of written or promulgated law which had obtained so great a celebrity under the title of the CODE NAPOLÉON, though unaccompanied, in its official and portable shape, by the *motifs* of the compilers, was scarcely ever consulted by the jurisconsults of those countries where it was received without the accompaniment of those motives, either in the same or in a separate volume. He *did not tell them* that those '*motifs*' and the '*discussion*' constituted, practically, a part of the French legislation. He *did not tell them* that under the title of '*La législation civile, commerciale, et criminelle de la France*,' the text of the five codes, that text of which the brevity has so much been admired, was then in a course of publication in twenty-four thick octavo volumes, the product of the additions to that text of the *motifs*, the *discussion*, and the suppletory laws; — that publication emanating from the chief Secretary of the *Conseil d'État*, compiled from the official documents, and being therefore, in every substantial sense, itself official.

"All these things he either himself refused to notice, although going on under his eye, and within the immediate range of those vibrations which converged into the literary hermitage of Queen Square Place; and although he visited Paris personally so lately as 1825, was received with honors by the French advocates, and promised them to write a work upon the legislation and jurisprudence of France; — or, if he did notice them, he trusted to chance, and to the well-known Confucian ignorance of his countrymen, for a season of undetection sufficiently extended for all the calculable purposes of his own fame."

But at the same time, another English writer on jurisprudence, Mr. E. Sinclair Cullen, gave a very exalted character of Mr. Bentham. He says;

"When I read the criticisms of those who

> 'Bounded by nature, narrowed still by art,
> A trifling head, and a contracted heart,'

attack the opinions and deride the style of Mr. Bentham, I am the more struck with his stupendous superiority of mind, and his enviable superiority of feeling. Men of ordinary capacities fancy there cannot be any great wisdom beyond their own narrow ken, — that there can be no altitudes above their reach, — no depths which they cannot fathom, — no world which they cannot hold in their dirty little hands. Such men are yet more shrunken in their capacities by the worldly interests and feelings which continually absorb and degrade their

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contemplations and faculties. The venerable Bentham has preserved the purity of his soul and the lucidness of his judgment by a hermit life, — having early withdrawn himself from the sullying and corrupting assaults and seductions of that self-interest which a worldly life presents to other men at every turn and at every moment; and, emancipated from their power and exempted from their taint, has calmly and almost superhumanly contemplated and judged the motives, and duties, and powers of men, — dwelling with peace, and wisdom, and virtue, in the shrine of his renowned and noble seclusion. But I let my pen drop with humility; — suddenly ashamed at my presumption in fancying that I can offer any worthy homage to a person so celebrated in all quarters of the world as a benefactor to mankind."

So opposite are the opinions entertained of Jeremy Bentham and his labors.

The circulation of this translation, or any work on the same subject in the United States, will have a good effect as far as it may have any influence to invoke attention to the science of legislation, a science which has come to be much more studied, and better understood, on the continent of Europe, than in either England or this country. It is now but a short time, since the introduction of a code of laws was with us considered to be nothing less than a revolution. The United States, and the several States, had their statute books, which they were constantly enlarging, and never a year passed without some material change in the laws. And yet a code, which is nothing more than a systematic arrangement of the laws, supplying chasms and changing such as appear to be defective, was considered to be some terrific innovation. Of late, however, this horror has subsided, and the construction of a code, most usually under the name of *revised statutes*, is quite a usual occurrence. It is true, that formerly some of the speculative philosophers were too fiercely bent upon upturning the whole mass of laws, and introducing many new ones, as foreign to the habits, and business, and wants of the times, as many of the old ones necessarily had become by changes in the social and economical condition. Men thought it better to "bear the ills they had, than fly to others that they knew not of." But the alarm has passed, and men are not now afraid to arrange under appropriate heads, the laws they have, and to supply obvious defects, and to change what is palpably wrong, by the revision of the laws from

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time to time, whenever the statute book has grown to be of unwieldy bulk, and the law has become perplexed by detached and piecemeal legislation. The science of legislation is, therefore, an eminently practical one with us; in other words, we do a vast deal of legislation, and shall continue to do a vast deal as long as the course of things continues to be onward instead of becoming backward; and this activity in law-making cannot be repressed, notwithstanding that some of our grave and respected seniors may shake their heads ominously. The tides are moving, the winds are blowing, and the sails are spread, and the ship's company will not be induced by ever so loud warnings to come to anchor. If then an inactive, stationary security is wholly out of the question, as it undoubtedly is, we must seek safety in skill and science, in the pursuit of which a glorious career is opened to both ambition and philanthropy; to ambition, for it is most honorable to point out the way of improving the laws; to philanthropy, for in no pursuit can greater service be rendered to society.

ART. VII. — *Antiquités Mexicaines. Relation des Trois Expéditions du Capitaine Dupaix, ordonnées en* 1805, 1806, 1807, *pour la Recherche des Antiquités du Pays, notamment celles de Mitla et de Palenque; accompagnée des Dessins* de CASTANEDA, Membre des Trois Expéditions, et Dessinateur du Musée de Mexico, *et d'une Carte du Pays exploré: suivie d'une Parallèle de ces Monuments avec ceux de l'Egypte, de l'Indostan, et du Reste de l'Ancien Monde*, par M. ALEXANDRE LENOIR, Créateur du Musée des Monuments Français, Membre de la Société Royale des Antiquaires de France, de celle de Londres, &c.; *d'une Dissertation sur l'Origine de l'Ancienne Population des deux Amériques, et sur les diverses Antiquités de ce Continent*, par M. WARDEN, Ancien Consul-Général des Etats-Unis, Correspondant de l'Institut de France, Membre de la Société Royale des Antiquaires de France, et de plusieurs autres Sociétés Savantes: *avec un Discours Préliminaire*, par M. CHARLES FARCY, de la Société Royale des Antiquaires de France, et de la Société libre des Beaux-Arts de Paris; *et des Notes*

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Explicatives, et autres Documents, par M. Baradère de St. Priest et plusieurs autres Voyageurs, qui ont parcouru l'Amérique. A Paris. fol.

We certainly live in the luxurious age of printing, and this work has all the attractions which the best paper, beautiful type, and splendid engravings can give to it. The literary voluptuary may revel in this edition, and gratify his taste for letters and arts at the same time. But, if these expensive publications have their advantages in the style of execution in which they are got up, they have also their disadvantages, which are not less obvious. They cannot enter into the common mass of literature. They are too costly to be purchased, except by the few, who have a taste for the collection of rare editions, and the means of gratifying it. Here is a work, exceedingly interesting, as is evident from a mere perusal of the title page, to every American, and yet we think it possible there are more persons in the United States, who have visited some of the monuments described in it, than there are who possess the work describing them. Only one copy, as far as we are informed, has reached this country. To us, therefore, this is a sealed book. And even in Europe, we understand, it could not have made its appearance, without the patronage of the French and Mexican governments, and that, as a pecuniary speculation, it has proved a loss to its undertakers. It is much to be regretted that its contents cannot be given in a more condensed form, and be thus placed within reach of the reading community. It was some years passing through the press, and has been but recently completed. We do not propose, at the present time, to present an exhibition of its various contents, but simply to make it the occasion of presenting to our readers some remarks upon the structures, which remain as one token to us of the degree of civilization of the now vanished aboriginal races.

Since the discovery of America, the condition of its aboriginal inhabitants has attracted the attention of the civilized world. Buried, until then, in the recesses of an unknown continent, they suddenly emerged into view, with their peculiar characteristics; and, thanks to the interest with which they were invested by the novelty of their condition, and by some of their romantic traits, the early adventurers, who were

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brought into contact with them, have given them credit for an elevation of sentiment, and a progress in improvement, which later and more cautious inquirers have in vain endeavoured to discover. The general features, however, of that great branch of the human family, established upon the American continent, could not be misunderstood then, any more than they can be misunderstood now; and this race is so unchangeable in its habits, moral and physical, that we can readily recognise those great points of character and condition, which constituted as well its own identity as its circle of separation from the other descendants of our common progenitors. Indolent, improvident, revengeful, fierce; capable of bearing, but incapable of forbearing; nomades, with some of the harshest features of nomadic tribes; placing their glory in the most barbarous and sanguinary wars; meeting death with fortitude, and taking life without mercy and without remorse; in the very lowest stage of human existence, both with respect to material advantages, and to moral, social, and religious advancement; and, to add to all these evils, fascinated, as it were, within a ring, which they have not the wish to pass over,—they seem incapable of appreciating their own condition, and inflexible in resisting the efforts which have been made for their melioration.

But in this great moral desert, the Spanish adventurers, led to the coasts of the new world by that thirst for gold and glory, which was the distinguishing feature of the period immediately following the discovery, found, or seemed to have found, two *oases*, not less verdant in their moral aspect, nor less wonderful, when contrasted with the dark regions around them, than are the green islands, which, while they gladden the heart of the traveller, render, by their contrast, the sandy wastes of Africa still more frightful. The historians of the exploits of Cortez and Pizarro, in the subjugation of the Mexican and Peruvian empires, have described a state of society in these regions, far more advanced than was found in any other portion of the continent, and, we must needs add, far superior to the estimate we should form of it, from any works of art which have survived the destruction of the Montezumas and the Incas. It is an interesting subject of research, in the history of man, to ascertain with reasonable precision, the true condition of these countries, at that epoch; to analyze and compare the contemporaneous accounts

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which have come down to us, and to place these in juxtaposition with the remnants of aboriginal labor still within our reach, and with those great social features yet existing, which, though they have been modified by subsequent events, must necessarily preserve a portion of their original type ; and, by severe deductions, to place the original descriptions beyond the doubts of skepticism, or, by stripping them of the *prestige*, imposed either by heated imaginations, or by a spirit of exaggeration, to reduce them to their just value, as pictures of a new and interesting branch of the human family.

We trust, that future researches into the history of America will be made with an enlarged spirit, and will have for their object, to develope the general state of society of the inhabitants, and their peculiar points of resemblance and opposition, when compared with their invaders ; and to trace, briefly and succinctly, the progress of the one party, and the decline of the other. As to the exposures, and sufferings, and sieges, and battles, and all those circumstances, which are common to every war, and which are so multiplied in history, as to present a confused mass, rather than characteristic facts, to the reader, we can better bear to be content with our present knowledge. But beside these prominent traits, which stand out in such bold relief in all the pictures of human story, there are the far more important questions, to which we have alluded, to be considered and resolved. To the American scholar and archæologist, we know no subject more interesting than the study of the true condition of the Mexican people, when they fell under the Spanish yoke. And, indeed, it is an historical problem, which well merits the favorable attention of the most general reader. There are certainly many considerations which throw doubts upon the vivid representations, that the conquerors and their immediate successors have left us, respecting the government, state of society, religion, population, and progress of the arts, among the several nations, or perhaps more properly speaking, tribes, which inhabited the extensive regions, stretching from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific, north of the Isthmus of Darien ; while, on the other hand, it cannot be doubted that they were in advance of the more erratic hordes beyond them and reaching to the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes, in some of the elements of human improvement.

An investigation into this subject, conducted in a philo-

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sophical spirit, and supporting its conclusions upon just analogies and undeniable facts, if it present an honorable recompense for literary labor, presents also serious difficulties in its execution. Cortez and his followers were rough soldiers, pushed forward by a dominant impulse, pursuing the path of conquest, and looking neither to the right hand nor the left. They were apparently as incapable of appreciating the value of any inquiries into the peculiar characteristics of the people, among whom they had thus suddenly made their appearance, as unfitted by their object and habits, to collect the materials of such investigations. Besides, theirs was the age of action, rather than of speculation ; and their own enterprise, one of the most hardy in the whole history of human daring, by its hazards, its difficulties, its reverses, its successes, furnished ample materials for employment and excitement, without leaving time for those less ambitious inquiries, which were then so humble, and would be now so interesting. Robertson, in reference to the original documents, written by those who participated in the Conquest, and which now serve as the basis of its history, considers three only worthy of enumeration ; and these consist of the official reports, made by Cortez to the Emperor Charles the Fifth ; " The Chronicle of New Spain," by Gomara ; and " The True History of the Conquest of New Spain," by Bernal Diaz del Castillo. The two other principal works upon this subject, which may be considered as original, are the histories of Solis and of Herrera ; but they were written and published long after the occurrence of the events which they describe, though their authors may have had recourse to documents which have escaped later researches.

But all these works are meagre and unsatisfactory upon the great subject of the moral and social condition of the Mexicans ; and it is only occasionally and incidentally, that solitary facts are recorded, which enable the cautious inquirer to discover, through the glare of military operations, the civil institutions of the falling empire. And, unfortunately, a vein of exaggeration runs through the original narratives, which shakes our confidence in the judgment and impartiality, if not in the fidelity, of the authors, and which leaves a painful impression of doubt upon the reader respecting all the secondary details, although the general results of the enterprise are beyond the reach of cavil. Every one at all

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conversant with the Spanish conquest of Mexico, must have read with surprise the accounts of the immense armies, which opposed the progress of the invaders, and of those also, who ultimately joined them, and facilitated their own subjugation, while they thought only of crushing a rival, an enemy, or an oppressor. Cortez, in his second letter to the Emperor, dated October 30th, 1520, estimates the number opposed to him in his first battle at 6,000, in his second at 100,000, and in his third at 150,000. His friend and chaplain, Gomara, adopts the same estimate, with this difference, however, that he reduces the enemy in the second battle from 100,000 to 80,000. But Bernal Diaz del Castillo, who appears to have been a frank and hardy soldier, describing, in his old age, what he had seen and done in his youth, and who participated in all the campaigns of Cortez in New Spain, makes a wonderful deduction from the statements of the General, in the force they encountered upon these occasions. He says, that the Indians were 3,000 in the first battle, 6,000 in the second, and 50,000 in the third. And he makes a remark upon this subject, which furnishes a thread to guide the explorer in his examination of this labyrinth, and which does honor to the judgment, at well as to the principles, of the veteran. He says, "When Gomara on some occasions relates, that there were so many thousand Indians, or auxiliaries, and, on others, that there were so many thousand houses in this or that town, no regard is to be paid to his enumeration, as he has no authority for it, the numbers not being in reality the fifth of what he relates." If further proof were wanting of this propensity to overrate and overstate, it may be found in the assertion of Solis, that there were two thousand temples in the capital of Mexico, when it fell into the possession of the Spaniards; a number which would have startled an Egyptian in the palmy days of priesthood in that temple-loving country, and which could find no parallel in the long extent from On to Thebes. And to render, if possible, this gross exaggeration still less excusable, Gomara, who entered Mexico with the conqueror, says, that there were but eight places destined to the worship of idols in the city!

Were we in possession of any considerable monuments of the ancient Mexicans, we might estimate as well the state of science and the arts among them, as the accuracy of the contemporaneous authors, who saw and described these works.

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But many years since,—in fact, little more than two centuries after the expedition of Cortez, — Dr. Robertson quoted the manuscript journal of a person who had long resided in Mexico, and who had visited almost every province of it, in proof that no vestige of any building or monument, older than the conquest, then existed, except some ruins of a causeway, leading to the capital. Another traveller, referred to by the same historian, and one who had equal means of information, states, that the only relic now remaining, "is a ruined work in the valley of Casas Grandes, which is a paltry building of turf or stone, covered over with earth or lime." These assertions, however, are somewhat too general, though, when confined within the limits, which probably the author assigned to them, that no ruins existed corresponding with the extravagant descriptions given by the early historians, they are strictly true.

Even Clavigero, the panegyrist, rather than the historian of Mexico, in his strictures upon the state of architecture among the original Mexicans, specifies only one pile of buildings as among existing ruins ; and, while he speaks of it as worthy of admiration, he says, that neither this nor any other relic of Mexican work, can "be compared with the famous aqueduct of Chempoallan." But unluckily this latter structure was built after the conquest, and planned and directed by a Franciscan missionary ; while the former happen to be no Mexican ruins at all, being those at Mitla, which belong to an entirely different race.

Humboldt, who is evidently inclined to estimate, at least at its just value, the state of civilization among the Mexicans, describes the ruins of three pyramids, or mounds, those of Teotihuacan, of Papantla, and of Cholula, and of a work of earth and stone, constructed at Xochicalco, supposed to have been a military position. These evidently belong to that early class of monuments, which were reared in almost every country at the dawn of civilization, and which it required little beside mere physical power to erect. M. de Humboldt describes also some sculptured portions of the human body, stone axes, calendars, idols, &c., and he relates the accounts which were given to him of the ruins of Mitla, that he did not visit, and that belong to another people, and to a different order of architecture. After an examination, somewhat

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careful, of the voluminous writings of this author, we have not found any other remains of Mexican art, which come within the scope of this branch of our inquiries.

These tumuli, or mounds, or cairns, or pyramids, form a curious chapter in the history of the progress of society. They embrace, perhaps, the extreme points of human power, including, on the one hand, those immense structures, which yet excite the astonishment of the traveller upon the banks of the Nile, as they did in the days of Herodotus, and which yet survive unharmed by the many ages that have rolled over them, while, at their bases, Memphis and Heliopolis have arisen and disappeared; and, on the other, comprehending the rudest elevations, which, upon the plains of Tartary or America, cover the remains of a savage chief. And they probably covered his war-horse and his arms; for the custom of inhuming together a departed friend, and the objects most dear to him, animate or inanimate, ascends to a remote period, and has spread among the most distant people. The Gothic warrior slept by the side of his horse, as the Pawnee chief now does. This favorite animal is led to the place of sepulchre, in the prairies beyond the Mississippi, and there killed, and consigned to the same grave with his master; and warrior and war-horse are thus ready for their respective duties, when they arrive in the land of spirits. There is an innate feeling in human nature, which hallows the memory of departed friends, and which says to the survivors, Abandon not these precious objects, "like the beasts that perish." This sentiment is independent of reason, and precedes civilization.

The earliest memorials which history records as having been erected by affection or piety, to departed worth, and we may add, the most imperishable too, were heaps of stone or earth, covering the remains of the regretted object. Though between these rude monuments and the sculptured marbles of our own times the difference of art is immense, yet the principle of human nature, to which they equally owe their origin, is still the same.

Mr. Warden, who was an efficient *collaborateur* in the preparation of the work named at the head of our article, and who has been long known to the reading world for his great devotion to literary pursuits, took charge of the investigations con-

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nected with the ancient remains in the United States, and has collected, with great industry and fidelity, all the materials which were accessible, tending to elucidate the original purposes of these relics of a remote age. Great credit is due to Mr. Warden for his execution of this task, and nothing seems to have escaped his vigilance. He has sought, in ancient and modern authors, all the information which bears upon the subject, and has elucidated it by many just remarks. He has failed where all would fail under similar circumstances; where a personal knowledge became necessary to enable him to estimate, at their just value, the facts and descriptions recorded, and the speculations to which these have given birth.

The subject of our aboriginal monuments is an obscure one, and has been rendered still more so by the vagaries to which it has given rise. We do not feel competent to enter into a full investigation of it, though we have had the advantage of examining many of these remains.

Even in the comparison of the facts presented to us, with a view to any useful deductions, two difficulties are met at the threshold of the inquiry. One is the danger of being led away by apocryphal descriptions or speculations, and the other, a total ignorance of the manners of the people, who, at a distant period, occupied the interior regions of the United States, where these remains principally abound.

In support of the first caution, we will recall to the reader the various accounts which were confidently published not long since of an ancient Indian town found in a mine in Georgia, and of another, composed of stone houses, which had been discovered at Green Bay. These stories, and many like them, which have from time to time been palmed upon the public, and have lived their day and disappeared, show the wisdom of a great degree of incredulity upon such matters. To the same effect we will relate an incident, which, coming within our personal knowledge, laid the foundation of that kind of skepticism, with which we have long approached this exciting topic, and which many subsequent circumstances have tended to fortify. We have no doubt the anecdote will be recollected by some of our readers who were early residents northwest of the Ohio. General St. Clair, about forty years since, when governor of the Northwestern Territory, received a

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present of a strange-looking copper coin, said to have been found in a spring near Cincinnati. General St. Clair was not merely a man of the world, but he was also a highly educated, accomplished gentleman, and as little liable as any other we have known, to be deceived under such circumstances. But so it was, the copper coin became at once a precious medal, the work of an extinct people, and its crooked looking characters a key to unlock the great secret of their origin and fate. We saw this sacred *treasure trove* in the possession of General St. Clair at Marietta, and we were allowed, like some others, as a special favor, to take an impression of it in pewter, never doubting, any more than our elders in knowledge and years, that, if it was a post-diluvian work, it was, at any rate, contemporaneous with the renewal or discovery of the arts immediately after the dispersion. But alas for the vanity of human expectation! The original, or a copy, fell into the hands of the late Colonel Duane, who had spent a portion of his life in India, and he detected at once, that it was an Hindostanee coin, worth one cent. The buffalo was transformed, without any magic wand, into a cow, and the Manitous, into Vishnou and Brahma.

In the Paris "Moniteur" of June 1st, 1840, we lately saw announced, in a letter from Copenhagen of May 17th, the following intelligence, connected with the very subject we have under discussion.

"In the session that the Royal Society of Northern Antiquities of our city held yesterday, one of the members read a letter, written from Rio Janeiro, by Dr. Lund; in which this enlightened Danish geologist announces to the Society an important discovery he has just made. In digging in the neighbourhood of Bahia, he found the fragment of a flagstone, covered with Runic characters, *gravés en creux* (sunken letters), but much injured. Having succeeded, with much difficulty, in decyphering some words, that he recognised to be in the Icelandic language, he extended the digging in different directions, and soon discovered the foundations of houses, of cut stone, which in their architecture bear a striking resemblance to the ruins that exist in the north of Norway, in Iceland, and upon the eastern coast of Greenland. After continuing his digging still farther, he discovered the statue of the god Thor, (the God of Thunder of the ancient Scandinavians,) with all his attributes, the hammer, the gauntlets, and the magic girdle.

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"The Society has requested Dr. Raten, a professor, and author of the celebrated work, 'Antiquités Américaines,' and who was the first to prove, in an authentic manner, the existence of a communication between Iceland and the North of America before the discovery of the Western Continent by Columbus, to make a report upon the letter of Dr. Lund, and to publish it in order to call the attention of the literary world to this interesting discovery, which seems to prove that the ancient people of the North had not only pushed their maritime voyages to South America, but that they had even formed permanent establishments there."

We venture to suggest that the learned antiquaries of Copenhagen have been the victims of a mistake or an imposture, and to predict that they are doomed to bitter disappointment. We are no true prophets, if these new monuments of the arts and enterprise of Iceland, do not vanish like the vapors of its own Geysers, without "leaving a wreck behind."

To the facts we have already recapitulated, furnishing motives for cautious investigation, we are tempted to add another incident within our personal knowledge, which is not inappropriate, particularly as the learned professor, who was the medium of communication, took great interest in all the questions relating to the early condition of this country. He was well known some years since in New York, as a man of much worth, and at one time of high political standing. He devoted himself with great ardor to scientific pursuits, particularly to investigations into the animal kingdom, and was singularly curious in his inquiries into all circumstances presenting any unusual features. This trait of character rendered him sometimes liable to be deceived; but he filled his position worthily, and contributed to the progress of his favorite sciences. In one of our Western excursions into the forest, we found ourselves in the country of the *gophers*, small animals, which dwell principally in the earth, and which are known to naturalists, under the name of *Pseudostoma Bursarium*. Their natural habits lead them to burrow in the ground, and they are furnished with two pouches, formed by a prolongation and indentation of the skin of the cheek, by which the pouch, while it opens outwards, is contained within the jaws. The object of this strange apparatus is said to be, to enable the little animal to excavate his dwelling in the sandy ground, where he loves to resort, by filling his pouches with sand, and then carrying the burden to the entrance of his hole, and

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there depositing it, by pressing his forepaws upon his cheeks. We do not vouch for this *architectural process*, but "tell the tale as it was told to us."

At this time the animal was not much known, and we succeeded in procuring one, and gave directions that the skin should be carefully prepared for preservation. It was in the month of July, and it became necessary to turn the skin of the pouches inside out, in order that it might be effectually dried. In this position, they presented the appearance of two strange-looking projections, pushed out from the cheeks, and whose object it would have been difficult to divine. We saved these *exuviæ* of our *gopher*, and afterwards sent them to the naturalist to whom we have already alluded, and who was then a point of concentration for many facts in natural history, which, without his zeal, would, for the time, have been lost to science. We did not replace the inverted pouches in their proper position, never dreaming of the unlucky renown they were about to acquire, and never supposing for a moment, that any mistake could exist respecting their natural arrangement. But so it was, the stuffed specimen was sent to Europe with the projecting appendages, and the animal formed the subject of a memoir, we think, of Cuvier himself, to the Academy of Natural Sciences, in which this zoological stranger was described, as belonging to a new species of quadrupeds, and some speculations were indulged upon his proper position and his habits of life. Soon after the journal of the scientific body, which contained this memoir, reached the United States, we met the same gentleman, who was the correspondent of Cuvier, and he informed us of the high rank which the new animal had attained, and favored us with an inspection of the memoir in which it was described. We immediately saw and pointed out the mistake, of which we had most unconsciously been the cause. The circumstances were subsequently explained, and the error corrected in the history of the proceedings of the learned naturalists of Paris. But the incident has remained impressed upon our memory, warning us, that the highest acquirements may be at fault, and that we must not always surrender our confidence to the highest names.

But to return to our subject. It is obvious, that, in the investigation of the purposes for which the *tumuli* and walls in the Western regions of the United States were constructed,

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knowing nothing of the manners of the people to whom they owed their origin, we must deduce our conclusions from general facts, applicable to the conditions of human life with which we are familiar. Yet this process, however necessary, may lead to error. It is well known, that many of the ditches, which make part of these ancient works, are within the walls, and thus, according to our mode of warfare, ill adapted to the purposes of defence. And Bishop Madison, who first observed, or at any rate, who first made known this fact, has concluded from it, that all this class of works was intended for some other object. But, though this opinion has been generally received, the induction rests upon a very slight foundation, as is evident from a consideration of the general circumstances, and particularly from an observation of Eton in his "Survey of Turkey," an author of much authority, who furnishes the proof, that this system of fortification actually exists in the East. In examining the points of opposition, which mark the character and manners of the Mussulmans and of the Western Europeans, this writer asserts, that in many of the Turkish works of defence, the ditches are within the walls.

We have ourselves been led in early life to examine many of these relics of a former age, which yet exist west of the mountains, from the Great Lakes to the Ohio, and even farther south, and from the Alleghany to the regions beyond the Mississippi. We have found them in every situation; in the lowest valleys and on the highest hills, in positions almost inaccessible, as well as in those where defence would seem to be hopeless, according to any system of warfare known to us, supplied with water and wholly deprived of it, and of every form and extent, from a small, isolated enclosure, to works like those near Newark and upon the Little Miami, covering a large extent of space, and presenting great variety in their size and in the distribution of their component parts. Certainly when these structures were hidden in the recesses of a boundless forest, and covered with its largest trees, their first aspect was well fitted to excite the wonder and admiration of the spectator, and to awaken all his enthusiasm. We well recollect the powerful emotions we experienced, in riding upon the octagonal wall of the largest of these existing monuments, sheltered by gigantic trees, and looking down upon the ditches and ramparts, and other constructions of a race of

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men, who have left behind them such evidences of industry, stimulated by fear or piety. And this was before the axe had laid low the forest, or the plough had passed over these remains. When the solitary traveller suddenly encountered one of these venerable works, and found the Indian encamped within its circuit, or the deer feeding upon its walls, he was not in a state of mind coolly to investigate the circumstances, which might serve to trace its history, or to ascertain its objects. We must, therefore, receive with great caution, much that has been said upon this subject.

Dr. Stiles inquired the opinion of Dr. Franklin respecting the purposes for which these works were constructed; and it is said he was seriously answered, that the larger class may have served as places of encampment for Ferdinand de Soto in his Floridian Argonautic expedition!

Our eminent lexicographer, Dr. Webster, once adopted this suggestion, which he extended and supported in a labored memoir; though he afterwards rejected it. And what is equally strange, the hypothesis has been as gravely, and we may add as learnedly, attacked, as it has been advanced and supported.*

There is only one course of inquiry by which we may hope to obtain light upon this curious topic. The didactic poet of England has said,

"What can we reason, but from what we know?"

And though we may be led into error by the process, still it

* The celebrated *scratchings* upon the Dighton Rock are known to all, who have taken any interest in the study of our aboriginal remains, and they have attracted the attention of the archæologists of Europe. It would be invidious and tedious to enumerate the explanatory hypotheses, to which this inscription, as it has been called, has given birth. But the true Champollion is certainly M. Mathieu, who, more fortunate even than the Egyptian expositor, has deciphered the whole monument, and taught us, how In, son of Indias, King of Atlantis, who is called in the inscription the chief of the expedition, went to America in the year of the world 1902, soon after the Deluge, *to form a treaty of commerce!* What a beautiful thing is learning! We opine the poor Indians, when making these marks, and others like them, upon rocks in various parts of the country, for superstitious purposes, for amusement, or to convey information by a rude process to their friends, as their descendants yet do upon trees, were as innocent of poaching upon the alphabetical manor of the Phœnicians, as their learned interpreter was of calling to his aid the dictates of common sense, or of rational criticism. And yet this contemptible trifling, for it merits no better appellation, is gravely quoted by European *savans*, and recorded in European scientific journals as the probable explanation of marks, assumed to be hieroglyphical characters of the most remote antiquity.

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is safer in all investigations to rely upon the results of our experience, than to indulge in rash conjectures, like those which have attended the progress of the questions involving the period and purposes of the construction of these interesting relics.

There are but three objects to which they could have been applied, judging from the social condition and institutions of any people, civilized or barbarous, who are known to us. These are defence, religious worship, and inhumation of the dead. And we have no doubt but they have all served for one or other of these purposes, according to the nature of their construction; and perhaps some of them, probably the most extensive, may have been at the same time, fortresses, temples, and cemeteries.

It does not come within the limits we have assigned to ourselves, to enter into a general examination of this subject; but a few remarks, suggested by the inquiries we have made, and fortified by our personal observation, may be neither inappropriate nor unacceptable.

The mode of life followed by our Indian tribes, where their contact with the white settlements has not changed their primitive manners, is now what it was at the period of the discovery of America, and what it probably had been during many previous ages. In the summer they collect into little villages, near a spot of fertile ground and a stream of water, and there they plant their corn. This is the season of amusement and relaxation, when they have their feasts, their dances, and other amusements. The labor is performed by the women, as it is dishonorable for a warrior to devote himself to any pursuit but that of war or of hunting. With the indolence and improvidence which seem to make part of their nature, they plant but little, and cultivate it in the most careless manner. In a few weeks the ears of corn are sufficiently ripe for roasting and boiling, and then commences the season of abundance. It is prodigally used, without a thought of the future, and when the true time of harvest arrives, but little remains; and, during the long interval of autumn, winter, and spring, they must look to the uncertain produce of the chase for the means of subsistence. For this purpose, they break up their summer encampment, and establish themselves by families, in various parts of the hunting grounds belonging to their respective tribes, where the time is spent in the pursuit

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of the different animals whose flesh and fur furnish their food and clothing. There are districts, particularly where the more valuable peltries are found, in which each family has its allotted sphere of chase, and the possession of which is as safely guarded by the force of opinion, as our rights of property are by the laws which protect them. It will be perceived at once, that such a mode of life can exist only in a widely extended and thinly peopled country, and that a dense population in any particular region would soon extirpate the game, or drive it to seek refuge elsewhere. And upon this incontrovertible fact we may rest our incredulity, as to all the Ferdinand-de-Soto tales, and others of the same class, which assign a dense population to the primitive American race.

Another feature in this nomadic life is worthy of observation. The American aboriginal man is certainly a pugnacious animal. A calm observer would suppose he could find misery enough around him, without adding to the natural and moral evils of his condition the calamity of eternal hostilities. But the actual state of society in our forests presents, and has always presented, a far different scene. The very earliest narratives of the European adventurers in the New World represent the Indians as divided into numerous tribes, and these tribes as in a state of perpetual warfare. It is well known, that their social institutions encourage this state of perpetual struggle, and that to take, or to assist in taking, a scalp, is as necessary to the reputation of a young savage, as ever were feats of arms in the school of chivalry. Indeed it would seem that a nomadic life, whether led by shepherds or hunters, contains within itself a principle of action, for ever impelling its members to war. All history teaches us, that such a race has its hands against every man; and, from the earliest period, the great Asiatic hive has sent out its swarms, east, west, and south, to overthrow and devastate from Peking to Rome. In former days, an Indian war-party, provided with a little pounded corn or dried meat, left its village and penetrated into the enemy's country, with all the subtlety which makes part of Indian tactics, and there surprised its victims, tore off their scalps, and disappeared. It was against these enterprises, to which neither distance, nor dangers, nor seasons opposed a sufficient obstacle, that each tribe was compelled to guard its women and children. Places of refuge were therefore indispensably neces-

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sary, in which safety might be sought till the necessary measures to avert or avenge the blow could be taken.

We see from this slight sketch of the state of manners of the Indian tribes, which all history and observation confirm, why these places of refuge were so extensively scattered through the country. Whether collected in villages or dispersed over their hunting grounds, if a place of security was not near, the Indians were always exposed to the attacks of their enemies. And the timid habits of the animals which were necessary to their subsistence, prevented them from living together in large communities. It is probable that each of the more extensive constructions, such as those at Marietta, at Circleville, and near Newark, may have belonged to a whole tribe, and may have been annually occupied a short time, when custom required the assemblage of all the various members, for the consideration of their common affairs, for the celebration of their religious rites, for the burial of their dead, and for the enjoyment of their public amusements. No doubt the council-fires were here, and were kept burning, and the principal chiefs, or, as the Spanish historians would say, the emperors, established their courts at these fortified capitals. They were the *Champs-de-Mars* of the New World, which like those of the ancient Gauls, described by Cæsar and Tacitus, received, at stated periods, the mass of the people. The smaller works served as places of refuge to the various families and bands, into which the tribes necessarily divided themselves in the pursuit of their occupation. And it may well have been, that during the pressure of a severe war, when, for common safety, these dispersed parties were stronger than usual, they may have occupied several of these positions in succession, as they found the game, from time to time, become exhausted.

It will be seen, that in this view of Indian life we are not driven to the conjecture, which many authors have hazarded, that the country was then thickly peopled; a conjecture wholly irreconcilable with the condition and habits of the Indians. It may be remarked, also, that but two modes of defence could be adopted by them. One was the elevation of ramparts of earth, and the other the construction of stockades, formed of the trunks of trees, placed in the ground. But the latter must have been a tedious process for a people who possessed no cutting instruments but stone axes, and no

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domestic animals to draw these heavy materials. This kind of fortification had also the inconvenience of soon perishing, and, even while it was existing, it was liable to be burnt by the enemy. It is probable, that all the extensive elevations of earth may have been many years, perhaps ages, in the process of construction. Each year they may have been repaired, and augmented, till circumstances led to their abandonment. And we believe it is a fact, common as well to these monuments as to those on the plains of Northwestern Asia, that the earth of which they are composed was taken from the surface of the ground, so as not to disturb its appearance; brought probably by the women in their blankets, as the excavations were made in the canal of Egypt, where the Pasha compelled the miserable *fellahs* to dig the earth with their hands, and to remove it in the wretched rags which barely covered them, with a spirit of tyranny not less severe than that displayed by his predecessors, the Pharaohs, whose oppression of the chosen people was followed by such signal chastisement.

No useful induction, proving the existence of an early state of civilization, can be drawn from the Mexican *tumuli*, or from those found in the United States. This kind of primitive monument was constructed, as we have seen, in the earliest ages of the world, and by nations widely separated from each other, and they are, no doubt, the oldest relics of human labor, which have come down to us. They are described by authors as existing in France, Ireland, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Greece, Asia Minor, and several other countries. Their double office, of tombs and monuments, is indicated by the Latin name *tumulus*, given to these constructions, which signifies equally a tomb and an elevation. One of the earliest works of this description, which history mentions, is the *tumulus* erected by Semiramis, to the memory of her husband, on the banks of the Tigris. Every reader, familiar with Homer, will recollect the funeral ceremonies of Patroclus and of Hector, and the mounds which were raised to their memory, and which contained their ashes.

Ἐν κλισίησι δὲ θέντες, ἑανῷ λιτὶ κάλυψαν·
Τορνώσαντο δὲ σῆμα, θεμείλιά τε προβάλοντο
Ἀμφὶ πυρήν· εἶθαρ δὲ χυτὴν ἐπὶ γαιαν ἔχευαν·
Χεύαντες δὲ τὸ σῆμα, πάλιν κίον.

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Sepulchral tumuli yet exist upon the plain of the Troad, and no doubt existed there when the Grecian bard composed his poem. And he has probably embodied in it the traditions of his countrymen, respecting the origin and objects of these indestructible monuments, and has admirably wrought them into the machinery of his story. Hector and Patroclus rest in their tombs, like the Indian chiefs of our own forests; and these primitive structures, looking out upon "the broad Hellespont's resounding sea," and telling to this age, and destined to tell to one yet far more distant, that "*two valiant warriors lie here, slain by mighty men of war,*" recalled to us the mounds we had often ascended on the banks of the Ohio. But hallowed by time and tradition as are these remains of the heroic ages, which look out upon the "sounding main," still the transatlantic pilgrim finds himself more powerfully excited by the humble elevations, which mark, in Greece, the places of conflict and sepulchre, where freedom fought its desperate battles against its Persian invaders.

In an excursion in Greece, we had left behind us Eleusis, venerable as the scene of the great Pagan mysteries. Its massive monuments even now attest the sanctity of the place, and we had roamed among them, recalling the deeds and days of other times. Continuing our journey, we soon reached the mountainous ridge which separates Attica from Continental Greece, and forms a barrier broken by ravines, and admirably adapted to defensive warfare; and, on attaining its summit, a glorious prospect, enriched by recollections of the past, and impressive from its present features, offered itself to our eyes.

Before us was the great plain of Bœotia, and under our feet the ancient city of Platæa, with its gigantic walls here and there, erect or prostrate, looking as though a human footstep had not disturbed the site of this unfortunate city since its capture and destruction, so vividly described by Thucydides. Near by was a little muddy brook, the Asopus, winding its way through the plain, and reminding us of many a sluggish stream we had crossed, at the risk of our neck, in the Western prairies; and upon its bank was the famous field where Mardonius, the lieutenant of the great king, was defeated. In the distance was the Acropolis of Thebes, so renowned in history and fable, and between us and the city of Cadmus was the battle-ground of Leuctra, where

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Epaminondas conquered and fell. After examining the environs of Platæa, and endeavouring to comprehend the plan of operations of the contending armies, and the true site of their struggle, we found at length one of the little *tumuli* described by Herodotus,* as erected by the Greeks, over the remains of their countrymen who fell in this battle, and which yet attest the veracity of the historian, and the true theatre of the conflict. We ascended its low summit, and thought of those who were beneath us, and looked round upon all this scene of precious recollections, with feelings it were difficult to describe. And we thought too of the affecting but fruitless appeal which the inhabitants of this devoted city made, three generations later, when they invoked the memory of these *parentalia*, to turn away the wrath of their countrymen. The story is told by Thucydides, in the third book of his History of the War of the Peloponnesus, and a mournful and instructive lesson it furnishes to every federative people ; a lesson, where we might read our own fate, had we not, by a beautiful political constitution, organized our system of government, so as to protect the States against one another, by subjecting each to all, in those questions where rival communities are not less subject than individuals to the infirmities of human passions. Unfortunately the States of Greece had no such barrier, and the whole territory of that little constellation of republics, which shines so brightly in the regions of the past, was filled with internal dissensions, which carried desolation successively into every part of the country, and which finally subjected the Grecian people to the Macedonian and the Roman yokes.

In one of those bitter domestic wars, the inhabitants of Platæa had fallen under the ban of the Spartan league, which prepared to besiege, and threatened to destroy, their city. The Platæans made an effort to avert the wrath of their countrymen, and, among other motives for conciliation, they reminded them of the honors they had always rendered to the *manes* of their common ancestors, who fell while defending

* Book IX. c. 84. The historian records a curious incident, where national vanity triumphed over truth as effectually as in a civilized bulletin, or an Indian tradition. After enumerating the various tribes of Greece, who took part in the defence of Platæa, he states, that each of them erected a monument to their dead, and adds, "Other nations, whose *tumuli* are shown at Platæa, ashamed, as I have been told, at not having been at the combat, erected their respective tombs of earth, in order to acquire honor in the eyes of posterity."

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Grecian freedom, in the great battle fought under the walls of their city. "Cast your eyes," said the suppliants, "cast your eyes upon the tombs of your fathers, who died fighting against the Medes, and who found their last asylum in our land. Every year we honor them by public ceremonies, and by all it is proper to do. The first fruits the earth yields we carry to their tombs, showing ourselves the friends of these children of a friendly land; the allies of those who formerly combated with us."

But vain was the appeal. The days of Platæa were numbered. The city was taken, and razed to its foundation; and desolate as the wrath of the Greeks left it, so the traveller finds it at this day.

The sterile and secluded plain of Marathon yet contains a lowly mound, where the Athenians, who fell in the great day of Grecian deliverance, found a tomb and a monument. "Frequently those who died in a campaign," says Thucydides, "were carried to Athens, and buried in one of the most beautiful suburbs of the city. *But the field of battle of Marathon was the place of sepulture for those who there perished for their country.*" It was a proud exception, and has been a durable monument. It has survived the revolutions of their country, and, what is more, it has outlived Turkish domination. It will go down to the most remote ages, confirming the story of Grecian triumph, and marking the position of the contending armies, and the place of the Persian debarkation. When we visited this lonely shrine, every thing was desolate around us. No human habitation was in view. The little bay was unruffled, the plain quiet in its solitude, and the mountain, separating us from Athens, impressive in its rugged nakedness. There seemed to be nothing between us and Themistocles; and the beautiful remark of Pericles, in the funeral oration he pronounced the first year of the war of the Peloponnesus, presented itself to our mind, with all the freshness of association, and all the vigor of truth.

"The whole earth," said the renowned orator, "is the tomb of illustrious men, and this is not a tomb, known in one place only by vain inscriptions, but one which extends itself wherever their glory is spread." Yes, a world, unknown to the ancient Greeks, has arisen since their sun went down, and yet the glory of their philosophers, and warriors, and patriots,

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has penetrated its recesses, and we, pilgrims from its distant shores, had come to offer our tribute to their memory.

The Roman poets and historians also describe these works, and attribute to them a similar origin.

Virgil, speaking of the funeral of Polydorus, says,

> "Ergo instauramus Polydoro funus, et ingens
> Aggeritur tumulo tellus."

Lucan, alluding to the Egyptians, in his "Pharsalia," says,

> "Et regum cineres extructo monte quiescant."

And we are told by Livy, that Claudius Nero caused the soldiers in the second Carthaginian war to be buried in this manner, and by Tacitus, that Germanicus himself laid the foundation of the mound, which was erected over the soldiers, killed in the unfortunate campaign of Varus.

But it is needless to multiply authorities upon this point. We will add, only that the *tumuli* in Russia, described by Pallas and by Dr. Clarke, are in all respects similar in their appearance to those in the interior of the United States. There is a passage in Spenser, which is worthy of observation, because it shows the existence of like customs in very different regions, and bears upon one of the difficulties which must have struck every one who has surveyed an Indian mound, surrounded by a ditch and rampart, and who has seen the disadvantages of such a place of defence. In the dialogue between Eudoxus and Irenæus, Spenser says, that the Danes, being less numerous than the Saxons in England, entrenched themselves within these circular elevations. The great temple of Mexcai, as it was called by the Spanish historians, was a truncated cone, covered in part by large stones, and it was defended with great obstinacy against the invaders. The Pyramid of Cholula, which yet exists, though in a dilapidated state, is a monument of a similar kind. And it is very probable, that these elevations of the larger class may have served as places of religious worship in other parts of America, as we see they did in Mexico, and as we know they did also among the ancient Scandinavians. To erect altars in high places was an established custom in the early ages of the world.

We have already adverted to the fact, that all the Mexican constructions, existing at the period of the conquest, have

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long ago disappeared, with the exception of two or three ruins, which teach us nothing respecting the state of the arts at that period. Two centuries after the Spanish conquest, and perhaps a small part of this period, were found sufficient to sweep away all the works of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. If the temples, and houses, and fortifications, and walls of stone, described by the early historians, had corresponded at all to the magnificent accounts given by them, such a destruction would have been impossible. A much longer time would be necessary in any country to cause the disappearance of even wooden structures. We shall not stop to extend this view, for we consider it wholly unnecessary. We shall merely present a few statements from early authors, to show the exaggeration to which they were addicted.

The palace of Montezuma had twenty-four doors, three great courts, three fountains, many halls, one hundred chambers, and walls of marble and jasper.

Thascala contained one hundred and fifty thousand houses.

At Chempoallan the houses were of stone and lime, and the streets filled with people.

They saw a great palace, shut in by walls, burnished with lime, shining like mirrors, which the sun rendered very splendid, and like silver.

The houses of Xicolencatl were built of stone and mortar, with bricks, and carpenter's work, and terraces above.

But Cortez himself is the great panegyrist of Mexican architecture, for he says, in his first letter to the Emperor Charles the Fifth, that Montezuma "had, beside those in Mexico, other such admirable houses for his habitation, that I do not believe I shall ever be able to express their excellence and grandeur, *therefore I shall only say, there are no equals to them in Spain.*" Alas for the remains of Roman and Moorish art, which constitute the pride of the Lusitanian peninsula. "Woe is me, Alhama!"

The best commentary upon this text is, that Cortez himself, not finding a house fit for his habitation in all Mexico, was compelled to construct one. That the conqueror was a better warrior than philosopher or historian, we may safely conclude from his description of the tides in the lake of Mexico, which, he states to the Emperor, were like those of the ocean! But the magnificence of the ancient city loses noth-

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ing in the work of Clavigero, who says the Spaniards never appeared satisfied with examining the many great buildings, lofty towers, and other objects which the capital contained, but that "nothing struck their minds with more amazement, than the large squares of the market," which far excelled any similar exhibition in Europe! And yet not one stone remains upon another, to testify the existence of one of these palaces, temples, or houses. Two short centuries have swept them away, as completely as the Indian cabins, which, during their existence, were reared and occupied upon the Ohio and Mississippi. In a fair and goodly plate, accompanying Clavigero's work, some magnificent-looking structures make their appearance in the back ground. But the artist has pushed his burine too far, even for the Mexican historian, who observes with great *naïveté*, that the *form of the edifice is a mere caprice of the designer*. Having much more faith in the ordinary operation of natural causes than in the judgment and accuracy of men, who were surrounded by circumstances of a nature to excite and delude them, it is much easier for us to believe that there is gross exaggeration in these descriptions, than that such constructions were reared by Mexican savages, and that they have all disappeared without leaving a vestige of their existence, and that they were built with stone axes, and by a people without domestic animals, and without any conventional representative of value, where the seller of maize must have exchanged his produce for a *natte*, and the workman, after his day's labor, picked up the articles as he could, we do not see how.

But there is no end to the exaggerations of Clavigero. In truth his relation is unworthy of credit, where it is in opposition to the moral circumstances of the Mexicans, as these can be deduced from the confused accounts which are in our possession. A proof of his credulity, or of something worse, is found in his Seventh Book, where he describes what he calls the Mexican "granaries." The reader would suppose, from the terms with which the description commences, that some important structure was about to be introduced, and it is only toward the conclusion, that he finds these magnificent depositories are nothing but plain corn-cribs, such as every Indian and every frontier settler makes for himself in a day to contain his corn. They are formed, says Clavigero, "by placing round and equal trunks of the *Ojametl* in a square, one upon the other, &c."

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And what furnishes a singular contrast to the accounts given of the large stone buildings which have long since disappeared, is the statement of Clavigero, "that there are yet existing some of these granaries so very ancient, that they appear to have been built before the conquest."

After these general views of the structures of the races inhabiting the New World, when it became known to the civilized states of Europe, it remains to present to our readers authentic evidence of the existence of monuments, until now concealed amid the rich vegetation of tropical climates, but which, by their extent and magnificence, attest the former existence of a race of people, far more civilized than any known to us on the continent; as every thing around these ruined but majestic edifices attests their extinction. There is no fact in all history more extraordinary, than these solitary remains; carrying us back to a remote period in American chronology, and breaking upon the astonished traveller, like the ruins of Balbec or Palmyra, but with no historian to tell the tale of their origin, progress, and fall. They are truly alone in their glory. Avoiding as much as may be, the contagion of enthusiasm, we shall proceed to describe them from the accounts before us briefly, but with the severity of truth.

These monuments have been found only in that part of North America, which extends from the Gulf of Tihuentepee upon the Pacific, and from Campeachy Bay in the Gulf of Mexico, to the Isthmus of Panamá, forming a long, irregular peninsula, exceeding a thousand miles in extent. Its position in the torrid zone sufficiently indicates its climate and productions. But, in the interior, it rises into an elevated ridge, which separates the streams flowing east and west, into the vast reservoirs which bathe its shores; and the various plateaus of this ridge are renowned for their admirable temperature, as well as for their productive fertility. It is the region where elevation changes climate, and where the orange and the apple grow within sight of each other.

The ancient kingdom of Guatemala, now composing part of the federation, if federation it may be called, of Central America, the Peninsula of Yucatan, forming part of Mexico, the British settlements of Honduras, and the district occupied by the independent tribes, and known as the Muskito coast, divide among them this extensive region. There is

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much confusion in its political geography ; and the province of Chiapa, the principal seat of the ancient ruins, which formerly made part of Guatemala, was some years since seized by Mexico, and afterwards divided between that country, and her sister republic of Central America. The prominent features of the natural geography of this part of the continent are all that are known to us. The details are yet to be filled up. The maps are defective, and the course of the mountains and rivers, as well as the positions of many of the important places, are either not traced, or very erroneously represented. The map of the interior of the peninsula is almost a *tabula rasa.*

The principal ruins, or those best known to us, have been found near Palenque, a small city in the State of Chiapa, situated upon the confines of Guatemala and Yucatan, and watered by a little river, one of the tributaries of the Tulya, which discharges itself into the bay of Campeachy. About fifteen miles from this modern town, at the foot of a mountainous ridge, but in an elevated position, is a small plain, having a fertile soil and delightful climate, and at its centre an artificial mound, upon which the principal structures are erected. Colonel Galindo, commandant of the district of Peten, which embraces this site, in his communications to the Geographical Society of Paris, describes in glowing terms the salubrity and beauty of this position, and its geographical advantages with relation to the central regions of America. He conjectures it was the great metropolis of the people, who have left no memorial of their existence but these ruins ; and, carried away by an enthusiasm pardonable in an inhabitant of that secluded country, he exclaims, that the founder of this lost city deserves a place in history, with Alexander, Constantine, and Peter the Great. The state of isolation in which even now these monuments remain, may be judged by a fact stated by Colonel Galindo, that there were but two hunters who knew any thing of them, and that from superstition, or some other cause, they were indisposed to conduct any one to visit them.

After the monuments of Palenque, come those of Mitla, in Guatemala, and then those of Yucatan. We shall content ourselves with the general geographical sketch we have given, adding, however, the names of the various other places where ruins exist, and to which travellers have penetrated,

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These are Yacta, Copen, Cetallan, Uchmal, Tulha, and Peten. It is worthy, however, of remark, that these monuments are not confined to a small space, as the names might seem to indicate; but extend to a great distance around the central structures. It is estimated that the ruins of Palenque occupy a circuit of more than forty miles.

It is almost a century since the existence of imposing ruins, furnishing evidence of a high state of civilization at a remote period in the central regions of the new world, became known to the enlightened men of Spanish America. Their reports were at first vague and contradictory, derived from ignorant hunters, who were led by the pursuit of game into the vicinity of these remains. The whole country was very thinly peopled, and, to this day, its true topographical features, as we have stated, are little known.

We owe the first correct knowledge of this class of works to Antonio del Rio, a Spanish Captain, who, in consequence of orders from the Court of Spain, was sent in 1787, by the Viceroy of Mexico, to examine the ruins of Palenque. An English edition of his report was published in 1822.

In 1806–7, another Spanish officer, Dupaix, was despatched upon a similar mission. But the government of Spain had become sensible to the interest attached to these investigations, and the expedition of Dupaix was better provided and organized, than that of his predecessor. He was ordered to examine not only Palenque, which was supposed to be the site of an Egyptian colony, and Mitla, supposed to be a Grecian one, but also the whole region, and to endeavour to discover and describe any other actual remains it might contain. He made three excursions, and the result of his researches is described in a work entitled, "Narrative of Three Expeditions of Captain Dupaix; ordered in 1805, 1806, 1807, for the Examination of the Ruins of the Country, particularly those of Mitla and of Palenque."

M. de Humboldt did not explore the country where these monuments exist, but he found at Mexico an able artist, Don Luis Martin, who had visited Mitla, and who had taken drawings of its ruins. Copies of two of these drawings accompany the "Views of the Cordilleras," &c. of M. de Humboldt. The learned author speaks also of the architectural remains, at a place, called *Palenque*, where he had been told there were ruins, "which prove the taste of the people

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of the Toltec and Aztec race for the ornaments of architecture." He adds nothing to the stock of our knowledge upon this subject, and considers these works as Mexican remains, *not going back further* than the thirteenth or *fourteenth century.** It is to be regretted, that this distinguished traveller did not extend his researches into this region ; the most interesting to the archæologist, which the whole continent presents. The field would have been a fruitful one for his erudition, and his powers of combination could not have failed to present striking and unexpected results.

In 1825, the Geographical Society of Paris published a programme, containing the various subjects of inquiry connected with American antiquities, which they deemed important ; and they offered the prize of a gold medal to the competitor who should present the most interesting descriptions of these ruins, before the 1st of January, 1836.

When this period arrived, it was found, that several travellers had recently explored these archæological *oases* of Central America, with opportunities more or less favorable to the solution of the difficult problem, which they offer to the learned world. Among these were M. Correy, Don Juan de Galindo, and Mr. Waldeck.

M. Correy, who is a French physician, naturalized at Tabasco, near Palenque, commenced his researches with the antiquities of this place, in 1819, and continued them at different intervals for many years. In 1826 he communicated, to a journal of Vera Cruz, a comprehensive notice of his labors ; and between 1827 and 1832, he addressed ten letters to a member of the Committee of the Geographical Society of Paris, in which he described the ruins of what he calls *the ancient Southern Palmyra.*

Don Juan de Galindo explored these monuments, and those in other parts of Central America, in 1831, and his

* This conjecture is certainly not in unison with the chronological annals of the Mexicans, referred to by M. de Humboldt, and to which he appears to attach credit. According to these *annals*, when the Aztecs, at the end of the twelfth century, arrived in the country since called New Spain, they found there large pyramidal monuments, that they attributed to the Toltecs, a nation said to have inhabited this country, five hundred years before ! He adds, that " the Aztecs did not certainly know if any tribes had inhabited this region before the Toltecs, and it is possible that these constructions might have been made before."

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observations, with a map of the country, and designs of the architectural ruins, have been published.

Mr. Waldeck, an *élève* of the celebrated painter David, repaired to Central America in 1832, for the purpose of studying these ruins, and of describing and drawing them. He remained in the country four years, and seems to have prosecuted his enterprise with zeal, though assailed by several adverse circumstances. He returned to Europe, with a rich treasure of American antiquities, which we have examined with interest; and published a volume, containing the result of his researches in the peninsula of Yucatan. It is the only part of his travels, which he has sent to the press. It is a folio volume with a map, and contains many plates exhibiting plans, views, costumes, and other details. His researches at Palenque will form another volume hereafter to be published.

Engraved drawings of many of these ruins have also been published by a German artist, Mr. Nehel, and by Mr. Franck, from plans and observations taken by them upon the spot.

The great work of Lord Kingsborough contains, among other interesting information, an account of the travels of Dupaix, together with the numerous and elaborate drawings prepared by the author.

The work entitled "Antiquités Mexicaines," of which the title is placed at the head of our article, contains also a relation of the three expeditions of Dupaix; a translation into French, from the English edition, of the travels of Del Rio; a brief notice of the monument of Xochicalco, written by Father Marquez, from the relation of Antonio Alzate, in 1791; the narrative of M. Galindo, and some remarks of M. de Humboldt, and of M. de Zavala, the Mexican minister at Paris. The last treats of ruins at Uchmal in Yucatan. This magnificent work is enriched with the drawings of Dupaix, as well as with many other engravings collected from various quarters, and executed in the best style of art.

At the period fixed by the Geographical Society for the adjudication of its prize, in January, 1836, a commission was appointed to examine the works of the various competitors, who reported that none of them had fulfilled the expectations of the Society, or so far carried out its programme as to entitle them to the reward. They therefore recommended, that the prize should continue open for competition till the 1st of January, 1839, which was accordingly determined;

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and this is the last action which the Geographical Society of Paris has had upon this subject.

In the mean time, our countryman, Mr. Stephens, so favorably known by his travels in the East, has repaired to Central America in a diplomatic capacity, and is understood to have visited and examined the most remarkable of these ruins, accompanied by an artist to take the necessary drawings. We await with impatience the publication of his narrative. We regret that the time limited for the presentation of competitors in the lists opened by the Geographical Society of Paris has expired, and that the American traveller is precluded from contending for the prize.

It would be vain to attempt, within the compass of a review, to give an adequate amount of these works, or even to describe all their peculiar characteristics, as far as these have been ascertained. We must content ourselves with compiling from the French collection a succinct notice of the monuments of Palenque, which will serve as a type of these remarkable structures, scattered over an extensive region of country, heretofore covered and concealed by primitive forests, and now bursting, as it were, the tomb of ages, and continually revealing themselves to the traveller, as he penetrates further and further into the regions of their former glory and of their present decay.

Upon an eminence, towards the middle of the site of the city, rises a mass of buildings, of a pyramidal form, with a base presenting a parallelogram, consisting of three different structures, receding in succession, and rising upon each other. This base has a circuit of one thousand and eighty feet, and an elevation of sixty feet (French). It is built of stone, laid in a mortar of lime and sand. In the middle of the front, which faces the east, there is a large stone staircase, which conducts to the principal entry of the temple. This edifice is two hundred and forty feet long by one hundred and forty-five wide, and thirty-six feet high, which, added to the height of the base, gives a total elevation of ninety-six feet. The walls are four feet thick, and constructed of stones of large dimensions. The doorways are unequal in their size. Nothing indicates that they were ever closed, and the same observation applies to all the other buildings. The windows are of various forms, and generally very small. The arches are twenty feet high, and form a truncated angle at the top, ter-

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minated by large stones placed transversely. The roofs are of flag-stones, well joined and very thick, and, Dupaix says, bomb proof. The whole edifice is covered, externally and internally, with a stucco containing oxyde of iron; it is crowned by a large frieze, set in two double cornices, of a square form. Between the doors, and upon all the pillars, forming a corridor around the edifice, are encrusted eighty *bas-reliefs* in stucco, representing personages seven feet high; and hieroglyphics, whose careful execution announces that the plastic art had made great progress among the builders of these works. Their exterior view offers a magnificence to which the interior corresponds. Immense halls, ornamented with bas-reliefs in granite, in which the figures are twelve feet high, sculptured hieroglyphics, courts, subterraneous passages, ornamented also with sculptures, a round tower, with four stages, whose staircase is supported by a vault, — such is a sketch of the principal characteristics, which this temple offers; a temple heretofore served by numerous priests and crowded with worshippers, but now covered with briers, where the aloe, with its long stalk, is intermixed with creeping vines, and where nothing but birds of prey, its only inhabitants, breaks the silence of ages which rests upon it.

Other structures in the same state of ruin, and partaking of the same character of former solidity and splendor, are found upon the same *plateau*. The whole number of ruins, hitherto discovered, is eighteen.

Mr. Waldeck has favored us with a memorandum of his researches in this part of America, and of the general results of his observations. We are also indebted to him for information respecting the aboriginal tribes yet remaining in the vicinity of these structures. To the southeast of Palenque, are the Itsacs, to whom he ascribes a different origin from that of the Mexicans. He traces them to the Mayons, whose language is yet the prevalent tongue, spoken in the peninsula of Yucatan. It is also widely spread in Chiapa and Tabasco. What he calls the Mayon architecture, is the style of building which marks the monuments of Yucatan, and which exhibits much affinity with that of Palenque. It is, however, superior in the execution. The work is altogether in wrought stone, and is finished with great elegance and precision. He considers many of the parts as

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well executed as the Roman sculptures of the lower empire, and particularly in what he calls the *Lantern of the Temple of Death.*

Mr. Waldeck states, that his attention had been directed to this interesting region by an incident, which, in 1820, placed in his possession a manuscript series of drawings, illustrating the travels of Del Rio; which he published, in 1822, at London. He supposes this volume first conveyed to the world adequate conceptions of these monuments. In 1824, he was appointed mechanical engineer to the mines of Italpuxahuo, in Mexico. Being then led to that country by official engagements, and these having been eventually dissolved by the failure of the speculation, he turned his inquiries towards the ancient monuments, whose existence and description had before interested him. After making himself acquainted with the Mexican antiquities, and with the original languages, he felt confidence in his power to survey the sites of these interesting ruins, to take designs of their plans and elevations, and to describe their general architectural style and features. Being destitute, however, of the means necessary to carry his adventurous plan into effect, he succeeded in the establishment of a company, who agreed to provide the funds; and, trusting to their engagements, he commenced his expedition with a feeble outfit. Political difficulties in Mexico, and other causes, prevented the ulterior arrangements from being carried into effect, and he was eventually circumscribed in his means of operation, and reduced almost to want. As long as his funds supplied him with the power, he employed parties of Indians to clear out the ruins, and to execute diggings in and around them. By a fortunate circumstance he was enabled to continue his operations after the failure of the company, in consequence of a private loan procured at Tabasco.

He reached the theatre of his labors the 12th of May, 1832, and remained two years, exposed to great hardships and privations, in the execution of his self-imposed task. He expresses himself with the enthusiasm of an artist, and says, it would be in vain, were he to attempt to describe the astonishment, with which the first aspect of these solitary and imposing monuments overpowered him. The flat roofs of the palace were overgrown with enormous trees. These he cut down in the course of his operations. He found one on

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the top of the eastern gallery, which measured nine feet three inches in diameter. By counting the concentric layers, which botanists suppose mark the annual growth of trees, he found they were one thousand six hundred and nine, and he deduces from this fact the length of the period, which must have elapsed since the edifice was abandoned to the domain of the forest. This estimate was fortified, in his opinion, by a series of observations, which, during eighteen months, he made upon the stalactites and stalagmites, whose number and size are increased by new depositions ; and by a comparison of these with the larger incrustations of this description, which had been previously formed. For ourselves, we have not much faith in results thus obtained. The botanic test may be sufficiently accurate for a few years, and while the tree is comparatively young. But in an advanced age, when the concentric circles run together, we believe the process altogether fallacious. And we have still less confidence in the chronological evidence, furnished by the successive deposits of the matter of infiltration, which calcareous solutions leave behind them. All such inductions are but speculations more or less rash, to which their novelty may give a kind of temporary vogue, but which are soon dismissed to that forgetfulness which is their just receptacle.

Without losing ourselves in vain conjecture, seeking precision where precision is unattainable, we must at present rest content with the conviction which the very aspect of these ruins forces upon the inquirer, that the construction of these monuments ascends to a high antiquity. Their appearance speaks this truth in characters not to be doubted. The few extrinsic circumstances, which come in aid of this supposition, confirm the general fact ; and among these one of the most remarkable is the seclusion in which they so long rested, forgotten apparently by the Mexicans, and unknown to the Spaniards. Mr. Waldeck supposes he has traced hieroglyphical characters upon the ornaments of this edifice, similar in their principle to the Egyptian system ; but accompanied with sculptures indicating a higher state of the art. He flatters himself also, that he has succeeded in deciphering the meaning of some of these inscriptions and representations, and in ascertaining a succession of eleven Queens, belonging to the sacerdotal caste ; and in developing some of the religious mysteries which connect their

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mythology with the eastern Asiatic nations. But these are transcendental speculations, and, in the absence of all proof, not within the province of cautious criticism. We know how much there is in these investigations to excite the imagination, and to lead captive the judgment; and we can appreciate the effect which such architectural wonders must produce upon cultivated minds in the tropical regions of America, covered and surrounded by rich and primitive forests, while every other record of the existence of the people who erected them has long since passed away. But, independently of these moral considerations, which dictate a measure of wholesome skepticism, we have examined with attention some of the bas-reliefs in plaster, brought from the temple at Palenque, and which are now in the Royal Museum at Paris. The impression they produced was far more feeble than we had anticipated from the drawings and inscriptions. Certainly they are remarkable works when contrasted with the circumstances of their position. But they appear to us far inferior to the specimens of Egyptian architecture, with which Mr. Waldeck has compared them, and still further below the products of European art. The great error of the professional artists, in such cases, is to sacrifice fidelity to effect, and it is rare indeed that their efforts present the object in the nakedness of truth. Almost every view derives a part of its beauty from the style of execution, as every one may satisfy himself who compares the pictorial copy with the original subject. We have sought in vain for any decided indications of written characters upon these medallions. But M. Jomard, the director of the Royal Library, who was kind enough to accompany us, thought he discovered the outline of artificial characters corresponding with the deductions of Mr. Waldeck. The opinion of M. Jomard will have much more weight with our readers than our own. His literary reputation is established throughout Europe, and his learned labors, as one of the corps of *savans*, who accompanied the French army to Egypt, have turned his attention particularly to the difficult subject of hieroglyphical representations.

It has been impressively asked, what people could have reared such architectural wonders, at a period so remote, that, at the time of the conquest, the Mexicans, of whose antiquity we have heard so much, had lost all tradition of this city of Palenque, formerly so flourishing, and whose existence was

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not even suspected by Europeans or Americans during a period of almost three centuries.

In the speculations to which these discoveries have led, architectural analogies have been proclaimed between these monuments and those of ancient Egypt, assigning equal duration to both. And as the American structures are in a more advanced stage of decay than the Egyptian, a higher antiquity has been claimed for them. But these are rash conjectures, wanting all the facts necessary to a rational determination of a question surrounded with great difficulties, and probably destined never to be solved with any precision.

No connexion has been discovered between the Egyptian hieroglyphics and those sculptured upon these edifices. Nor has any relation been traced between these and the Mexican figures. It is also worthy of remark, that, while the temples of Mexico, if indeed that term is applicable to their places of worship, were mere truncated cones of earth, sometimes covered with stone, the religious edifices erected at Palenque were enclosed structures, planned and executed upon just principles of architecture.

Mitla is a kind of semicircular valley, surrounded by arid hills, and producing maize and *marguy*. It is thinly peopled.

Among a crowd of other objects here, are found four principal buildings, called palaces, which have a prominent part in the descriptions travellers have given of this place. They are said to have been executed "with a luxury of magnificence truly worthy of the Romans," "and by their striking aspect, their mosaic decorations, their beautiful preservation, and above all, by their finished design, to produce in the soul of the observer an impression of enchantment, and of indescribable emotion." This extravagance of praise, while it justifies the belief that these are extraordinary structures in *such* places, is not favorable to the exercise of calm judgment by the author, nor is it calculated to gain the sober confidence of the reader.

The most remarkable of these buildings is erected upon a foundation of solid masonry, which serves as the floor of the apartments. It has three staircases, one in the centre of the *façade*, and the two others at the sides. The principal staircase leads to three entrances, which are without doors, and without the appearance of having had any. They are separated by pilasters, with niches, which probably contained statues,

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which have disappeared. The architrave, uniting these pilasters, is a block of granite, square, and of an enormous size, perfectly well cut. There are compartments, divided by oblong pannels, surrounded with salient mouldings, beautifully designed, and finished with mathematical exactitude.

The doors open into a long hall, divided longitudinally from east to west by a row of six granite columns, each of a single piece, having a diameter of three feet, and a height of seventeen. The walls are covered with stucco, very smooth, and of a vermilion color. Appearances indicate that the whole edifice, internally and externally, was once encrusted with the same material. The pavement is made of lime and sand, overlaid with a melted composition, firm and well polished, and of a bluish color.

One of these buildings is now occupied as a parochial church, and serves also as the house of the curate. In its general style it agrees sufficiently well with the one we have already described.

The author, from whose narrative we compress this description, remarks, that

"The stone, from which the internal and external ornaments were made, is white, and not very hard. The artists have succeeded in uniting Egyptian solidity and Grecian grace in the mosaic *rilievos*. The eye cannot discern the junction of these small stones, which, however, are united without any kind of cement. They are slightly rounded by the action of the water. The smallest resemble a cone, or a pyramid with a quadrangular base; they are like bricks, varying in their form and size, and were attached to the wall by a plaster cement, prepared for that purpose. Some were placed flat, others diagonally or vertically; some of these stones are sculptured with regular figures."

In seeking the object of these edifices, M. Dupaix supposes they were designed as places of sepulchre; but the indications are so doubtful, that we shall not follow him in his speculations upon the subject.

These revelations of ancient art, in the thick forests of America, where all else was so new and so rude, have provoked a crowd of conjectures, and revived all the dark questions concerning the early communications between the eastern and the western continents, which have been so often discussed. Dupaix indulges in many of the old reveries, but his

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speculations are not sufficiently interesting to merit the notice of our readers.

It is obvious that these investigations are premature, and can lead to no useful result. Before we find indications, we must seek facts. And all the knowledge we yet possess of these monuments is insufficient to guide us in exploring the mystery in which they have been shrouded by the darkness of centuries. At the meeting of the Geographical Society of Paris, in January, 1836, M. Farcy, one of the editors of the "Antiquités Mexicaines," thus announced the conclusions to which he had been led. We present faithfully his views, as we find them recorded. We do not profess to understand them fully, and still less to concur in much that we do understand. The author evidently belongs to the school of the *exaltés*, a class of historians whose imaginations supply many of the facts, and almost all the conclusions.

"I compress what I have said into the following observations.

"1. That the primitive population of America must remain as much unknown to us as the primitive population of the other parts of the globe.

"2. That the most ancient remains of this primitive people, which exist in America, are the monuments of Palenque, of Guatemala, and of Yucatan.

"3. That this population must have been more civilized than any other, and further advanced in the arts; and that it must cause us the same admiration, whether its civilization was its own proper work, originating in the country, or whether it was received by direct communication from Asia or Egypt.

"4. That this central country must have been, three thousand years ago, in the midst of America, what were the Assyrian and Persian empires in Asia, Egypt in Africa, and Greece in Europe; that is to say, the luminous foci of civilization, surrounded by the barbarism of a savage people.

"5. That later, but before the fifteenth century, a succession of different people came into America, as colonists or as invaders; by sea, from the east or west, into the central or southern parts of the continent, or more directly into the northern regions

"6. That it was by the north, particularly, that the migrations before the fifteenth century took place into America, and it was from that quarter that the Tartars and Moguls pushed back upon Mexico the more northern population.

"7. That America, discovered by the Europeans towards

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the end of the fifteenth century, had already been discovered many times before, according to what we know now, or even according to what we do not know [!] (*ou même selon ce que nous ne savons pas*); like an immense vessel lying upon the bosom of the sea, carried by boarding on all sides, and at all epochs."

It is remarked in the reports submitted to the Geographical Society in 1834, and prepared by M. Jomard, that all these edifices, heretofore concealed in Central America, have a common character in their style and execution, marking them as the productions of the same people, and that they differ from any other monuments found upon this continent. He describes the temple of Copan as of great extent, being six hundred and fifty-three feet by five hundred and twenty-four. In the sepulchral chambers are vases of red earth, varnished, containing human bones mixed with lime. Here are found figures of gigantic crocodiles, and a bust, indicating a statue of fifteen or twenty feet high. The figures in bas-relief have sandals with straps, and clothing of network. There are everywhere tables and stone altars, framed pictures, symbols, and signs, symmetrically arranged, and sculptured and painted. The quarry which supplied the materials for the temple of Copan is more than a mile from this edifice, and the process by which the large stones were conveyed to their destination is not among the least singular of the many difficulties which the subject presents.

Among the documents published in the "Antiquités Mexicaines," is a letter from General Santa Anna, in which he remarks, that "the temple and the monuments of Palenque are worthy of a parallel with the pyramids of Egypt; and whether they were erected in honor of glorious events, or elevated by the munificence of princes, they would not have less celebrity than the Egyptian monuments, if history had transmitted to posterity their origin and the names of their authors."

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ART. VIII. — *The Countess Ida. A Tale of Berlin.* By the Author of "Norman Leslie," "Dreams and Reveries of a Quiet Man," &c. In Two Volumes. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1840. 12mo.

THE previous writings of Mr. Fay had not prepared us for the superior merit of the work before us. He has been favorably known as a contributor to the pages of the New York "Mirror," that magazine of agreeable but very light literature. His writings were always pleasing, sometimes pointed and sprightly, but never powerful. They were very good for whiling away a half hour's leisure, in the intervals of some laborious occupation; they refreshed the wearied spirit like the afternoon *siesta* of the South. With regard to style, they never rose above a commonplace purity and precision, which neither roused a lively interest, nor shocked a fastidious taste. The reader never thought of resorting to Mr. Fay for animated description, profound sentiment, or vigorous delineation of character. We were never thrilled by a brilliant expression that betrayed, like a flash of lightning, the depths of a fervid genius, or by a new and sparkling combination of thought, through which shone the radiance of a poetic soul, "of imagination all compact." But we never threw aside his writings, disgusted by those fantastic barbarisms of speech which deform so many popular works of the day, or by those moral paradoxes, which are as offensive to the judgment and principles of sober-minded men, as they are fascinating to the perverted feelings and crude conceptions of the small-brained and long-haired young gentlemen, who set up, with the most entertaining self-complacency, and the most oracular unmeaningness of language, for the arbiters of taste, philosophy, and poetry. His powers seemed to fit him peculiarly for gliding smoothly over the surface of literature and society, but not for diving into the depths of life, and bringing up the priceless pearls of thought; and his style was well adapted for the graceful utterance of superficial observation, and for the slight and rather water-colored descriptions with which his works abounded. His command over the resources of the English language appeared to be extremely limited. The ornaments of a copious vocabulary never seemed to be within his reach. His sentences were short, unimaginative, and dry. We were never roused by

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an eloquent paragraph, whose majestic sweep of words, and brilliant array of imagery, carried us away like a fine strain of organ music. Our feelings were never raised beyond a state of comfortable repose, nor ever sunk much below it.

Thus the general character of Mr. Fay's writings seemed to place him among those who contribute to the amusement of the moment, without leaving a permanent trace of their minds upon the literature of their country and age; who pass, as it were, over "the smooth surface of a summer sea," to be seen for a day, and forgotten for ever; graceful figures in the panorama of contemporary literature, but too insignificant to be included in the great historical picture which transmits to posterity the mighty intellectual representation of an age.

But Mr. Fay's literary powers have produced fruits much richer than their early promise. Longer experience of life, greater practice in composition, and increased familiarity with the best models of European literature, have given him a vigorous impulse, and unfolded his talents in a surprising manner. His observations have gone deeper, his reflections are more weighty, and his power of conceiving and representing the successive scenes of a narrative has grown stronger than we had any reason to anticipate. In forming the idea of a character also, and in setting it forth by appropriate action, he has shown a remarkable progress. Formerly his characters were faintly-drawn, unsubstantial figures, flitting before his reader's mind, and vanishing away like the unreal mockery of a dream. Now they are well conceived and sharply delineated; they breathe the sentiments, and tremble with the passions, of natural men and women; they show the real qualities which living beings display to the observer, and act from the real motives which form the springs of conduct in social life. His narrative is animated and interesting; the incidents are well selected, and judiciously arranged; and the plot is put together with a more instructed eye to the proper combination of parts, and to the general effect. We are the more gratified to notice this progress, because Mr. Fay has always manifested a high moral sense; and we have entire confidence that his powers, to whatever point they may be unfolded, will never be desecrated by ministering to the cause of vice; that he will never render the artistic talent he possesses the means of embellishing voluptuous sentiment, or imbecility of heart; and that whatever comes from his pen will breathe the spirit of manly virtue.

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"The Countess Ida" is a work, we think, which will give Mr. Fay a much higher reputation than all his previous writings. The perusal of this interesting tale has suggested the observations which we have just made; and we think our readers, who shall examine the book, will sustain our opinion of the great increase of power which he has manifested in its composition. The intention of the writer, as stated in his short Preface, was "to illustrate a principle, and to record his protest against a useless and barbarous custom, which, to the shame of his own country, exists there in a less modified form, than the good sense and good taste of European communities, to say nothing of their moral and religious feeling, would sanction elsewhere." The custom alluded to is that of duelling; and the plot of the novel is constructed for the purpose of showing the wickedness and horrors of the system, and the possibility of resisting a practice founded upon a false sense of honor, and of meeting calmly, bearing patiently, and conquering triumphantly the reproaches, the taunts, the contempt, and the infamy which a conscientious obedience to the voice of duty, in defiance of the rooted prejudices of society, never fails to bring down upon the head of the brave man who dares to be called a coward. The story is managed with considerable art; the incidents are generally well devised; and the catastrophe does ample poetic justice all round. Some scenes in the course of the narrative show a masterly skill in the grouping of terrific circumstances, which make one's hair stand on end; some of the perils to which the hero is exposed, and some of his marvellous escapes, border too closely, perhaps, on the impossible.

We may as well remark, before we proceed to a closer examination of the structure of the novel, that, in common with all works of fiction designed to illustrate a principle, it betrays here and there the forcing process by which things are artificially compelled to bear upon the moral or dogmatic aim of the author. This is a defect, which it would seem almost, if not quite, impossible for an author to escape, who sets out with a deliberate purpose of guiding all the trains of incident in his plot straight forward to a didactic conclusion; and it really injures the moral effect of the work as much as it detracts from its beauty as a work of art. All the bad characters of such a work are very apt to be insufferably bad;

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all the good characters to be insufferably good. All the bad characters turn out so badly as to be an "awful beacon" to the rising generation, and all the good characters turn out so well as to offer a handsome premium upon virtue to all the nice little boys who are favored by its perusal. Miss Edgeworth's "Patronage" is a good illustration of the truth of this remark. The good family are all too good; and the bad are really too bad; and the result to both bears an exact mathematical proportion to their respective virtues and vices. It is arrived at by solving the problem of the story upon the principles of a sort of moral Rule of Three. In the one family, the young lawyer is sure to gain his cause; the young doctor is sure to cure the disease, or to operate successfully upon the broken leg intrusted to his care; and the young ladies we know from the first will inevitably be splendidly and happily married. The other family is the exact reverse of all this. We can take our oath at the outset that the son will turn out a dishonest blockhead, the daughter will wed miserably, and the whole family will go to perdition.

Mr. Fay's novel is chargeable with this same defect. One class of characters are encircled with a halo of preternatural light; and another wrapped in the fold of preternatural moral darkness. The virtuous personages, after a period of dreadful suffering, are rewarded with a degree of happiness and of worldly prosperity, by which we feel that their past woes are more than counterbalanced; the villains are plunged into an abyss of retributive misery, which almost obliterates the sense of their damning misdeeds. But this does not mark the book so distinctly, as the corresponding trait characterizes the work of Miss Edgeworth to which we have alluded. Many parts of Mr. Fay's novel are conceived and executed with a freedom and spirit, which show that truth to nature was the author's only guide; many scenes and descriptions are thrown off with a vigor of coloring that expresses only the rapid movement, and the unbiassed, unconscious impulse, of the inspiration of genius. And these are certainly the best parts of the novel; best, because we feel them to be the truest representations of human life and human nature. For the actual events that pass around us, though they never fail to inculcate moral truth, yet never do this broadly and directly. The instructions furnished by them are drawn from hints, and intimations, more or less distinct, but

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never set forth with the formality of a systematic code. We find nowhere in human life a series of events arranged with an apparent moral plan, forming a scheme of logical completeness, and winding up with a moral truth, so pointedly uttered, that there is no gainsaying it. Now, though literature can never be an exact representative of nature and life, since its means are limited, and human powers work within a comparatively narrow range, while nature and life sweep through all ages, yet the poet and writer of fiction ought to conform, as much as circumstances admit, to their prototype ; they must not let the element of art, which they add to nature, predominate over the great basis of all works of poetry and fiction, nature itself. This is just the danger, to which the creations of fiction constructed to illustrate a principle are most exposed, and from which no author, who has written after this method, has wholly escaped.

The time of the opening of this story is the year 1790. Several of the most important characters are brought together in the *diligence*, which ran between Hamburg and Berlin. A handsome young man, a respectable middle-aged lady, and a family of vulgar English travellers, find themselves fellow-passengers on the journey to the Prussian capital. Nothing very special happens to them on the way ; the journey was accomplished very much as it had been many times before, and has been many times since. A conversation of some interest, however, springs up between the handsome young man and the respectable middle-aged lady, from which it appears, that she is closely connected, whether by relationship or by some other tie does not yet appear, with a noble family in Berlin, to the head of which our young gentleman had letters of introduction. It turns out, however, that the lady has been for many years a governess in the family of the noble Count Carolan, and that she is an English woman, bearing, at the period of the commencement of the story, the name of Madame Wharton. Our hero's name, it should be mentioned, is Mr. Wyndham. In the course of conversation, the interesting and important fact is brought to light, that Count Carolan has a beautiful daughter, at the enchanting age of eighteen ; and that she is already engaged to a young English nobleman, Lord Elkington, "about two-and-twenty ; a fashionable, elegant young man, of distinguished manners, and very fond of Ida," the young lady in question. Soon after, the shades of night descend

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upon the *Schnellwagen*, and the passengers very unceremoniously go to sleep, "nodding and bobbing to each other in the dark, not greatly disturbed by the frequent change of horses, the sounding horn, and the various other noises which one might suppose sufficient to drive 'tired nature's sweet restorer' from any eyelids."

Our hero arrives at Berlin, and becomes at once a distinguished ornament of the highest society in that aristocratic capital. Among the visiters there, are Lord Elkington, and his mother, the Countess of Beverly, the former being, as before stated, the suitor of the beautiful Ida. The plot begins immediately to thicken. Lady Beverly is seized by an unaccountable and uncontrollable emotion upon seeing Mr. Wyndham. Mr. Wyndham, notwithstanding sundry grave admonitions from Madame Wharton, who has been led on by a mysterious feeling to take the deepest interest in his fate, falls desperately in love with Ida; and Ida herself experiences very strange feelings, such as she never had experienced before; in fact, notwithstanding her relations to Lord Elkington, she falls in love with our hero too, without knowing what is the matter. Things are now in as fine a train as heart can desire. The entanglement increases, and the real qualities of the personages in the tale are gradually, and not unskilfully brought to light, as the successive events come forth. Lord Elkington turns out a cheat at cards, a ruffian, a debauchee; in short, every thing that is bad. Wyndham, a man of high honor, undaunted courage, and deep piety. But a mystery hangs over his birth, which he has never been able to fathom. He has been educated by the kindness of a friend, and is now supported by some person unknown, who lodges at a banker's an annual allowance of five hundred pounds. By degrees, through the malice of his enemies, suspicions are thrown upon his character; his fair fame is slandered, and he refuses to call the offender to account in the mode adopted by gentlemen. This of course involves him in still deeper troubles, and he is branded both as a coward and an impostor, he is shunned by the fashionable friends who were so obsequious to him before, and is doomed to meet even "altered friendship's half-averted eye." He bears up heroically under these accumulated sufferings, and finally receives a blow from his inexorable enemy, Lord Elkington, who has observed the feelings of mutual, though unconscious, attachment between Ida and him, and who is determined to drive him into a duel. For a moment, his

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resolution is staggered. The stunning sense of personal dishonor almost unmans him, and the passage wherein this is described is one of decided power.

"A blow. This was the blasting thought which filled Claude's mind as he bent his steps he scarce knew whither. He was in a state of agitation which he had never experienced before. He had no longer any power over his reason. His thoughts were tossed to and fro by a whirlwind. He felt, for the moment, that he would commit any crime, could he but tear the heart out of Elkington's bosom! He did not recognise himself. He appeared in his own eyes a *demon*, so dreadfully does unrestrained passion metamorphose even the most rational. All his calm grandeur, — his sense of right, — his reasoning powers, — his resolutions of duty, — his dependence on God, — they were all gone. There was the same difference between his mind then, and as it usually was in its peaceful moments, as between the tall and gently advancing ship, with sails set, each rope in its place, obedient to the helm, and rising and falling on the summer waves; and the same vessel in a fearful tempest, its sails rent to pieces, its masts down, its rudder broken, and its deck swept by huge waves which threaten instant destruction. He could only think one thought, — he could only breathe one word, — *A blow!*

"He thought to seek Elkington and sacrifice him on the spot.

"He resolved to destroy himself instantly.

"He found himself at length at home. He went to his room, he flung himself on his bed, but it heaved beneath him, and fire flashed from his eyes and temples, and faces of a laughing crowd jeered and grinned around, and the finger of the scornful Elkington pointed at him, and people shouted in his ear in all sorts of tones, 'A blow! a blow!' The voice of hate muttered it; it was shrieked as if by despair; friendship seemed to utter it with an inflection of inquiry and incredulity; it came to him with the laugh of childhood and from the scornful lips of women, — '*A blow! a blow!*'

"'It is a dream!' he murmured, and he arose from his bed. The heat in his body was intolerable. The very air he breathed seemed hot and burning. He threw off his coat, his vest; he unloosed his cravat and shirt-collar, and sat down by the open window. But he could not sit still, — he could not lie, — he could not walk. The narrow room oppressed him by its limits; and he strided to and fro, turning against the walls as a wearied and enraged lion paces the small floor of his iron cage, with a tread and a heart that should be upon the burning desert, or the unexplored, unbounded wood. At length he threw himself upon the naked floor, conscious that movement only fanned the fire within him.

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"'A blow, — a blow! Let me think of it!'

"And, for a moment, the whirl and tumult of his mind subsided a little, and gave place to something like continuous reflection.

"'No,' he thought, 'it is a dream, — that blasting stroke upon my brow, — a dream?' He raised his hand to his face. He became conscious of a dim sense of pain now for the first time, and, on passing his fingers over it, he found the eye much swollen. He closed the other, and looked out of the window with that one injured. It was nearly deprived of sight. A vague appearance of light was all he could distinguish. The beautiful transparent air, — the bending sky, — the moon riding calmly over all the shocks of earth, — they were lost and fused together, without beauty or separate distinctness. The idea struck him that perhaps the wound was irreparable; perhaps the eye was blind. No! no! it was no dream! It was a bitter, deliberate, public, burning insult. It was the most blighting act of scorn and shame, — the fullest of humiliation, — the most palpable and memorable, — that which could be the least overlooked, or pardoned, or forgotten by mankind, — of all the wrongs that one human being could inflict upon another. It was irreparable. He who bestowed it could not undo it. Time, — distance, — virtue, — could not wash it out. It was a stain eternal. All great Neptune's ocean could not clean its blackened traces, — there was but one thing —

"He started to his feet.

"It was *blood.* It was that great, mysterious, sacred specific, the touch of which blasts ordinary hands, — the very half-forgotten stain of which betrays ancientest crime, — drags the murderer to light, — raises the very dead out of their fleshless graves, till vengeance has had her banquet. The spot upon his forehead could only be effaced, — the flame in his heart could only be quenched, — by *blood!*

"And he sat down and rested his elbows on a table, and leaned his throbbing temples on his fists.

"'Oh God!' he suddenly exclaimed, dropping on his knee; 'teach me, — guide me, — save me, — my heart is wild, — my hand is lifted, — give me some sign!'

"He strove to pray, — as was his custom on occasions where his own sense of right wavered. But his heaving imagination could form no address to the Supreme Being. That serene power that sits above the clouds seemed itself to have deserted him in his deep degradation. He could not utter a prayer, or conceive one. Strange things flitted before his eyes, and flapped their wings in his face; and laughter, and shrieks, and hisses rose once more around him, till the dark room seemed crowded with evil spirits, in the full ecstasy of their orgies

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over a lost one. He leaned again his forehead upon the table, when suddenly a voice, as if of one of these fiends, seemed to say,

"'Yes, you *are* a coward! It is craven *fear* that holds your hand. You are a canting, trembling hypocrite. You deceive yourself with names of virtue and illusions of religion, — abject, — disgraced, — wretched creature! No one else is deceived. Elkington is a gallant fellow. You injured him like a scoundrel, and then fled from him like a coward. You are afraid to fight a duel. An unmanly sensibility and womanish effeminacy is the secret of your convenient principles, — your puny virtue. Who made you a judge, — a reformer, — a prophet? Who gave *you* light to see, what none of the wise, — the brave, — the great can see? Who teaches *you* to distinguish between what is right and what is not, — between what God commands and what he forbids? Why *not* fight a duel? It is the custom! It is a good custom. It is brave and manly. It unmasks cowards and sneaking hypocrites. Fool! look into your own heart, and see what its honest dictates tell you of a *blow*. Every fibre of your trembling frame quivered with it. Every faculty of your shrinking soul fainted at it. Nature rose against it. A blow! Since time began it is the badge of insult, — the mark of shame. It is a curse full of the accumulated infamy of ages. The very beast turns at it. Its bodily pain is but a type and faint shadow of its moral ruin. Bear this one, and you will receive another, — and another, — and another. Who hereafter will honor you? who will love you? Outcast! the blood in your veins is water, — your heart is faint, — you are not a *man*, — you have borne a *blow!*'

"'But I have *not* borne it,' said Claude.

"He rose and reached from his bookcase a pair of travelling pistols, and, placing them in his bosom, rushed from his house into the street. At first he knew not whether it was dark or light, whether the weather was fair or cloudy, nor had he any precise idea of what he intended to do, or where he meant to go. He had not walked far when he saw a man. He was a sentinel. For the first time in his life he felt unable to bear the eyes of a fellow-being. The swollen wound upon his face seemed a mountain, and he forgot every thing but the desire to withdraw himself into solitude, — darkness, — and silence, — away from the gaze of all, — even were it in the grave. Then there came to him again, as he walked, startling thoughts of self-destruction. Only death could relieve him from the agony of his heart. He cast his eyes about him upon the surrounding objects, — the long, quiet streets, — the deserted squares, — the silent houses, — the soft, waving

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trees. He wondered to behold such tranquillity, — such peace, — after all his anguish. He walked beneath the soft branches with shame, — he shrank from the moonlight reflected against the houses, — the very pavement he seemed to tread on as an intruder, — as a felon; and he looked around him like guilt, stolen in the night from its lurking-place, — ashamed, — and fearful of being seen.

"'Ah,' thought Claude, as a moment of calm reflection came to him with the soft air and balmy night-breeze, 'little dreams he who, rude in nature, bad in heart, and feeble in understanding, — without principle, feeling, or religion, — with no restraints in this world, and no communings with the other, — ah, little thinks the common, vulgar mind, of the dread act he perpetrates when he launches *a blow* against a fellow-being.'

"He bent his steps towards his favorite Park. His thoughts now rolled through his mind less confusedly. He was no longer mad, but they had a deep and solemn motion. He passed through the tall Brandenburg gate. The guard at his post looked at him; he shrank from his eye, and the man seemed inclined to stop him, but did not.

"'He sees,' said Claude, 'humiliation in my very walk.'

"There is something in a night ramble which restores the agitated soul to itself. He felt the rapid motion, — the cool, sweet air abate, soothe, and calm the heat which till now had oppressed him. He penetrated into the beautiful recesses of the luxuriant wood. It was again a bright moonlight, and the scene touched him through all his agitation and awoke other feelings.

"'Receive me!' he said, 'pure shades; receive the outcast, now doubly outcast. Receive the stained, the shamed, the fallen! Shrink not from me, ye flowers, nor turn away your protecting arms, ye calm old trees, who stand for ages through sun and storm, and never know what he who steals beneath your path knows to-night. When I last walked here I was as pure and scatheless as yourselves; now I am apart from other men, unless I dip my hands in blood! Oh, that it were for ever night! Oh, could I remain for ever here, alone with you, — where no blood flows at my feet, and no hisses sound in my ears. A blow! a blow! Poor, poor Rossi! *He* went mad; and it was this same hand that struck him too. God! when he told me of it, I little knew what *a blow* was. Why did not the lightning arrest that rash hand ere it cast on me this fatal misery. I should have *killed* him, but I was held, — for good or for evil. Killed! what if I *had* killed him? What is killing? what is life? what is death? Will not God pardon it? Can I be punished for not bearing a burden beyond my strength? and, after all, who says killing is *not* right?

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The Holy Scriptures call out "blood for blood"; and is not a blow blood? Is it not worse? We have killed each other since Abel's time, — daily and hourly. It is our nature. It enters into the plan of Providence. All things kill. The soft dove snatches the golden insect, — the hawk pierces the dove, — the lion tears his prey, — the boar has his tusk, — the serpent his sting. This sweet forest, so fair to view, is but a scene of continual massacre. The microscope, that discovers animalcules invisible to the naked eye, finds them killing each other. I have surely been led away by idle theories of human excellence. I have set myself apart as better than my fellow-beings. I am not. I do not wish to be. God made us mortal. *I will kill this man.* I will meet him, — and one of us shall die. Perhaps, now, he will not, — then still I will kill him. To-morrow, — a week hence, — a year, — twenty years, — standing amid his friends, — asleep, — awake, — in bed, — in the fields, — in the dance, — at the very altar, on his knees in repentant prayer, — I will kill him, — I will have his heart's blood!'

"He paused. The last words had been spoken aloud. They sounded like the imprecations of a demon escaped from hell, amid these soft glades and perfumed bowers.

"'Alas! what am I become? What bloody and dark demon has entered my body? Is this indeed honor? Is this duty? Our Redeemer suffered a blow! * * * * But that sublime tradition which paints the wandering Jew, — there is meaning in it. * * * * * * * Oh God!' he continued, after pacing on yet further, 'I am lost. I acknowledge myself weak. I know not what I say or do. I am rushing blindly upon murder, — upon death. The very fiends in the shape of human reason seem goading and urging me on. Alas! human reason is vain. I have listened to it too long. As yet my hands are pure from blood, — as yet I do not stand before the throne of Heaven, uncalled but by my own passion. There *is* a higher power, — I appeal to *Him.* I will not decide in my rashness. What do I care for man's opinion?'

"He lifted his hands and eyes to heaven. It was near morning, and the sky was singularly transparent. He gazed breathless upon its quiet, eternal fields, — the serene order of its glittering worlds, — the hushed groups of stars, — the moon pure, high, bright, and calm as the virtue which he had forgotten, — as the innocence he had nearly thrown away. A dark cloud, of which the summit was piled up, mass above mass, like the silver Pyrenean cliffs above the blue Mediterranean, and whose base, black and definitely marked against the radiant air, lay stretched like a huge rock in a summer deep, gave to that upper world of light a new and awful aspect. As

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he gazed, a sudden breeze came softly rushing over the tree-tops, — kissing the murmuring leaves, — reaching the face of the half-maddened being below, — cooling his brow, and cheek, and heart, — lifting the hair from his hot forehead, — and wafting to his senses and to his soul, in a cloud of perfume, a consciousness of love, — of hope, — of life, — of peace, — of Heaven. At the same moment large tears rose to his burning eyelids and rolled down his cheeks; and, throwing himself upon the ground, — alone, in that silent wood, — unseen but by watchful stars, — the proudest spirit that ever walked the globe bent to earthly anguish, and he wept, convulsively, like a child.

"Oh, Elkington! Could a wretch like thee bend that brow to the grassy ground, and shake, with almost fatal pangs, a heart which was to thee as the floating eagle to the howling cur? Thou hast triumphed, — but beware! The triumph of guilt is a wrong against Heaven. The good man is the child of God, and God is omnipresent, and he is around us, — in the very air, — when we know it not.

"There is a blessing in tears. They are waters from Heaven, and they cleanse the soul to its pristine peace and purity.

"'It is not right,' muttered Claude, 'to take human life for human passion. Shall I not leave the task of punishing to the sublime Being who rules the universe? Is he absent? is he powerless?'

"A peal of thunder burst over the starting earth ere the last word had left his lip; at the same moment the lightning darted with a blinding intensity. The tremendous volume of sound paused after the first shock, — rolled on, — paused, — went on and on again, — crushingly, — as if annihilation itself had come upon mankind; and repeating several times its appalling reverberations, — broad as the air, and apparently stirring the earth from its very orbit, — lost itself threateningly, but calmly, as if amid the vastness of other spheres. Claude had not yet moved when a torrent came rushing down, and he was drenched to the skin; when he raised his head, the sky was wrapped in utter darkness. The wind swept over the wood, bending the tallest trees, and twisting their gnarled limbs till they groaned as if with fear and pain. The peal was followed by another, and so close and heavy that the instinct of self-preservation occupied his mind, to the exclusion of the subject which had so deeply agitated him. He hastened out of the Park into the broad road, where he was less in danger than among the trees. There is something in a good drenching which deadens human passions, and shows how weak and idle are even some of those words which make us commit deeds

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irreparable. The floods which drenched him were delicious, and cooled his fever. He breathed more freely, he trod more firmly ; and, if the truth must be added, at a considerably swifter pace than he generally adopted. His course was bent also towards the gate, and he reëntered the town.

" The rain, almost as suddenly as it had commenced, ceased, and a fissure appeared across the masses of black clouds which obscured the heavens. The dispersion of the vapors was so extremely rapid, that, even thrilled as he was by the incident which had just occurred, it fastened his attention. Forming themselves into separate piles, the clouds broke apart in all quarters, leaving the blue void stainless, and the stars glittering with unwonted brightness. Then the whole air, earth, and heaven were suddenly illuminated by a soft radiance. A massive breadth of vapor had passed from before the moon, and she broke out full orbed and almost light as day, while each torn fragment of silver cloud disappeared entirely, and the air became as still as the heaven.

" ' Oh God,' said he, ' I worship thee in thy temple, I call upon thee for aid. May this be to me an emblem of my own soul. Its passions, however tremendous, belong to earth ; its calm hopes, to Heaven. I commit myself to thee.'

" And his soul now poured itself in prayer, which seemed to rise unimpeded to the Throne of Mercy. He had implored a sign, and Heaven had granted it. The serenity of nature taught him by its example to sit serene after the wildest storm, which the same hand that conjured up could waft away, and that no tempest could reach the fair arrangement of right and truth. Slowly he wandered to his home. No weakness disturbed his spirit or his intellect. He had made up his determination to pass the indignity he had received in silence. The mortal body was subdued and over-mastered by the superior mind. At the word of reflection and of religion the hot blood flowed cool and placid through his frame. His obedient pulse played temperately, and all his soul was peace." — Vol II. pp. 25 – 35.

For the purpose of contrasting the two principles of action, — that of a sense of religious duty, and that of a sense of worldly honor, — the author introduces a friend of Wyndham, a Mr. Denham, who arrives at Berlin with a young and lovely wife, and who knows the infamous character of Lord Elkington. This gentleman is present when Wyndham receives the dishonoring blow, takes part in the quarrel, and, obedient to the duellist's code, makes an arrangement to

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meet Elkington. He is shot through the heart at the second fire, and a succession of tragical scenes follow, which the author has drawn with great effect. Through them all, Wyndham is true to his principles. But harder trials yet await him. Lady Beverly discloses to her son the astonishing fact, that Wyndham is the son of the Earl of Beverly by a former marriage; that the Earl had been wrought upon by her own arts to believe he had been dishonored by his wife, and had cast her inexorably from him; that she had left his home, and finally had sailed with her infant son to the West Indies; that the vessel was wrecked, and she was reported among the lost; but that the son had been accidentally preserved, and was in fact none other than Mr. Wyndham, who was thus the true heir to the Beverly title and estates. The person, therefore, who had secretly supplied the money for Wyndham's support, was no other than the old Earl, whose approaching death, Elkington, pressed to the earth with debts, is anxiously and impatiently awaiting. When the Earl's last illness is announced, Elkington writes to his bankers to stop all further payments to Wyndham. This immediately reduces our hero to utter want, and exposes him to the power of Count Carolan, who, from being his friend, has become, by the arts of Elkington, and by his own vanity, his most unrelenting enemy. The Count calls for the payment of a debt, which Wyndham had accidentally contracted, and, upon his inability to meet the demand, forthwith sends him to prison, where our hero remains some time, apparently deserted by the world, and ruined for ever. He is at length set at liberty upon the security of his friend, Lavalle, and without a murmur applies himself to earn a subsistence by teaching the English language. He is thus enabled to pay off his debts, which he does to the last farthing. But in the mean time the French Revolution has arrived at its height, and the aristocratic Carolan, whose daughter, by the way, has been rescued from the pistol of an assassin by Wyndham, at the most imminent risk of his own life, deems it his duty to offer his services to the royal family of France, whither he departs, accompanied by the Countess Ida. A revolution of still greater importance to our hero's fortunes has silently been going on. Our old friend, Madame Wharton, has received a clew which she determines to follow out, and departs for England. There she succeeds in her

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pursuit; she proves the identity of Claude Wyndham, as the son of the Earl of Beverly, and makes to him immediately the astounding discovery that she is his own mother, being in fact the first wife of the Earl, who had been so long supposed to be lost. She convinces her husband, during an interval of restoration to his senses, of his injustice towards herself and the heir of his immense estates. All legal measures are immediately taken to place the claims of our hero beyond the reach of doubt or cavil, and the joyful intelligence is despatched at once to Berlin. Of course all this puts an entirely different face upon our hero's affairs, and makes him at once as much the object of attention and admiration as he had lately been of neglect and contempt.

But what has become of the Carolans? The progress of the French Revolution has been so rapid and terrible, that all hopes of the Count's escape from the perilous condition into which he had so self-confidently thrust himself, are lost. But Wyndham determines to attempt his rescue. He enters France, assumes the disguise of a Jacobin, and after innumerable hair-breadth scapes, and having performed prodigies of valor, finally saves the Count and his lovely daughter, and returns with them to England. The character of Count Carolan has been completely changed by his misfortunes and sufferings; and, without knowing the present position of our hero's affairs, he offers him his daughter. Wyndham keeps the secret, and all the parties are of course most agreeably surprised upon arriving in England, and being taken to the magnificent residence of the Earl of Beverly.

Such is a brief outline of this interesting story. There are episodes connected with the plot, of great moment, which we have entirely omitted. It is obvious, that the scheme of our author embraces events and materials enough for twenty common novels; but we think our readers will be satisfied, upon perusing the book, that he has used them with no little ingenuity; that his characters are in general well sustained; and that his sketches of society are drawn from observation, and present us with a series of very lively pictures of the fashionable and diplomatic circles of a great continental capital. Interspersed with the stirring scenes of brilliant society, are many beautiful descriptive passages, breathing a poet's love of nature, and showing an artist's eye for her mani-

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fold enchantments. The following, for example, seems to us very fine.

"It was a pleasant night. The air was still and clear without being cold, and very refreshing and agreeable. The moon was in the wane, and had just risen, casting a singular radiance over the earth and heaven. Having supped heartily, and, with several new and interesting topics of reflection, being too fully awake to think of sleep, he determined to prolong his stroll around the town. The streets were silent and lonely. Here and there the night-watch went slowly by, with his long, shrill whistle, as if ingeniously contrived to disturb the sick, to awaken the sleeping, and to do service to none except thieves and robbers, who, thus warned, get to their hiding-places till he is out of the way. Before the palaces of princes and military officers of high standing, and the public edifices, the guards paced slowly to and fro, in their simple gray cloaks and leathern caps, their muskets glittering in the moonbeams; and once during his ramble he was crossed by a company of fifteen or twenty soldiers, on their rounds to relieve guard, their measured tramp echoing on the pavement, and reminding him that he was in the metropolis of one of the greatest military governments of Europe.

"Claude went on, now indulging in his own reveries, now watching the broad, level streets, so beautiful in the moonlight, and the sculptured palaces, with their shadowy courts and half-unearthly company of statues; now listening to the whistle of the watch, as it retreated and died away in the distance. At length he found himself before the Brandenburg gate, and paused to admire the tall columns, the stately outline, and the bronze group upon the top. The guard at the gate made no question as he passed out to extend a ramble so delightful into the wood. It was the hour for calm thought, and he had many subjects of reflection. The principal one was the young girl with whom he had become acquainted in so curious a manner, and who seemed the imbodying of his fairest visions of woman. He had been struck with her character as described by Madame Wharton, — an authority the best that could exist on such a subject. That of a mother would have been partial; that of a friend might have been drawn from imperfect sources. His own experience he could have placed but little confidence in, for he knew how different a thing woman often is in her real mind from what she appears when invested with the charm of beauty and seen in the walks of pleasure. It is probable that, without the previous eulogies of Madame Wharton, the grace and loveliness of Ida would

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not have succeeded in impressing him so seriously. Every one will not sympathize with a young man who cannot fall in love till assured by better authority than his own observations of the merit of the object. But this was Claude's character; imbued with thought, his feelings, or at least his actions, were subservient to his reason. His lonely life had rendered contemplation almost too habitual to him. He had dwelt too long and too much on the valuelessness of the earthly objects so ardently sought by his fellow-creatures. For, after all the everlasting homilies on the evanescence of existence, while they rarely arrest the thoughtless in their pursuit of pleasure or the wicked in their career of guilt, often render the contemplative unnecessarily sad, and deprive the unhappy of sources of distraction from solemn realities which a benevolent Providence did not intend should appal or overshadow us. To Claude most of the objects of life were phantoms, — most of its joys illusions. He wanted the developement of his affections to balance and perfect his character, and to counteract the results of a too exclusive developement of his intellectual faculties. He had lived in a world of thought. He wanted to descend into the warmer one of feeling. His mind had occupied itself with subjects vast, high, and eternal. He had not studied society and common life with sufficient attention. Such a mind may be great if occasion presents, but cannot be contented in the world where we are destined to live. Some author observes with a true philosophy, 'Bad as men may be, Providence intends that we shall love them.' The uncompromising energy of Claude's character, and the independence of an original thinker, made the path of youth one of danger, and caused him in many things to stand aloof from other men.

"As he wandered on, Elkington, his singular insolence, — Lady Beverly, her unaccountable curiosity, which seemed to watch his actions and search into his soul, — recurred to his memory. The former he resolved to avoid if possible, and he determined never to deviate from the cold courtesy which should avert a quarrel. The anger with which he had received his rudeness passed away under the fields of heaven. He reflected that it was not in the power of such a man to insult him.

"He paused at these thoughts and gazed upward. The air was strangely clear; for nature, as if seeking higher praise than man's, seems to put on more wonderful beauty when his eye no longer gazes on it. An indescribable peace and lustre reigned everywhere; upon the piles of motionless and silver clouds, the steady-beaming planets, and the far off, ever-burning groups of stars. He gazed long and intently with a fervid

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wonder. There flowed the Milky Way, rolling its snowy and noiseless waves through the track of blue. He gazed almost breathless into its eternal depths. There was Orion, mounting heavenward with his glittering belt; and there, — at rest amid this revolving multitude, — the point on which seemed to hang all this infinite sphere of worlds, — half seen, and undistinguished by the common eye, — the wanderer's guide — the lover's hope, — the type, in its constancy, of how few hearts! — lay the polar star." — Vol. I. pp. 87 – 90.

The character of Countess Ida is a very lovely conception; and the silent attachment between her and Wyndham is described and illustrated with much beauty of sentiment, and delicacy of feeling. The following passage will show this, besides presenting another example of our author's descriptive powers.

"It was a warm spring day. The sun was bright on the pleasant *Linden*, and the gay population were abroad enjoying the fine weather. Nothing is so delightful as the approach of spring in these cold climates. Claude was peculiarly alive to such impressions; and, as he passed out of the Brandenburg gate into the universal and favorite promenade of the Park, he perceived tokens of the spring visible everywhere around him. This season had stolen upon him unawares. He had been so occupied in the world of fashion with operas, balls, *soirées*, and breakfasts; with glittering crowds, the same ever-recurring faces, and all the pomp, glare, and circumstance of magnificent entertainments, that the soft and exquisite forms of half-forgotten nature struck his eye and touched his soul with a sense of happiness. As the various incidents of the now vanished winter rose to his memory, — the constant succession of brilliant *fêtes*, — the numerous nights which had found him wandering amid the half-fairy splendor of royal saloons, till the breaking day at length sent him to his bed, — the new acquaintances he had made, — the dark face, full of meaning, of Lady Beverly, — the rudeness of Elkington, — the bland courtesy of Carolan, — the dignified friendship of Madame Wharton, — and last, not least, the enchantment which he had found in the society of Ida, and which had daily grown more delicious and more dangerous, — all seemed a fantastic dream amid the surrounding silence and solitude. This beautiful forest was now deserted; the city population had not yet begun to appear in its sylvan glades. Only the squirrel paused and listened in the path; while the birds, whose clear notes echoed through the wood, scarcely flew at his approach. The grass

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had burst out everywhere, and the buttons of the trees were fully opened, disclosing the tender leaves and blossoms. Flowers, some the spontaneous tribute of nature, and some set by the hand of the gardener, were peeping from the wayside or bending over the streams. The earth, long dead, had a warm and living look. Verdure was upon the ground, and perfume in the air. Two or three swans, stately as their mistress Juno, came floating down the stream, beneath the arch of a beautiful bridge which hung reflected in the flood; and the air, entirely free from the chill which generally accompanies even the fairest promises of a spring day, as painful recollections of the past sometimes disturb the pleasure of the present, was altogether bland and balmy.

"He walked on with a thoughtful pace. The conduct of Ida had been a kind of mystery to him. Since their cold parting at the *déjeuner* of Prince R., her manner had been generally so formal as to relieve him from the necessity of being on his guard; yet, at times, this reserve gave place to a gayety so familiar and a kindness so gentle as to startle him with the idea that, while he fancied himself only subjecting his own heart to danger, he was, in reality, also gaining the confidence of this artless and inexperienced girl. He had parted from her the day before, after an interview deeply interesting to him. The passion which had now taken entire possession of his soul had half betrayed itself in her presence, and the sweet instincts of a heart which had lost the power of directing itself, found in her manner so much tenderness even in its reserve, that he could not doubt that his love was returned. It was at this point that he walked forth to reflect upon his position, with feelings which, although filled with happiness, were not of an enviable kind. What had he done? He had gained the affections of one affianced to another. He had weakly lingered by the side of one he could never marry, till perhaps their separation would be as much a source of unhappiness to her as to him. This was little more than the act of a scoundrel; and, in reflecting upon it, he experienced the humiliating consciousness of having deviated from the path of honor. Alas! so invisible are the lines which separate innocence from guilt, that the most honest sometimes find themselves over the limit before they are aware of it. No mortal step can assure itself against this danger; but, while the weak and the depraved go on in their career of temptation, the noble-minded start from the flowery road the instant they see where it leads.

"'Can I doubt it?' thought Claude, as he wandered into the thickest and most solitary part of the wood. 'She shares my infatuation. Let me, for the first time, breathe to the air

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the secret which as yet hovers only in our dreams. She loves me. What power has aided my daring wishes? Some demon, perhaps, to effect my ruin!'

"In the ardor of his reveries, he had so far forgotten himself as to utter this rhapsody aloud. It was not without a guilty start that he heard a step at his side, and, lifting his eyes, beheld Madame Wharton."— Vol. I. pp. 140–143.

As a set-off to the graver and more solemn scenes, the amusing absurdities of the Digby family are very well introduced. The following is part of the occurrences at a *Dey-jooney dangsang*.

"At this moment the general clash of voices ceased suddenly, and was succeeded by a deep silence. An officer of the court entering with his *baton*, made a passage for the royal family. There was, however, little occasion for his exertions, for the crowd fell back on either side, leaving a wide space for his majesty Frederic William II., with the various members and guests of his family. The monarch advanced in the midst of the rooms, and Claude was presented by Lavalle to Prince ——, the distinguished nobleman whose duty it was to name to royalty those who aspired to the honor of an interview. This ceremony was soon over, as well as those which etiquette rendered proper to the other illustrious personages. Having happily gone through these preliminaries, he was struck with the appearance of the Digbys. The good dame was magnificently arrayed in a brimstone-colored, richly-embroidered satin dress, hat and feathers; a *toilet* somewhat conspicuous on any occasion, but unfortunately so on the present, since, the court being in mourning, it was the height of indecorum to appear in any other color than black or white.

"'Oh Dieu, madame,' said Madame de Godeau, in an under tone, with consternation depicted in her countenance; 'you are not dressed in mourning, — when I tell you, — mon Dieu, — c'est épouvantable.'

"'You told me, — mem?' said Madame Digby. 'You never told me.'

"'Yes, I told you the whole court were in mourning.'

"'Ah, certainly, mem; I recollect that, perfectly, but I hadn't an idea you wanted *me* to go in mourning too. Why, I don't even know who 's dead. I 'm sure I have never seen the poor man in all my life!'

"It was, however, now too late for any remedy, and she determined to carry it through. She therefore followed the *grande maîtresse*, who had obligingly waited till the end of her colloquy with Madame de Godeau, and, with her elbows well

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protruded from her ample body, made her way through the opposing multitude with little ceremony. Here and there Claude heard a nearly suppressed '*Ah diable, quel drôle de figure!*' or, '*Dieu! qui est cette madame là!*' Mary was dressed in blue, but she looked so extremely pretty, that even they who laughed at were compelled to admire her.

"Madame Digby, at length in good society, — in the very centre of her much-talked-of *ho-tong*, — stood in the presence of the princess with the air of one who intended to show the world that she was not to be intimidated. The distinguished lady to whom she was about to be presented seemed scarcely able to repress a smile, and the circle around were still less successful, at the awkward air and ridiculous affectation of the honest dame as she made her opening salutation. But royal affability on these occasions has no limit, and all in their presence are greeted with the courtesy which forms one of the ornaments of a throne. Half afraid of being encountered by one of Lady Beverly's haughty stares, Mrs. Digby was delighted to find the princess all smiles and blandness, and, recovering all her ambition with her ease, she cast a look around to assure herself that the whole assembly were witnesses of the honor she was enjoying.

"'Have you been long in Berlin?' said her royal highness, in French.

"An address in an unknown language would have abashed any one not blessed with considerable nerve; but bounteous nature had left no such deficiency in the composition of Madame Digby. She only, therefore, approached a step or two nearer, — much too close for the distance which more experienced courtiers have a care to leave between royalty and those in its presence, — and, leaning her ear towards the face of the princess, she merely pronounced, in her own peculiar way, the word

"'Mem?'

"The princess repeated the question.

"'I really beg your pardon, mem; but, if you could speak English with the same trouble, I should be more able to communicate with your ladyship, mem, — that is, — with your royal highness. Madame de Godeau informed me that you spoke English like a native, mem, — your royal highness.'

"'I hope you find Berlin agreeable!' said her august companion, in English, and with a good-natured smile.

"'Well, mem, I can't say but what I do.'

"The princess began here another question, but Mrs. Digby interrupted her to add, 'Your royal highness.'

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" , Are you pleasantly lodged ? ' inquired the princess.

" ' Why, mem, pretty fair, compared with where we were at Hamburg ; but the stoves give Mr. Digby the headache, your royal highness ! '

" ' We know you English never find on the Continent the comforts which you enjoy in your own country,' said the princess politely.

" ' No, indeed, mem, — your royal highness, — that 's what we don't ; and as for—'

" ' Are you attached to any embassy ? ' inquired the princess.

" ' No, mem, not yet, but I believe we shall advertise for something of that sort ; my relative, Lord Clew, was—'

" She was cut short by a very affable courtesy on the part of the princess, and an exceedingly significant look from the *grande maîtresse* on one side, and Madame de Godeau on the other, intimating that her interview was over. She accordingly made a salutation, such as, in her mind, fitted the rank of the person she addressed, and her own character as a perfectly fine lady, who had at length arrived at the very summit of the *ho-tong ;* and, ignorant of the conspicuous violation of etiquette of which she was guilty, she stepped away, turning her shoulder and back directly in the princess's face.

" That lady not noticing, or not seeming to notice, the last manœuvre, turned towards Mary, who stood the next in the circle. The *grande maîtresse* led the trembling girl forward. Her timidity was so obvious, and she turned so pale, that the benevolent heart of the princess was interested in her behalf ; and she addressed her so kindly, and led and sustained the conversation with so much consideration for her youthful and not ungraceful distress, that Mary found herself fully exempted from the necessity of making other remarks than her usual ' yes ' and ' no.'

" The next object which attracted Claude's attention was Digby, the perspiration standing on his forehead, his face always rather rubicund from the vivifying effect of good English beef and beer, now heated beyond itself by the anxieties and horrors which, poor fellow, he had undergone in his attempts to be presented. Unacquainted with the faces of the royal personages, even when by their side, he sometimes ran against a prince, and sometimes made an inquiry of a princess. Some one whom he had never seen before was every moment wheeling him violently round with, ' *Prenez garde ! — sa majesté !* ' or, ' *Monsieur, la princesse !* ' At length, tired, terrified, and internally swearing that no one, — not Mrs. Digby herself,

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— should ever catch him again in a scene for which his habits of life had so little fitted him, his knees aching, and his feet in a state of torment from the effect of a pair of high-heeled and very small new boots, which his wife had persuaded him to purchase for the occasion, he reached a broad crimson sofa, glittering with gold, and occupied on the other end by a lady and gentleman. Throwing himself down in an exhausted state, he muttered half aloud,

"'Well, thank God! I 'm here at last. Here sit I till dinner.'

"Taking out a yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, he deliberately wiped the moisture from his forehead and blew his nose; and he had just finished taking a comfortable pinch of snuff, and was proceeding to offer the box to his neighbour, when he was struck with the intensity of astonishment with which a little military officer, with an enormous pair of mustaches, an exceedingly rich uniform, a multitude of orders, a high chapeau under his arm, and a long sword, fixed his eyes sternly upon him. In some surprise, not to say consternation, he hastily put up his handkerchief and snuff-box, and looked around to see what he had done, when he perceived that several others, — indeed, all the surrounding spectators, — were regarding him attentively, and with visible tokens of amazement. Among others, a person half behind him, and partly withdrawn within the embrasure of a window, began to make him significant signs and violent gesticulations, and, at length leaning over, addressed him. The remark was lost, however, in a language which he did not understand. At length he came to the conclusion that he had torn his clothes, and, horrified at the idea, he proceeded to examine his elegant court suit, when his perplexity was terminated by Claude, who, perceiving his dilemma and the cause of it, approached him from behind and whispered,

"'Get up. You are sitting with the prince and princess.'

"If a bombshell had fallen at the poor fellow's feet, he could not have been more alarmed. He started up, and was darting off to hide his humiliation in some distant corner, but Claude with a strong hand very quietly withheld him.

"'Good God! what now?' said Digby, afraid to move.

"'You are running directly against the prince royal!'

"'For Heaven's sake, then, let me go this way!' And, with a spring, he would have run full tilt against another member of the royal family, had not Claude again checked his course. He remained, therefore, motionless, and resumed the task of wiping his forehead.

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"'Well, I say, — Wyndham!' he muttered, 'if *this* is Mrs. Digby's *ho-tong* — !'

"The circle dispersed and Claude released his prisoner. It was not long before he observed him planted in a corner, with his back held resolutely against the wall, standing as straight as a grenadier under review, occasionally making a wry face at the pressure of his new boots, and now and then applying his handkerchief to his temples." — Vol. I. pp. 107 – 112.

The work shows a deep sympathy with human nature, as well as a familiar acquaintance with the higher forms of European social life. The author has not been dazzled by the trappings of royalty and aristocracy, though he can describe them all so well. The virtues and the vices of high society are set forth by him with impartiality and force; and we rise from his pages with a cordial respect for his abilities, a sympathy with his views of life, and an admiration of the moral purity which is shed over the scenes he has so vividly placed before us.

ART. IX. — *The Rural Life of England*; by WILLIAM HOWITT, Author of the "Book of the Seasons," &c. In Two Volumes. London. 1838. 12mo.

THESE two volumes are among the most attractive and entertaining that have appeared lately from the British press. To Americans the subject can never be destitute of interest. We have too many common feelings with the English, too much pride in our common ancestry and our common literature, too much veneration for the land of our forefathers, ever to be indifferent to the welfare of those who speak the same language, and who uphold the same principles of liberty with ourselves. We may have a family quarrel now and then, in which sundry hearty cuffs will be exchanged; foolish tourists may and will provoke an angry feeling from time to time, by some profound disquisition on silver forks, and the different modes of eating eggs; serious questions may, from time to time, be presented, requiring mutual for-

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bearance and confidence to adjust; but the exercise of those sentiments may now be looked for; the great national heart is sound, and beats to the voice of national friendship. The accomplished minds of both countries are constantly interchanging visits, and ripening the indefinite attachment springing from similarity of lineage, into the warmer sentiment of personal regard. We are no longer left to judge of the English character by the Fauxes, the Fearons, the Trollopes, or the Halls; but the gentlemen of England are not unfrequently seen among us, and the writings of such men as Murray are taken as an authentic report of the condition and character of the United States. American travellers in England have ceased to be chiefly the representatives of the money-making classes, — persons unfit by education or the habits of their daily life to appear to advantage in the polished circles of European society; but distinguished professional men, illustrious statesmen, writers whose fame has transcended the limits of provincial popularity, have made themselves felt among the foremost minds in the British Empire, and have been received with open arms and splendid hospitality. Surely a better period of international intercourse is already commenced; a more thorough mutual appreciation, and a higher mutual respect, have begun to mark the tone of manners between the two nations; and the chances of future hostile collision between the two great branches of the kindred race are rapidly diminishing every day. Humanity, letters, and religion will feel the blessed effects of this new and beneficial order of things.

In a period of this general good will, a book like Mr. Howitt's is particularly well timed, and has been accordingly very well received among those of us who have had an opportunity of reading its agreeable pages. Mr. Howitt writes in a style of much beauty, but free from all elaborate stateliness. It is polished, and correct, and copious, but at the same time sounds like the conversation of an accomplished man, describing the peculiarities of manners, the sports and pastimes, the labors and enjoyments, of his own countrymen. The work shows a minute personal acquaintance with every subject on which it touches; Mr. Howitt delineates, with the lively distinctness which none but the eyewitness can exhibit. A tone of genial fellow feeling with the pleasures and amusements of the English people runs through the book, and

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strikes pleasantly upon the imagination of the reader; and we feel, while lingering over his pages, that we are in the presence of a cordial and sympathizing friend. An air of truth reigns throughout the book, which commands our confidence and respect; and a vein of enlightened humanity is perceived there, which wins at once our affection.

This work is not, however, to be regarded simply as a book of entertainment. It has other and higher uses. It is an excellent interpreter of many portions of English literature, — that noble inheritance to which, thank God, we Americans are born. In an ancient country like England, the habits of the people assume a permanent form; century after century rolls away, and opinions, superstitions, observances, national feelings, are scarcely touched by the hand of time. All these are the choicest materials of the poet and the writer of fiction; by incorporating them into his works, by embellishing them with the ornament of his genius, he reaches the national heart, and lives in the affectionate remembrance of generation after generation of his countrymen. To men of a different nation all these hues of nationality, which constitute some of the highest beauties of national literature, become faint and dim, and can only be brought out by careful and laborious study; as we come to perceive the exquisite character of the great poetical works of antiquity only by a minute investigation of the national manners, arts, social usages, and mythologies, under whose influences they were produced. But, though we do not stand to English literature in the relation of foreigners, there can be no doubt that we require not a little of this sort of commentary, if we would fully appreciate the power of the English muse. We speak, it is true, the English language, and we have in general the same Anglo-Saxon cast of thought, and intellectual peculiarities, with our English brethren; still we have been so long politically independent, we are, comparatively speaking, so young a people, and we have had so little time to settle down into a fixed national character, in the midst of the pressing cares of life, with which the youth of a nation, like the youth of a man, is so closely besieged, that many of the habits, usages, and ceremonies, whether religious or social, to which our ancestors were accustomed under the roof of the old homestead, have faded from memory, and vanished from the theatre of popular life. The most national of the English poets, there-

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fore, appeal to feelings, which among us are nothing but feeble traditions; and draw illustrations of thrilling power over those to whom they are more immediately addressed, from sources to which we have long ceased to resort, if we have not utterly forgotten them. How delightful, then, to find a record drawn up in so pleasing a form, of those ancient customs, which have formed the character of the English nation during so many centuries! of those sports and festivals, to which our mother country is indebted for the renowned name of "Merry England"! What an agreeable light is shed by such a work over many of the rarest beauties of British poetry; and how useful the guidance, thus indirectly afforded to the American reader, who roams delighted over a field so familiar and yet so strange, so suggestive of the deepest home feelings, and yet occasionally so obscure, as the elder literature of England!

In England itself, such a work cannot fail to be useful, for even England is undergoing rapid changes amidst the irresistible influence of the new era. The time is swiftly coming when she will no longer be the England she was; when absorbing realities, the overwhelming interests of the present, the gigantic progress of science and art, and the growing political power of the masses, will substitute, for the old amusements, the earnest inquiries, the vast hopes, the energetic activity of a nation with awakened aspirations, struggling after that something measureless and infinite, which it is supposed the future will reveal. Then the picturesque customs, which still linger in many parts of England, will vanish into the hazy distance of the past; they will exist in poetry, but only to arouse a faint and feeble echo, except in the breast of him whose peculiar taste leads him to grope in the dark passages of antiquity, rather than walk out upon the dusty highway, and under the glaring noonday light of the present. Then Mr. Howitt's book will have the value of a contemporary sketch of scenes and institutions, drawn from the life. What would we not give for such a book, written by an Englishman of the age of Shakspeare! How precious would be every piece of information, which might shed a ray of light upon a misunderstood allusion, an obscure expression, a disputed adage, of the great poet of the world! How many corruptions of the text, wrought by the rash hands of the commentators, would have been prevented; how much labor of

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explanation would have been spared; how many uncertainties, now never to be cleared up, would have been prevented! The invaluable edition of Shakspeare, by Mr. Knight, now publishing, shows the importance of this kind of illustration, both by the success with which it has been applied so far as possible, and by the number of instances where such illustrations would obviously be applicable, were they to be had. But it is time to give a more particular account of the work before us.

The work consists, as we have already remarked, of two beautiful volumes, exquisitely embellished with prints, drawn and engraved by Williams. The author has aimed "to present to the reader a view of the Rural Life of England at the present period, as seen in all classes and in all parts of the country." He says, "For this purpose I have not merely depended upon my acquaintance with rural life, which has been that of a great portion of my own life from boyhood, but I have literally travelled, and a great deal of it on foot, from the Land's End to the Tweed, penetrating into the retirements, and witnessing the domestic life of the country in primitive seclusion and under rustic roofs. If the mountains and valleys, the fair plains and sea-coasts, the halls and farm-houses, the granges, and cottages of shepherds, miners, peasants, or fishermen, be visited in these volumes with a tenth part of the enjoyment with which I have visited them in the reality, they must be delightful books indeed; for no moments of my existence have been more deliciously spent, than those in which I have wandered from spot to spot of this happy and beautiful island, surveying its ancient monuments, and its present living men and manners."

The first chapter is so eloquent and beautiful, that we hardly know where to limit our extracts. The following paragraphs make a part of it.

"Let every man who has a sufficiency for the enjoyment of life, thank Heaven most fervently that he lives in this country and age. They may tell us of the beauty of southern skies, and the softness of southern climates; but where is the land which a man would rather choose to call himself a native of, — because it combines more of the requisites for a happy and useful existence; more of the moral, social, and intellectual advantages, without which fair skies or soft cli-

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mates would become dolorous, or at best, indifferent ? I say, let every man gratefully rejoice, who has the means of commanding the full blessings of English life, — for alas ! there are thousands and millions of our countrymen who possess but a scanty portion of these ; whose lives are too long and continuous a course of toil and anxiety to permit them even to look round them and see how vast are the powers of enjoyment in this country, and how few of those sources of ease, comfort, and refined pleasure are within their reach. I trust a better day is coming to this portion of our population ; that many circumstances are working together to confer on the toiling children of these kingdoms the social rewards which their unwearied industry so richly merits ; but for those who already hold in their hands the golden key, where is the country like England ? If we are naturally proud of making portion of a mighty and a glorious kingdom, where is the kingdom like England ? It is a land of which the most ambitious or magnanimous spirit may well say with a high emotion, — 'That is my country ! ' Over what an extent of the earth it stretches its territories ; over what swarming and diversified millions it extends its sceptre ! On every side of the globe, lie its outspread regions ; under every aspect of heaven, walk its free or tributary people. In the West Indies ; in the vaster dominions of the East ; in America and Australia ; through each wide continent, and many a fair island ! But its political and moral power extends even far beyond these. What nation is there, however great, that does not look with breathless anxiety to the movements of England ; what country is not bound up with it in the strongest interests and hopes ; what country is there which does not feel the influence of its moral energy ? Through all the cities and forests of Republican America, the spirit of England, as well as its language, lives and glows. France, Germany, and even Russia to the depths of its frozen heart, feel the emanations of its free and popular institutions. Every pulse of love which beats here, — every principle of justice that is more clearly recognised, — every sentiment of Christianity that is elevated on the broad basis of the human heart, hence spreads through the earth as from a centre of moral life, and produces in the remotest regions its portion of civilization.

> " ' Hence do I love my country ! — and partake
> Of kindred agitations for her sake ;
> She visits oftentimes my midnight dream ;
> Her glory meets me with the earliest beam
> Of light, which tells that morning is awake.'

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"It is something to make a part, however small, of such a nation. It is something to feel that you have such a scope of power and beneficence in the earth. But, when you add to this the food laid up for the heart and the intellect in this island, — the wealth of literature and science ; the spirit of freedom in which they are nourished, and by which they are prosecuted ; the sound religious feeling which has always distinguished it as a nation ; the philanthropic institutions that exist in it, — every true heart must felicitate itself that its lot is cast in this kingdom.

"Such are the moral, political, and intellectual advantages of English life, which must make any noble-minded and reflecting man feel, as he considers his position in the scale of humanity, that he is 'a citizen of no mean city' ; but our social advantages are not a whit behind these. Can any state of society be well conceived on which the arts and sciences, literature, and general knowledge, can shed more social conveniences and refined enjoyments ? In our houses, in our furniture, in all the materials for our dresses, in the apparatus for our tables and the endless variety of good things by which they are supplied, for which every region has been traversed, and every art in bringing them home, or raising them at home, has been exerted ; in books and paintings ; in the wonderful provision and accumulation of every article in our shops, that the real wants or the most fanciful desires of men or women may seek for ; in our gardens, roads, the beautiful and affluent cultivation of the country, — what nation is there, or has there been, which can for a moment bear a comparison with England ?

"'Ye miserable ancients, had ye these ?'

"And this we may ask, not merely as it respects gas, steam, the marvellous developements of chemistry and electro-magnetism, by which the mode and embellishment of our existence have been so much changed already, and which promise yet changes too vast to be readily familiarized to the imagination, — but of a thousand other privileges and conveniences in which England is preëminent. It is, however, to our rural life that we are about to devote our attention ; and it is in rural life that the superiority of England is, perhaps, more striking, than in any other respect. Over the whole face of our country the charm of a refined existence is diffused. There is nothing which strikes foreigners so much as the beauty of our country abodes, and the peculiarity of our country life. The elegancies, the arts

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and refinements of the city are carried out and blended, from end to end of the island, so beautifully with the peaceful simplicity of the country, that nothing excites more the admiration of strangers than those rural paradises, the halls, castles, abbeys, lodges, and cottages, in which our nobility and gentry spend more or less of every year. Let Prince Pückler Muskaw, Washington Irving, Willis, Count Pecchio, Rice, and others, tell you how beautiful, in their eyes, appeared the parks, lawns, fields, and the whole country of England, cultivated like a garden. It is true, that our climate is not to be boasted of for its perpetual serenity. It has had no lack of abuse, both from our own countrymen and others. We are none of us without a pretty lively memory of its freaks and changes, its mists and tempests; its winters wild as the last, and its springs that are often so late in their arrival, that they find summer standing in the gate to tell them they are no longer wanted. All this we know; yet which of us is not ready to forgive all this, and to say with a full heart,

"'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!'

"Which of us is not grateful and discerning enough to remember, that even our fickle and imperfect climate has qualities to which England owes much of its glory, and we, many a proud feeling and victorious energy? Which of us can forget, that this abused climate is that which has not enervated by its heats, has not seduced by its amenities, has not depopulated by its *malaria*, so that under its baneful influence we have become feeble, listless, reckless of honor or virtue; the mean, the slothful, the crouching slaves of barbarians, or even effeminate despots: it is that which has done none of these things; produced no such effects as these; but it is that which has raised millions of frames strong and muscular and combatant, and enduring as the oaks of its rocky hills; that has nerved those frames to the contempt alike of danger and effeminacy; and has quickened them with hearts full of godlike aspirations after a virtuous glory. What a long line, — what ages after ages, of invincible heroes, of dauntless martyrs for freedom and religion, of solemn sages and lawgivers, of philosophers and poets, men sober, and prescient, and splendid in all their endowments as any country ever produced; — what a line of these has flourished amid the glooms and severities of this abused climate; and, while Italy has sunk into subjection, and Greece has lain waste beneath the feet of the Turk, —

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has piled up by a succession of matchless endeavours the fame and power of England, to the height of its present greatness.

> " 'In our halls is hung
> Armoury of the invincible knights of old:
> We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held. In every thing we are sprung
> Of earth's best blood, have titles manifold.'

" And will any man tell me that the spirit of our climate has had nothing to do with begetting and nourishing the energy which has borne on to immortality these great men; which has quickened us with 'earth's best blood'; which has given us 'titles manifold'? The gloom and desolate majesty of autumn, — the wild magnificence of thunder-storms, with their vivid lightnings, their awful uproar, the lurid darkness of their clouds, and the outshining of rainbows, — have these had no effect on the meditations of divines and the songs of poets? Has the soul-concentrating power of winter driven our writers into their closets in vain? Have the fireside festivities of our darkest season; has the blazing yule-clog, and the merriment of the old English hall, — things which have grown out of the very asperity of the climate, left no traces in our literature? Did Milton, Bacon, Spenser, Shakspeare, and such spirits, walk through our solemn halls, whether of learning, or religion, or baronial pomp, all of which have been raised by the very genius of a pensive climate; or did they climb our mountains, and roam our forests, amid winds that roared in the boughs and whirled their leaves at their feet, and gather thence no imagery, no similies, no vigor of thought and language, such as still skies and flowery meadows could not originate? Let us turn to the lays and romances of Scott and Byron, and see whether brown heaths and splintered mountains; the savage ruins of craggy coasts, moaning billows, mists, and rains; the thunder of cataracts, and the sleep of glens, all seen and felt under the alternations of seasons and of weather, such only as an unsettled climate could show, have not tinged their spirits, and therefore their works, with hues of an immortal beauty, the splendid product of a boisterous climate. Why they are these influences, which have had no small share in the creation of such men as Burns, Bloomfield, Hogg, and Clare, — the shepherd-poets of a free land, and an out-of-door life. Yes, we are indebted to our climate for a mass of good, a host of advantages of which we little dream, till we begin to count them up.

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"And are all our experiences of the English climate those of gloom? Are there no glorious sunsets, no summer evenings, balmy as our dreams of heaven, no long sunny days of summer, no dewy mornings, whose freshness brings with it ideas of earth in its youth, and the glades of Paradise trod by the fair feet of Eve? Have we no sweet memories of youth and friendship, in which such hours, such days, in which fields of harvest, hay-harvest and corn-harvest, with all their rejoicing rustic companies, lie in the sunshine? Are there none of excursions through the mountains, along seashores, of sailing on fair lakes, or lying by running waters in green and flowery dales, while over head shone out skies so blue and serene that they seemed as though they could never change? In every English bosom there lie many such sweet memories; and if we look through the whole of one of the worst seasons that we have, what intervals of pleasant weather we find in it. One of the great charms of this country too, dependent on its climate, is that rich and almost perpetual greenness, of which strangers always speak with admiration."—Vol. I. pp. 1–8.

The subsequent chapters of Part First of Volume First treat, in detail, the English country gentleman; the life of the gentry in the country; the annual visit of the aristocracy to the town; country sports; farming; planting; gardening; country excitements. Part Second discusses and describes, at great length, the condition and character of the agricultural population. Part Third takes up the picturesque and moral features of the country. Here we have a most interesting chapter on the Gipsies; another describing the retired nooks of England; another on English houses; and these are followed by fine descriptions of several country seats, particularly of Annesley Hall and Newstead Abbey. Annesley Hall, it will be remembered, was the residence of the beautiful and ill-fated Mary Chaworth, the object of Byron's earliest and most passionate attachment. The interest of the following passage to all the lovers of poetry must excuse its length. We have read it again and again with the profoundest feeling.

"We now resolved to ascertain at the house itself, if it had any living inhabitants; and, on approaching the hall-door, we heard a sound in a stable; we went in, and descried, in a dismal room adjoining it, a man sitting by a fire in a corner, and a dog lying on the hearth. The man and the place were alike forlorn. They were dirty, squalid, deso-

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late. We had said, Who could have supposed so abandoned a spot so near Nottingham ? but who could have imagined so wild and banditti-like a being, as that man within so short a distance of a large town ? His dress and person had every character of reckless neglect ; his black hair hung about his pale face ; he had no handkerchief about his neck ; he sate and devoured his dinner, which he appeared to have cooked with his own hands, looking up at us with a ruffian stupidity, as he answered our questions with a surly bluntness, without ceasing to help himself, with a large pocket-knife, and no fork, to his meal. He told us we could not see the house, — master never let it be seen. When asked, Why ? he could not tell, — but it was so ; but we might ask the old woman in the house. Away we went, and a jewel of an old woman we found.

" She was the very *beau idéal* of an old servant ; all simplicity, fidelity, full of the history of the family ; wrapped up in its fortunes and its honors, — a part and parcel of the race and place, for she had been in the family above sixty years, — being taken, as she said, when she was ten years old, by Mary Chaworth's grandfather, and put to school, and taught to read and write, to mark and to flower ; for she would, he said, be a nice sharp girl to wait on him. 'Oh ! he was a pretty man, — a very pretty, well-behaved gentleman,' said she with a sigh. Old Nanny Marsland, for such was her name, seemed a pure and unsophisticated creature ; the regular influx of visiters had not spoiled her ; the curious and the pert, and the idle, the insolent and the foolish, had not troubled the clear sincere current of her thoughts ; had not made her heart and spirit turn inward, in self-defence, and converted her into the subtle and parrot show-woman.

" She never dreamt of any thing being blamable that had been done by any of *the family*. She delighted to talk of the Hall and its people ; and feeling her solitude, — for she was the sole regular occupant, — some one to talk to was a luxury. Could we have hoped for a creature more to our hearts' desire ? Under her guidance we progressed through this most interesting old place ; thoughts and feelings, never to be forgotten, springing up at every step.

" The house is not large ; and desertion had stamped within the same characters as on all without. Damp had disfigured the walls ; a fire of cheerful pine-logs blazed in the hall and in the kitchen ; but everywhere else was the chill and gloom of the old neglected mansion. All the more modern furniture, and most of the paintings, had been removed,

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and thereby the keeping of the abode was but the better preserved. We know not how to describe the feelings with which we traversed these rooms. It was as if the hall of one of our old English families had been hidden beneath a magic cloud for ages, and suddenly revealed to our eyes, now, at a time when every thing belonging to this country is so much changed ; — houses, men, manners, and opinions. When we entered the old-fashioned family hall, standing as it stood ages ago, furnished as it was ages ago, with its antique stove, its antique sofas, if so they can be called, made of wood carved, and curiously painted, and cushioned with scarlet, standing on each side of the fire ; the antique French timepiece on its bracket ; its various old cabinets and tables standing by walls ; and its floor of large and small squares of alternating black marble and white stone, — the domestic sanctuary of a race whom we regard as our progenitors, but widely different from ourselves, seemed suddenly revealed to us, and we could almost have expected to see the rough, boisterous squire, or the stately baron, issue from one of the side-doors ; or to hear the rustling of the silken robe of some long-waisted dame, who could occasionally leap a five-barred gate as readily as she could dance at the Christmas festival ; or one of high and solemn beauty, in whom devotion deep, uninquiring and undoubting, was the great principle and passion of life ; to whom the domestic chapel was a holy place ; the chaplain her daily counsellor ; and the distribution of alms her daily occupation. We saw before us the hearthstone of a race that lived in the full enjoyment of aristocratic ascendency, when rank was old and undisputed ; when neither mercantile wealth had pressed on their nobility on the one hand, nor popular knowledge and rights on the other; when the gentry lived only to be reverenced and obeyed, every one in the midst of his own forests and domains as a king, and led forth his tenants and serfs to the wars of his country, or to the chase of his own wide wilds ; when field sports, and jovial feastings, and love-making, were the life-employment of men and women, who took rank and power as an unquestioned heritage, and never troubled their brain with gathering knowledge ; and all below them were supposed to be happy, because they were ignorant and submissive.

"This hall which occupies the centre of the building, is nearly sixty feet long by thirty wide, supported by two elliptic arches and Ionic pillars. The middle of the room is now occupied by a billiard table, which formerly stood in an upper

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room, called the terrace-room, of which we shall speak presently. At the lower end of this hall an easy flight of steps leads to the upper apartments. Near the fire, at the upper end, a few steps lead into a beautiful little breakfast-room, which looks out into the garden, and forms one of the projections of the building, the staircase at the lower end forming the other: the three large, old-fashioned windows which light the hall, lying on this side, and looking out into a little parterre, fenced off with a trellis-fence, even with the two projections we have spoken of, — such a parterre as one often meets with, belonging to old houses, — a little favored sanctuary of garden-ground, where choice flowers were trained, and which was the especial care of page and gardener, before ladies took to gardening themselves. This, which is now a perfect wilderness, almost overrun with shrubs and the tall tree-like laurels which encumber wall and window, and almost exclude daylight from the hall, to the great annoyance of our good old woman, was once, as was fitting, the favorite flower-garden of Mary Chaworth.

"The little breakfast room we mentioned, looks out not only by a side window into the parterre, but also by two large, low windows into the garden; a fine old garden, with a fine stately old terrace, one of the noblest it was ever our good fortune to see, and such a one as Danby or Turner would be proud to enrich their fine pictures with. In this room were a few family portraits. One, a small, full-length figure, which the old woman very significantly told us was Byron's Chaworth; that is, the Chaworth killed by the poet's grandfather in a duel. Another portrait she informed us was the last Lord Chaworth; for this estate, which had been in the family of the Annesleys from the time of the Conquest, came into that of Lord Viscount Chaworth of Armagh, in Ireland, by the marriage of one of his ancestors with the sole heiress, Alice de Annesley, in the reign of Henry VI. 'And this,' she said, pointing to a female portrait, 'was his lawful wife.' 'What then,' we said, 'there was an unlawful wife, was there?' 'Yes,' she added, 'she is here.' We glanced at the picture placed in the shady corner by the window, next, however, to Lord Chaworth, and exclaimed, 'And a good judge was his Lordship too!' A creature of most perfect and wondrous beauty it was that we beheld. What a fine, rich, oval countenance, and noble forehead slightly shaded by auburn locks! what large dark eyes of inexpressible expression! what a soft, delicate, yet beautiful and sunny complexion! what a beautiful rounding

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of the cheek, chin, and throat! what exquisite features! what a perfect mixture of nobility of mind, with elegance and simplicity of taste. Never did we behold a more enchanting vision of youth and beauty; and all this hidden for generations in a dark nook of this old hall, unmentioned, and unknown. It were worth a journey from London but to gaze upon. Beautiful as this portrait is, it represents a mole upon either cheek; but this, instead of detracting from the loveliness of the face, as might be imagined, only appears to give it character and individuality, and vouches for the fidelity of the likeness. The painting, too, is extremely well done; far superior to any thing else in the house, except it be the satin petticoat of a Miss Burdett in the terrace-room. 'And who,' we inquired, 'was this charming creature?' 'She was a girl of the village, sir,' was the reply. 'What! could the village produce a creature like her?' 'Yes: his Lordship took her into the house as a servant; but she did not like him, and went away; however, he got her afterwards, and built a house for her on the estate, and she had one child. But she died, poor thing! all was not right somehow; and all her money she put in a cupboard for her son, — they would show you the cupboard in the house to this day; and on the very night she died, her own relations came and took away the money; — things weren't as they should have been, poor thing! and she came again.' 'What, was this the lady that we have heard an old man say, came up out of a well, and sat in a tree by moonlight, combing her hair?' 'No, Lord bless you! that was another; but the parson *laid her*, and the well is covered in; but for all that she walks yet!' We smiled at the good woman's very orthodox belief in ghosts; but we know not whether we should not be apt to catch the contagion of superstitious feeling, if we were to dwell all alone in this old house as she does, and hear the winds howling and sighing about it at night; the long ivy rustling about the windows, and dashing against the panes; and the owls hooting about in many a wild, piercing, and melancholy tone; and feel one's self in the unparticipated solitude of those ancient rooms, with all their strange and sad memories.

"Besides this portrait of the beautiful and unhappy Mrs. Milner, we bestowed a look of great interest on one of much attraction, the daughter of Viscount Chaworth, — not beautiful, but full of the fascination of cultivated mind, and of a heart so living and loving, that it caused the eyelids to droop over their beamy orbs, with an expression that made you

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tremble for the peace of its possessor. One other picture attracted our attention from its singularity. It represents a landscape, apparently, 'the hill of green and mild declivity,' the line of trees, and the trees in circular array, from among which rises the temple we spoke of before, and which our cicerone assured us had been considered 'the finest in all England, but had been blown down in Oliver Cromwell's days.' In the foreground stands, as if painted in enamel, a gentleman in a strange sort of dress-jerkin, of white satin, with a short petticoat of purple velvet bordered with gold lace. On his right hand his Amazonian lady, half the head taller than himself, clad in a riding-dress of green, bordered likewise with gold-lace ; and on either side of them a son, in the full-dress of William and Mary's reign ; with powdered wigs, long-lapped scarlet coats, waistcoats, and breeches, with white silk stockings on their neat little legs, and lace ruffles at their hands, each with his little head turned on one side ; — the one caressing a fawn, the other a greyhound ; and the family group completed by the groom standing a little behind, holding the lady's palfrey ready saddled for her use. These, and a portrait of the son of Lord Chaworth, are all the family pictures which the house contains.

"Leaving then this room, we re-crossed the hall, and ascending the staircase at the lower end, entered the drawing-room, which is over the hall, — a handsome room, and the best furnished in the house. The most interesting piece of furniture it contains, or perhaps, which the house itself contains, is a screen covered over with a great number of cuttings in black paper, done by a Mrs. Goodchild, and representing a great variety of family incidents and character, — those little passing incidents in life, which, though rarely chronicled, are most influential on its fortunes, — on which often its very destiny hangs. The receipt of a letter, — the first meeting, — the last parting, — how much do these things involve ! Here we were introduced to Mary Chaworth, the lovely and graceful maiden, full of hope, and life, and gayety ; with her friends and dependents about her ; at the very time when Lord Byron became attached to her. Of the accuracy of this likeness we have no doubt, from the wonderful fidelity of some of the others, with whose persons we are acquainted.

"In one place she is represented as sitting in a room, her attitude one of terror. A man is before her presenting a pistol, and a little terrified page is concealing himself under a table. In another she sits with her mother and a gentle-

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man at tea; a footman behind waiting upon them. Again, she is in the gardens or grounds, walking with her cousin, Miss Radford; her rustic hat thrown back upon her shoulders; her beautiful head turned aside; and her hand put forth to receive a letter from a page, kneeling on one knee, — a letter from her lover and subsequent husband.

"Again, she is playing with a little child; and in all, her figure is full of exquisite grace and vivacity, and the profile of the face remarkably fine. It is impossible to say with what intense interest we examined these memorials of private life; these passages so full of vitality and character, incidental, but important, — the very essence of an autobiography.

"From the drawing-room we passed to the one called the terrace-room, from its opening by a glass door upon the terrace, which runs along the top of the garden at right angles with the house, and level with this second story, descending to the garden by a double flight of broad stone steps, in the middle of its length, which is about eighty yards. This room formerly contained the billiard table, and in it Mary Chaworth and her noble lover passed much time. He was fond of the terrace, and used to pace backwards and forwards upon it, and amuse himself with shooting with a pistol at a door. It was here that she last saw him, with the exception of a dinner-visit, after his return from his travels. It was here that he took his last leave of Mary Chaworth, when

'He went his way,
And ne'er repassed that hoary threshold more.'

"It was here, then, those ill-fated ones stood, and lingered, and conversed, for at least two hours. Mary Chaworth was here all life and spirit, full of youth, and beauty, and hope. What a change fell upon her after life! She now stood here, the last scion of a time-honored race, with large possessions, with the fond belief of sharing them in joy with the chosen of her life. Never did human life present a sadder contrast! There are many reasons why we should draw a veil over this mournful history, much of which will never be known; suffice it to say, that it was not without most real, deep, and agonizing causes, that years after,

'In her home, her native home,
She dwelt begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of beauty, — but behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid was charged with unshed tears.'

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"It was not without a fearful outraging of trusting affections, the desolation of a spirit trodden and crushed by that which should have shielded it, that

> 'She was changed
> As by the sickness of the soul: her mind
> Had wandered from its dwelling, and her eyes
> They had not their own lustre, but the look
> Which is not of the earth; she was become
> The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
> Were combinations of disjointed things;
> And forms impalpable and unperceived
> Of others' sight, familiar were to hers.'

"There must have come a day, a soul-prostrating day, when she must have felt the grand mistake she had made, in casting away a heart that never ceased to love her and sorrow for her, and a mind that wrapt her, even severed as it was from her, in an imperishable halo of glory.

"There is nothing in all the histories of broken affections and mortal sorrows, more striking and melancholy than the idea of this lady, so bright and joyous-hearted in her youth, sitting in her latter years, for days and weeks, alone and secluded, uninterrupted by any one, in this old house, weeping over the poems which commented in burning words on the individual fortunes of herself and Lord Byron, —

> 'The one
> To end in madness, — both in misery.'

"With this idea vividly impressed on our spirits, a darker shade seemed to settle down on those antiquated rooms; — we passed out into the garden, at the door at which Byron passed; we trod that stately terrace, and gazed at the old vase placed in the centre of its massy balustrade, bearing the original escutcheon of the Lord Chaworth, and stands a brave object as seen from the garden, into which we descended, and wandered among its high-grown evergreens. But every thing was tinged with the spirit and fate of that unhappy lady. The walks were overgrown with grass; and tufts of snowdrop leaves, now grown wild and shaggy, as they do after the flower is over, grew in them; and tufts of a beautiful and peculiar kind of fumitory, with its pink bloom, and the daffodils and primroses of early spring, looked out from amongst the large forest trees that surround the garden. Every thing, even the smallest, seemed in unison with that great spirit of silence and desolation which hovered over the place; and the gusty winds that swept the long wood-walk by which we came away, gave us a most fitting adieu."— Vol. I. pp. 364–375.

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The second volume opens with a charming chapter upon the love of the beautiful in nature, as manifested in the literature of the ancients and of the moderns. We think the author rather underrates the perception of, and passion for, natural beauty among the ancients ; but he is certainly right in his opinion, that modern literature opens a new world of feeling and sentiment, and that the originating cause of this fact is to be found in the influence of Christianity. The chapter on the love of nature expressed by English literature as compared with that of the continental nations, is full of just and ingenious criticism ; and the remarks upon the influence of the diffusion of cheap and accurate wood engravings are true and striking.

The reader will find more novelty, probably, in the long and delightful accounts of the forests of England, one of the most remarkable features, certainly, in the aspect of that country, and closely connected with all the legendary traditions and poetry of our ancestors. While turning over the pages of these most agreeable chapters, we seem to be transported into the midst of those venerable scenes ; the tales of other years, the heroes of the fictions and ballad poetry, seem to gather around us ; and we surrender ourselves with delight to the illusion. The last division of the work is wholly occupied with the ancient festivities and still lingering customs of every part of England. Into all these, the author enters with a fulness of detail, and a familiarity of knowledge, that leave nothing to be desired. We have room only for a few paragraphs from the chapter on Christmas.

"Such are the rites, fancies, and ceremonies with which other, and especially Catholic countries, have invested this ancient festival. What now remain in our Protestant nation of these customs ? Much is gone ; many are the changes that have taken place in our manners and opinions ; and yet is it certain that we regard this season of festivity with a strong and sacred affection. It is true that there is commonly but one day of thorough holiday to the people ; one day on which all shops are shut ; on which labor in a great measure ceases, and the poor join with the rich in repose and worship. The poor, indeed, do not partake the benefit of this season, as the poor of old time did ; the houses of the great are not, as they were then, open to all tenants and dependents. There is now, indeed, upon the great man's table,

'No mark to part the squire and lord ;'

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but there is a mark more immobile than the salt, set in the grain of our minds. The distinctions of society have grown with our commercial wealth, and have multiplied grades and relations. A sense of independence too has sprung up in the lower classes, with commerce and the growth of intelligence. The great man might, indeed, condescend to call his tenants and dependents to his hall to a Christmas revel; but, if they went at all, they would go reluctantly, and feel ill at ease. They would feel it as a condescension, and not as springing out of the heartiness of old customs. They would feel that they were out of their element; for all classes know instinctively the broad differences of habits, manners, and modes of thinking, that separate them from each other more effectually than any feudal institutions did their ancestors. The pride of the yeoman would be more in danger of suffering than the pride of the lord; the pride of the cottager than that of the farmer, if invited to his table. When the brick floor and the wooden bench gave way in the farm-house to the carpet and the mahogany chair, the feet of the laborer ceased to tread familiarly round the farmer's table. Harvest meals and harvest-home suppers bring them together in rustic districts; they are the remaining links of the old chain of society; but the Christmas custom is broken, and is therefore no longer observable with full content. This great difference between the past and present exists, and therefore the rejoicing of the poor at this time is short and small; would to Heaven that the kindly feeling of the community would make it greater!

"But, independent of this, to the rest of the community Christmas brings much of its ancient pleasure. Each class, within itself, enjoys it, perhaps more deeply, if less noisily than of old. It is, as I have before said, the festival of the fireside. Friends and families are brought together by many circumstances. Summer tourists and out-of-door pleasure-seekers have all turned home at the frown of winter. As it was their delight in the early year to plan excursions, to make parties, and then to fly forth in all directions, to enjoy new scenes, new faces, summer skies, and sea-breezes; it is now their delight to assemble again round their familiar firesides, with the old familiar faces, to talk over all that they have seen, and said, and done. Parliament has adjourned, and weary senators and their families have fled from London, and are, once more, at their country-seats. Children are come home from school; business seems to pause, or to move less urgently in the dead season of the year, and releases

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numbers from its tread-mill round to an interval of relaxation. All the branches of families meet with spirits eager for enjoyment; and storms, frosts, and darkness without, send them for that enjoyment to the fire-bright hearth.

"Christmas-eve approaches, and with it signs of observance, and feasting, and amusement. Holly, ivy, and mistletoe appear in vast quantities in the markets, and almost every housekeeper, except those of the Society of Friends, furnishes herself with a quantity to decorate her windows, if not always to sport a kissing-bush. Churches, halls, city houses and country cottages, are all seen with their windows stuck over with sprigs of green and scarlet-berried holly. Mistletoe is said never to be introduced into churches except by ignorance of the sextons, being held in abhorrence by the early Christians on account of its prominence in the Druidical ceremonies. And this is likely enough; but in the house it maintains its station, and well merits it, by the beauty of its divaricated branches of pale-green, and its pearly-white berries. But Christmas-eve brings not only evergreens into request, but abundance of more substantial things. The coaches to town are fairly loaded to the utmost with geese, turkeys, and game, as those downwards are with barrels of oysters. The grocers are busy selling currants, raisins, spices, and other good things, for the composition of mince-pies and Christmas sweetmeats. Pigs are killed, and pork-pies, sausages, and spareribs abound from the greatest hall to the lowest hut. Heaven be thanked that the blessing goes so far in this instance. It is a delight to think of all the little children in the poor man's house, that the year through have lived coarsely if not sparely, now watching the fat pig from their own sty cut up, and pies and spareribs, boiling pieces, black-puddings, and sausages, springing up as from a magical storehouse unlocked by the key of Old Christmas. O! it is a delicious time, when the father and the mother can sit down amongst their throng of eager little ones, that "feel their life in every limb," and feast them to their hearts' content; and live with them for a short time amid substantial things and savory smells, and, after all, hang in the chimney corner two noble flitches for the coming year.

"These good things come with Christmas-eve, and with them come the Waites. Except in some few very primitive districts, these do not go about for a week or more as they used to do, but merely on this night. And it is a fact singularly unfortunate for Mr. Bulwer's theory of the effect of Methodism noticed before, that wherever Methodists exist

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they are sure to be amongst these waites, and are, in many places, the only ones. The strange, dreamy, yet delightful effect of the music and singing of these waites, as you hear them in a state rather of sleep than waking, who has not experienced? They are, as Fixlein expresses it, to our conscious senses, but half dormant understandings, 'sounds out of heaven, singing voices of angels in the air.' I shall never forget the delicious impressions of this midnight music on my childish spirit, and would fain hear such strains on every returning Christmas-eve till I cease to hear any mortal sounds.

"But Christmas morning comes; and ere daylight dawns, you are awoke by the rejoicing music of all the village or the city bells, as it may be; and cannot help feeling, spite of all that puritans and grave denouncers of times and seasons have said, that there is something holy in the remembrance of the time which does your spirit good. Who can read these verses of Wordsworth's, addressed to his brother, without feeling the truth of this?

"'TO THE REV. DR. WORDSWORTH.

"'THE minstrels played their Christmas tune
To-night beneath my cottage eaves;
While, smitten by the lofty moon,
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,
That overpowered their natural green.

"'Through hill and valley every breeze
Had sunk to rest with folded wings;
Keen was the air, but could not freeze
Nor check the music of their strings;
So stout and hardy were the band
That scraped the chords with strenuous hand.

"'And who but listened? — till was paid
Respect to every inmate's claim;
The greeting given, the music played,
In honor of each household name,
Duly pronounced with lusty call,
And "merry Christmas" wished to all!

"'O Brother! I revere the choice
That took thee from thy native hills;
And it is given thee to rejoice;
Though public care full often tills
(Heaven only witness of the toil)
A barren and ungrateful soil.

"'Yet would that thou, with me and mine,
Hadst heard this never-failing rite;
And seen on other faces shine
A true revival of the light, —

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Which Nature and these rustic Powers,
In simple childhood, spread on ours!

"'For pleasure hath not ceased to wait
On these expected, annual rounds,
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,
Or they are offered at the door
That guards the dwelling of the poor.

"'How touching, when at midnight sweep
Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,
To hear, — and sink again to sleep!
Or, at an earlier call, to mark,
By blazing fire, the still suspense
Of self-complacent innocence.

"'The mutual nod, — the grave disguise
Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er;
And some unbidden tears that rise
For names once heard, and heard no more:
Tears, brightened by the serenade,
For infant in the cradle laid!

"'Ah! not for emerald fields alone,
With ambient streams more pure and bright
Than fabled Cytherea's zone
Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,
Is to my heart of hearts endeared
The ground where we were born and reared!

"'Hail! ancient Manners! sure defence,
Where they survive, of wholesome laws;
Remnants of love whose modest sense
Thus into narrow room withdraws;
Hail, Usages of pristine mould,
And ye, that guard them, Mountains old!'

"Christmas-day then is come! and with it begins a heartfelt season of social delight, and interchanges of kindred enjoyments. In large houses are large parties, music, and feasting, dancing and cards. Beautiful faces and noble forms, the most fair and accomplished of England's sons and daughters, beautify the ample fire-sides of aristocratic halls. Senators and judges, lawyers and clergymen, poets and philosophers, there meet in cheerful and even sportive ease, amid the elegancies of polished life. In more old fashioned, but substantial country abodes, old fashioned hilarity prevails. In the farm-house hearty spirits are met. Here are dancing and feasting too; and often blindman's buff, turn-trencher, and some of the simple games of the last age remain. In all families, except the families of the poor, who seem too much forgotten at this, as at other times in this refined age, there are visits paid and received; parties going out, or coming in; and everywhere abound, as indispensable to the

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season, mince-pies, and wishes for 'a merry Christmas and a happy New-year.'" — Vol. II. pp. 205–211.

We have only to repeat, that these volumes are among the most entertaining that have lately been published. They present a picture of England, such as cannot readily elsewhere be found; a picture drawn by one who adds to a hearty love of his country, the eye of the poet, and the hand of the artist; one who has a heart open to all good impressions and humane sympathies; one whose mind is richly adorned with the elegant letters of the present, and an antiquarian knowledge of the past. If the author, while visiting and describing his favorite spots, enjoyed, as he seems to intimate, ten times as much as his reader can from his recital, we can only say, that he must have been for the time the most enviable of mortals.

ART. X. — *Airs of Palestine, and other Poems.* By JOHN PIERPONT. Boston. James Munroe & Co. 16mo. pp. 334.

THE "Airs of Palestine" have been favorably known to the literary community for many years. On a subject, — the effects of music, — often enough handled by the poets, from Pindar down to Gray, Mr. Pierpont, nothing daunted by the mighty names who have preceded him, has certainly given us one of the most pleasing poems, which yet adorn our literature. The beauty of the language, the finish of the versification, the harmony of the numbers, secure it an undisputed place among the few American classical works. Many fine descriptive passages show the poetical eye, as well as the musical ear. We welcome, therefore, this republication, which comes to us in a form well worthy of a poet's taste; and we read its polished couplets with the more pleasure, because their equable flow contrasts pleasantly with the forced and spasmodic inspiration of the greater portion of recent English poetry, and reminds us of a more vigorous and healthy style, unhappily somewhat out of date. We are confident that the public will share our feeling, and will hail with plaudits the re-appearance of an ancient favorite in such a becoming garb.

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Having noticed this poem at length in an early number of our journal,* we forbear from entering, at present, into any details of its merits and beauties. We are gratified to perceive, from various alterations in the present edition, that Mr. Pierpont's more mature taste has justified some of our remarks, while in other instances it appears that his judgment and ours continue to be at variance.

Besides the "Airs of Palestine," the present volume contains a number of miscellaneous poems. The first of them, called "Moslem Worship," has many fine lines; but the general effect is marred by the intermingling, here and there, of a light, familiar passage, which jars upon the reader's sense of fitness. The piece on the "Ruins at Pæstum" is still less to our taste, being in a style of mingled ludicrous and serious ideas and images, which we do not relish at the best, and in which the writer of the "Airs of Palestine" certainly does not excel. Halleck is the only one of our poets, who can manage such *bizarrerie*. Of the longer poems, no one takes stronger hold of the reader, than that entitled, "To my Grave"; but the references to personal circumstances, which run through it, prevent it from being an altogether pleasing composition, when thus laid before the public eye.

The ode for the Anniversary of the Pilgrim Society, is very spirited and well finished, with one sad exception. Favorite as it has become, and most justly, why will its author permit it to remain disfigured with those painfully unmeaning lines at the end of the second stanza?

> "The snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
> When the heavens looked dark, is gone;
> *As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,*
> *Is seen, and then withdrawn.*" — p. 241.

There would be small danger of making the case worse by the substitution of any other simile, that could be wrought into the needful measure and rhyme.

Mr. Pierpont says, in his Preface, "Poetry is not my vocation." It is not. The best part of his life has been honorably spent in the duties of a laborious profession. He has coveted and won a different reputation, such as may well console him for the loss of the poetic fame, which, had he devoted himself to acquire it, might have been his. But, when he says

* *North American Review*, Vol. IV. pp. 408. *et seq.*

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that poetry is not his vocation, he consents to have that said of him, which is true, that poetry is not now his *forte*. His taste and talent in it are not what they were, when, before his consecration to more solemn tasks, he composed his "Airs of Palestine." A great part of the present volume, it must be owned, is made up of pieces, which would be extremely creditable as *impromptus*, would be quite to the purpose of the public occasions for which they were prepared, or would be kind and agreeable contributions to the enjoyment of the author's friends; but which have hardly a claim to assume any more permanent form. The lines, for instance, "written in the Lazaretto at Malta," are amusing, and must have been exceedingly well received at the time and place, yet they scarcely seem entitled to preservation in a volume; and, among a quantity of fugitive matter, we do not know whether there is a single piece, which we should sooner select as deserving of that distinction than the following graceful lines, in one of Moore's stanzas.

"FOR THE ALBUM OF MISS CAROLINE C——.

"'Grace is deceitful, and beauty vain.' — *Solomon.*

"O, say not, wisest of all the kings
That have risen on Israel's throne to reign,
Say not, as one of your wisest things,
That grace is false, and beauty vain.

"Your harem beauties resign! resign
Their lascivious dance, their voluptuous song!
To your garden come forth, among things divine,
And own you do grace and beauty wrong.

"Is beauty vain because it will fade?
Then are earth's green robe and heaven's light vain;
For this shall be lost in evening's shade,
And that in winter's sleety rain.

"But earth's green mantle, pranked with flowers,
Is the couch where life with joy reposes;
And heaven gives down, with its light and showers,
To regale them, fruits, — to deck them, roses.

"And, while opening flowers in such beauty spread,
And ripening fruits so gracefully swing,
Say not, O King, as you just now said,
That beauty or grace is a worthless thing.

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" This willow's limbs, as they bend in the breeze,
The dimpled face of the pool to kiss, —
Who, that has eyes and a heart, but sees
That there is beauty and grace in this !

" And do not these boughs all whisper of Him,
Whose smile is the light that in green arrays them ;
Who sitteth, in peace, on the wave they skim,
And whose breath is the gentle wind that sways them ?

" And are not the beauty and grace of youth,
Like those of this willow, the work of love ?
Do they not come, like the voice of truth,
That is heard all around us here, from above.

" Then say not, wisest of all the kings
That have risen on Israel's throne to reign,
Say not, as one of your wisest things,
That grace is false, and beauty vain."

— pp. 324, 325.

Mr. Pierpont is strongly interested in some of the movements of the day, and, following his earnest impulses, has lent his Muse to their service, sometimes in her serious, sometimes in her comic mood, and sometimes in a mood between the two, if to such a class we may refer the poems of which that beginning with the following stanza is a specimen.

" Lift up, lift up the standard,
And plant it near the well !
And, gathered underneath its folds,
A choral anthem swell !
The anthem that is set in praise
Of brooks and cisterns sing !
Give one strain to the rain,
Give another to the spring ; —
Yea, give a chorus loud and long
To aqueduct and spring." — p. 195.

On the same subject, there is another song composed to the tune of " Yankee Doodle," and in imitation of the Yankee dialect, which we can understand that a wag should write, and that, for sufficient reasons, he and his friends should sing. But that a writer of Mr. Pierpont's taste should be willing to see it circulating under his name in print, passes our comprehension, when we have made all allowance for the unquestionable benevolence of the motive.

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Again ; what but an indescribable sense of duty could have beguiled such a poet as Mr. Pierpont into strains like the following ?

" In Eden's green retreats,
A water-brook, — that played
Between soft, mossy seats,
Beneath a plane-tree's shade,
Whose rustling leaves
Danced o'er its brink, —
Was Adam's drink,
And also Eve's.

" Beside the parent spring
Of that young brook, the pair
Their morning chant would sing ;
And Eve, to dress her hair,
Kneel on the grass
That fringed its side,
And make its tide
Her looking-glass.

" And, when the man of God
From Egypt led his flock,
They thirsted, and his rod
Smote the Arabian rock,
And forth a rill
Of water gushed,
And on they rushed,
And drank their fill.

" Would Eden thus have smiled,
Had wine to Eden come ?
Would Horeb's parching wild
Have been refreshed with rum ?
And had Eve's hair
Been dressed in gin,
Would she have been
Reflected fair ? "

— pp. 187, 188.

We are scarcely less perplexed by the form of one of the " Ordination Hymns," which begins as follows.

" MINISTER, — *solo.*

" To thine altar, Holy One,
Who dost now this temple fill,

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As a servant of thy Son,
'Lo, I come to do thy will.'

"PEOPLE, —*full choir.*

"Father! let thy servant's prayer
From thine altar rise to thee!
Make his body's health thy care;
Keep his spirit pure and free!"

— pp. 129, 130.

And so the piece continues, the alternate stanzas appearing to have been prepared to be sung by minister and congregation in the way of response. *Amant alterna Camœnæ*, we know. But is it possible there was ever such an operatic exhibition in an ordination service? We never heard so, and we cannot think it; but, if not, what does this form of the poem mean? For it professes to have been intended for use on a designated occasion.

In pieces less occasional, Mr. Pierpont is by no means chary enough of his Muse's dignity. He makes her a maid of all work. She has to put off her regal gorgeousness, tuck her sleeves above her elbows, and plump down upon her knees, to "do the meanest chars." There is a pathetic story called "The Drunkard's Funeral." One sees that the writer's warm and honest heart was in the enforcement of the moral; and his energetic seriousness, and the tragic interest of the simple tale, take hold upon the reader. But such verses!

"There was, some eighteen years or more ago,
A young man, a parishioner of mine,
Whose name was Willard. There are Willards many,
As there are many Lords and many Smiths.
This Willard was a butcher; — and my meats
I often bought of him, in Boylston Market.

"He was a man of about five feet ten;
Upright, of ample chest and well-knit frame.
His eyes were black; and, on his healthy cheeks,
The rose and lily met and kissed each other.
Had he, instead of Boston, dwelt in Rome,
The sculptors there, Thorwaldsen and Canova,
Might have pulled caps to see whose *studio*
Willard should grace by standing as a model."

— p. 205.

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We know of no parallel to this structure of blank verse, except in the burlesque of Coleridge in the "Rejected Addresses." The movement there is the same.

> "Oh! 't was a goodly sound to hear the people,
> Who watched the work, express their various thoughts.
> While some believed it never would be finished,
> Some, on the contrary, believed it would.
> Oh! Mr. Whitbread! fie upon you, Sir," &c.

There certainly is a difference, or there ought to be, between the poetical and the prosaic style. Mr. Pierpont often neglects it. He will say, that it is because he has higher objects. But we wonder, that, professing to accomplish those objects by means of poetry, he should imagine that he can succeed through violations of the laws of the art. Few men know so well as he what good poetry is. His serious pieces, — those written early in life, and under a genuine *afflatus*, — are marked by a fine fancy, great richness of language, and a flowing and easy versification. Many of his later compositions are bald, harsh, hard, utterly unmusical and unaffecting. Nor in many of them do we discern any more fitness to promote their respective public objects, than to advance their author's poetical reputation.

Mr. Pierpont's publication puts us upon reciting our "*Eheu! fugaces.*" His "Airs of Palestine" was, with one exception, the first volume of American poetry, which we had occasion to notice. Twenty-five years have just been completed since our critical labors began, and with the present we enter upon our second half *century* of volumes.

Undoubtedly the period which measures our literary life, has been one of much greater activity in America than any that had preceded it. It was divided by only one generation from the time when the American States were, as to productions of the intellect, in the helpless and sluggish condition almost inseparable from a condition of colonial dependence; and they had established their political existence at a cost, which it required the undivided attention of at least one generation to repair. The first business of the citizen, in his private walk, was to contrive to get rid of his debts, and make some provision for his family; while his less selfish thoughts were employed in watching and helping the experiment of a new government. First came great prosperity, — a uniform currency, — commercial confidence, — profitable

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applications of inventive talent,— vast demand for the products of an inexhaustible soil, — the carrying trade of the world. Then followed terrible reverses, — embargo, — non-intercourse, — war. The wheel of fortune was stopped with a crash, when its *momentum* was greatest. And it was not till after the peace of 1815, that things settled down into such a state, that a portion of the community could be spared for the laborious leisure of study, or even that individuals in active life, though of liberal tastes, could be expected to feel much inclination in themselves, or impulse from others, to the tasks of authorship.

Under such circumstances, the question of our learned Edinburgh brethren, *Who reads an American book?* was really no more reasonable than it was courteous. It was not a thing to be fairly expected, that America should have become a book-mart for the world. And especially was it not to be expected so soon, when, if effected at all, it would necessarily be effected in the face of other, serious, and permanent disadvantages. A nation which produces genius and excitements for it, will sooner or later, no doubt, produce a literature also. But those early and lower efforts, which lead to the higher, must suffer great discouragements, when, in consequence of community of language, they are brought at once into comparison with the best productions of another highly cultivated society; and when, from the same cause, there is an ample foreign supply, the excitements to literary labor, — we speak not of those of a sordid kind, but of every kind whatever, — must be materially diminished.

So it has been, however, in these twenty-five years, that, even had we been disposed to exclude foreign works from consideration in these pages, we should have had little cause to complain of any deficiency of grist for our critical mill. In our first volumes, to be sure, we could scarcely find American books to notice. Now the difficulty is to keep up with the press. Good, bad, and indifferent, there has been a great deal of writing done; *scribimus indocti doctique;* and we not only write, but print; and we not only print, but send abroad; and he who should now put the unkind question of our transatlantic contemporaries, might chance to be stunned by the answer. England, within the time of which we speak, has become a great market for our books.

Strange as it may seem, this is particularly true in respect to that class of books, which it might be supposed that every

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community would be most careful to provide for itself, and which an old community might be supposed most competent to provide. To an extent, of which, we presume, few Americans are aware, England, — old England, with its centuries of civilization, — is at this moment allowing us, a people of yesterday, to furnish its apparatus for education. We could make out a list of American school-books in the lower and practical departments, which, on English ground, have all but driven the corresponding English books out of sight and memory. Nor is this true only in the inferior departments. Classical England, with its splendid universities and schools, its army of gownsmen, and its prodigious and well-authorized boasts of Latin *purism*, has notoriously no dictionary of that language which can sustain a moment's comparison with that prepared by our countryman, Mr. Leverett. Mr. Leverett's Lexicon is accordingly working its way into extensive use; and the same is true, — though, we believe, in a less degree, — of the Greek Manual Lexicon of the President of the American Academy, Mr. Pickering, a work which, though somewhat less copious, has in other respects decidedly superior merit to the last essay of British scholarship in that department, by Mr. Donnegan.

We do not know but that, in the department of moral education of the young, this singular *reflux* of influence has gone even further. The moral discipline of its children might be thought to be the last thing which one nation would be willing to trust to another; yet so it is, that in this, the English are availing themselves, to a vast and constantly increasing extent, of our aid, while from them we get in return scarcely any thing now-a-days of value. Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth still keep their place with us, and will; but their works are not recent. Miss More's stories never had many readers, and now have none. We tried hard to get into circulation the volumes of the "Christian Tract Society in England," but it would not do; and Mrs. Sherwood, Mrs. Hofland, and the rest, are quite below our mark. On the other hand, children's books, if an honest copyright law could be had, would be one of the profitable staples of our English trade. It may sound extravagant to those who have not attended to the facts, but we feel little hesitation in saying, that the mind of no Englishman, living or dead, is exercising an influence in the nurseries of England, equal to that

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of the Messrs. Abbott, of Roxbury in Massachusetts, the authors of the *Rollo* books, and of "The Child at Home."

Next to books of education, devotional and theological works of American origin have, perhaps, as a class, obtained the widest circulation in the parent country. Sermons, biographies, and essays of different kinds, produced by or relating to persons of note in some of the denominations, are sought for with avidity by their fellow sectaries on the other side of the water. And though this appetite is particularly strong for such works, and for publications relating to the movements of religious and philanthropic associations of the day, yet the remark holds good in respect to elaborate treatises relating to the science of theology. None of the English theologians, in any denomination, are doing much for the advancement of their science. In the church, classical attainments, rather than theological, are the object of a student's ambition; and there is no communion of Dissenters in which the standard of clerical scholarship is high. Among the English Unitarians, who are a studious and cultivated class, the names of Channing, Norton, Dewey, Ware, and other Americans, are the names the oftenest heard, when the championship of their sect is in question; and in the other dissenting denominations, something more or less like this is true. Nor is the remark to be limited to the circles of dissent. Since Horne's "Introduction to the Old Testament," — a treatise so feeble, unscientific, inaccurate, and in all respects unprofitable, as we do not think any American clergyman of standing, in any denomination, could have produced, — there has not been, to our knowledge, any other work of a clergyman of the establishment equal in size and pretension to Bloomfield's "Notes, Critical, Philological, and Exegetical," upon the New Testament. Dr. Bloomfield has freely acknowledged his obligations to Professor Stuart of Andover, of whose labors he has made large use. He has been greatly indebted to that diligent scholar for much of what is best in his book; and it is little to say, that, when the work of which Professor Stuart has published specimens is completed, the doom of that of his admirer to disuse and forgetfulness will have been written. In the same department, of books illustrating the Scriptures, Professor Stuart's "Hebrew Grammar" and "Grammar of the New Testament," Mr. Robinson's edition of "Calmet's Dictionary," and Dr. Harris's

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"Natural History of the Bible," are works unrivalled in their kind in the English language. There is no English translation of the poetical books of the Old Testament to be compared, for accuracy and elegance, with that of our countryman Dr. Noyes; and the best treatise in existence on the early history of the Gospels is the recently published work of Mr. Norton.

Dr. Channing's reputation is of the growth of the last twenty-five years, and there is no living English writer of philosophical and critical essays, who enjoys an equal popularity. As to specimens of forensic, deliberative, and demonstrative eloquence, there is no collection of works of any contemporary English orator, which, for a combination of all the attributes of high oratory, logic, fulness of facts, richness of illustration, pathos, wit, and chasteness and force of language, can sustain comparison with those of Mr. Webster and Mr. Everett. In law, — not to specify single treatises of eminent merit, — the learned works of Judge Story have been quoted in Westminster Hall, an unprecedented compliment for the English courts to pay to any foreign or living jurist. And our medical literature, particularly that of the distinguished school of Philadelphia, has entitled itself to a like high consideration. In the department of mathematics, the commentary on the "Mécanique Céleste," by the late Dr. Bowditch, is, by universal consent, one of the great productions of the age; while the valuable contributions to natural science of Mr. Audubon, of Mr. Say, of Professors Silliman, Godman, and Hare, of Dr. Bigelow of Massachusetts, of Dr. Holbrook of South Carolina, of Dr. Morton, author of the "Crania Americana," and of numerous others, show, that, in that important department, the minds of our countrymen are neither inactive nor incapable. In the arduous, recondite, and rather thankless task of philological investigation, the labors of Webster, Duponceau, and Pickering, are to be ranked with those of the most distinguished scholars of the age.

Washington Irving, whose renown, it is true, was of a little earlier origin, has, within the time of which we speak, acquired a name, in his own elegant walk of literature, which throws into dim eclipse that of every English rival. The reputation of Cooper, of Miss Sedgwick, and of the author of the "Letters from Palmyra," is European. Kennedy, Bird, Fay, Mrs. Child, and some other writers of fic-

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tion, who have not yet gathered all their fame, have attracted favorable notice; and we get nothing better from across the water in the way of *novelletta* and delineation of society and manners, than the spirited and delicious sketches of Hawthorne and Mrs. Kirkland. Among books of travels, few have been so well received, of late years, as those of Lieutenant Slidell and Mr. Stephens.

It has not yet been the good fortune of our critical life to greet the appearance of a first-rate American poem; and this is the strong point of any who care to make out a case against the literary pretensions of this country. But, though we cannot pretend to match the great English masters of the lyre, an excellent portion of the minor poems of the day belongs to us. Take out three or four living names, and then bid us make our choice between the poetry of the old country and the new, and we are by no means sure that we should not make up our minds to the latter. Bryant, Halleck, Hillhouse, Dana, Longfellow, Sprague, Percival, Willis, and others worthy in different degrees to be named along with them, would furnish out a library with which we could be well content to satisfy such cravings as we have for the productions of contemporaneous genius.

The time for writing our own American history has come, and there has been occasion to notice in our volumes important contributions to that department of literature, such as Wirt's "Life of Patrick Henry," Davis's "Life of Burr," the biographies of Jay and of Josiah Quincy, Jun., by the sons of those patriots, and that of James Otis, by Mr. Tudor. The "Life of Hamilton," still in progress, the full Memoir of Jefferson by Professor Tucker, the collection of Jefferson's papers by his grandson, and the recent publication, by Mr. Gilpin, of the papers of Mr. Madison, belong to the same period. But the noblest literary monuments yet erected to men of the Revolution, are the two magnificent works of Mr. Sparks, the Lives and Writings of Washington and of Franklin. Twenty-two years ago,* we ventured diffidently to suggest our wish "to see a splendid edition of the writings of Washington, as perfect as the arts can make it, published as a sort of monument to his memory." That wish has been gratified in the amplest manner, in a work which cannot fail to carry the name of its editor down to posterity, along with that

* See *North American Review*, Vol. VII. p. 323.

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of the illustrious subject of his labors. The kindred service, which Mr. Sparks, with his singular industry and good judgment in investigation and selection, and ability as a writer, has still more recently rendered to the fame of Franklin, was little indeed anticipated by us, when, in connexion with the remark just now quoted, we congratulated ourselves on the possession of what we then supposed would continue to be the standard edition of the works of that extraordinary man.

Our readers need not be reminded of the further valuable services rendered by Mr. Sparks, in his chosen department of study, by his lives of Morris and of Ledyard, the ten volumes of his "American Biography," and his edition of the Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution; nor of the enviable fame established by Mr. Bancroft, by his not yet finished history of the American Colonies and States.

Nor have American historians confined their attention to the annals of their own country. Witness Mr. Wheaton's elaborate "History of the Northmen," and Mr. Prescott's "History of the Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," a work than which the age has certainly produced none more sure of bequeathing its author's name to the admiration of future times.

As the American writers of the five finished *lustres* of our own literary life have successively presented themselves before the public, we have constantly used our poor endeavour to do justice to their merits. And we are tempted to add the expression of our consciousness of never having designed to treat the claims of any of them in any other than a frank, fair, and generous spirit. We should have been faithless to our undertaking, if we had not freely censured, wherever we conceived censure to be due. It is only by such discrimination, that we could accomplish our wish of rendering some service to the rising literature of the country; but the office of commendation is that, in which we have always found our highest pleasure. We see cause to congratulate ourselves, in the retrospect of our labors, on the prompt encouragement with which it has often been our happiness to welcome the first exhibitions of talents, matured since into useful exercise and wide fame. We congratulate ourselves on the firm resistance which these pages have always opposed to the encroachment of any and every form of a sectional and sectarian spirit, and on the pertinacity with which they have kept aloof from the strifes of political party. In the view of some of the

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newspaper writers, this last feature of our policy is a sin, and they have not failed, from year to year, to visit it with their rebuke. But with their good leave, or even without it, we believe we shall keep on our accustomed course in this respect. Party conflicts are excellent things in their way. But there is room in the world for those who do not engage in them. And, profitable as they are, science, literature, art, and other high interests of humanity have also their claims, and claims which are best met by the concurrent devotion of minds which may divide upon the question, who ought to be the next President.

Art. XI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *A Reply to the Attack on Anthon's Greek Reader, in the North American Review for July*, 1840. The Knickerbocker. Extra. New York. 8vo. pp. 11.

We have been credibly assured, that, in some quarters in New York, this *fanfaronnade* passes for a sufficient answer to our recent strictures on Professor Anthon's discreditable work. We should not have thought it, and we can only say, The more is the pity. Great part of the eleven pages has no reference whatever to our criticism, and, so far as this is touched upon, no particular of the argument offered by us is invalidated. Indeed the critic scarcely appears to have proposed to himself any thing more, than by raising a cloud of words to hide the points in question.

In our recent article we found ourselves compelled to charge Dr. Anthon with plagiarism. We proved this charge in different ways.

First, we showed that after professing in his Preface an intention of taking "those selections from the German work [of Jacobs], which had been adopted in the more respectable portion of our Classical schools," he had made *the same additions* to those selections, which had been before made by the Boston editors. His champion replies to this, only by saying that if the articles were not in Jacobs's work, they were in Dalzel's "Græca Minora"! What then? Dr. Anthon made no allusion to Dalzel's book, except to speak of "the days of the Græca Minora" as one of the lowest periods of American scholarship. He stated categorically, that his new edition consisted of

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those extracts *from Jacobs* which had before been in use. This statement was the foundation of our argument on that point, and it is carefully kept out of view by the writer in the "Knickerbocker."

We further supported the accusation of plagiarism by a reference to the accentuation of the two editions. A number of words in the Boston edition bore different accents in the lexicon from those attached to them in the text. On referring to the New York edition, the same inconsistency was found. We stated this, and still state it, as a positive proof that one edition was borrowed from the other; a positive, unequivocal proof, we say, because it occurs in a large number of instances. The critic in the "Knickerbocker" replies, that the New York text and lexicon were prepared by different persons; that Dr. Anthon corrected the text, while the lexicon was compiled by Mr. Drisler. Passing by for the present the grave circumstance, that, in a book published with Dr. Anthon's name, and recommended by his classical reputation, so important a part as this lexicon is should be compiled entirely, as it appears, by another hand, we half fear we shall affront our readers' understandings, by asking them to observe, that this fact does not at all concern our argument. Certain remarkable inconsistencies occur between the text and lexicon of the Boston edition; the same are found in that published in New York; and from such facts there can be but one inference, which is not changed by the circumstance that the text and the lexicon were the work of different hands. If, as the writer in the "Knickerbocker" asserts, Dr. Anthon edited the text and Mr. Drisler the lexicon, there is no more to be said than that Dr. Anthon copied from the Boston text, and Mr. Drisler from the Boston lexicon.

Under pretence of a general answer to this branch of our argument, and to the fact, which we stated, that almost all the Boston errors in accent were copied into the New York edition, a deal of verbiage is put together on the subject of Greek accentuation. In mentioning the inconsistencies between the accentuation of the text and that of the lexicon, we spoke of the accents in the former as erroneous, in certain instances, while we called the latter correct. To this the New York critic is at pains to say, that questions of accent excite difference of opinion among German scholars, and then he goes on to charge us with ignorance in condemning accentuations, which, as he attempts to show, are supported by some authorities. What if they are? After duly weighing authorities, we presumed to say that one accentuation was correct, and the other incorrect. If our censor's remarks mean any thing, they show, that, in his zeal to submit to European criticism, he would not take the

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responsibility of deciding, but would sustain both accentuations as of good authority. This is the best defence he can make in the case for his discordant clients, Messrs. Anthon and Drisler.

Even if he were able to appeal to the highest authority for an accentuation pronounced by us erroneous, our argument from the fact that the inconsistencies of the one edition are found in the other would be no less strong. Whether the Boston text is wrong and the lexicon right, as we stated, or both are right, as he states, it is very evident that the New York editors carefully copied both. Allowing him his own way, it remains palpable to sense, that the New York and Boston editions have in these cases exactly the same reading, and that is what we asserted. Nay, such a charge as we made would be only strengthened by the existence of a question respecting the correctness or incorrectness of an accentuation. If there were the great doubt and difference of opinion which is pretended, it would be only the more wonderful that the Boston and New York editors should have stumbled on the same inconsistencies.

Really, however, our critic, in this instance, has no ground on which to rest; and as on this matter of accentuation he accuses us of ignorance, which is a thing very definite and provable, — and justly chargeable, it would seem, in the present instance, somewhere, — the reader will perhaps pardon us if we go a little into detail. After stating that Jacobs introduced some accentual variations, he says,

"It so happens, moreover, that Jacobs's opinion in this respect is supported by that of other scholars in Germany. In the case of Ἄγις, Ἴσις, and ἄμνος, he adopts an accentuation different indeed from that of Passow, but then he has for Ἄγις the authority of Schneider, the well known editor of Xenophon; for Ἴσις the authority of Bähr, who has given us the best text of Herodotus; and for ἄμνος that of Riemer in his Greek and German Lexicon. The blundering reviewer in the North American, however, not knowing any better, and merely perceiving that the accentuation of these three words in Jacobs differs from that of Passow, takes them all for so many typographical errors, and talks forsooth of their being corrected in the Boston lexicon." — p. 6.

The "Knickerbocker," then, we understand, deliberately defends these accents as plausible, on these authorities. Let us see. Jacobs did once make use of them, but he discovered and corrected his own mistake as early as 1827, when he published the tenth edition of his work, and in that and all his subsequent editions the words are given with the accents which we stated to be correct. Riemer's authority is adduced to support ἄμνος, but it is by mere force of a typographical error. If the reader will consult his Lexicon, he will find that

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his authority is on our side. In the second edition of that work, *ἄμνος* is inserted in its alphabetical place *with no accent whatever;* in two other places, however, where it is introduced as the root of *ἄμνας* and *ἄμνιον*, the accent is placed on the last syllable, *where we placed it.* In the fourth edition, in its alphabetical place, it is accented as the "Knickerbocker" states, — evidently incorrectly, however, in Riemer's own opinion, for in the two instances where he uses the word as a root, he gives the oxytone accent, which we approved. So that in six instances where the word occurs in two editions of Riemer's Lexicon, which the "Knickerbocker" gives as its authority, four are on our side, one bears no accent, and only the sixth gives the accent we condemned. This is undoubtedly an error of the printer, caused, probably, by the accidental omission of the accent in a former edition.

Further, if the reviewer will refer to Goettling's work on accentuation, — universally considered, we believe, very high authority, — he will find this note. "*Καπνός* together with *ἀμνός* is *oxytone*."

Ἄγις and *Ἴσις* have as little authority as *ἄμνος*. One so well versed in the rules of Greek accentuation as this critic would appear, will assent to the general rule which Goettling states; "Every word which is accented on the penultima takes the circumflex on that syllable, if it be by nature long, and the last syllable short." He will not deny that the last syllable in these words is short; the following lines will show him that their penults are long.

Ἐλθῃ μὴ Πρωτεὺς Ἄγις ὁ τῶν λοπάδων.

Anthol. Append. No. 29.

Ἄγις Ἀρισταγόρην οὔτ' ἔκλυσεν, οὔτ' ἔθιγ' αὐτοῦ.

Anthol. XI. 123.

Ἀντὶ βοός, χρυσέου τ' ἀναθήματος Ἴσιδι τούσδε.

Ibid. VI. 60.

Ἰναχίης ἔστησεν ἐν Ἴσιδος ἡ Θάλεω παῖς.

Callim. Epig. 58.

Ἰσχάδι καὶ λύχνοις Ἴσιδος εἰδόμενον.

Ibid. Epig. 50.

Σὺν σῇ μητρὶ θεᾷ μελανηφόρῳ Ἴσιδι σέμνῃ.

Orph. Hymn. 42. 9.

Ἴσιδι καρποτόκῳ, σταχυμήτορι, μυριομόρφῳ.

Anthol. Planud. IV. 264.

Σὴ δὲ μάκαιρα θεὰ μήτηρ πολυώνυμος Ἴσις.

Anthol. Append. No. 231.

Our references are made to the Leipsic Stereotype editions of the classics. We may add, that the analogy of the Latin poets supports these quantities.

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In the entire absence of all proof to the contrary, we believe these examples will satisfy every one at all conversant with the subject, that the penults of these two words are long, and should bear the circumflex accent.

The fact appears to be, that what controversy there ever was in Germany on any of these words is now ended. The accentuation is settled. Crusius, who, as this article tells us, was one of Mr. Drisler's authorities, distinctly says, "Ἄγις is incorrect; Passow, the editor of that Schneider whose name is adduced as authority, says, "We here and there find the false accentuation "Ἰυις." To attempt to enumerate authorities which have silently given our accentuation, would be to publi h the names of more than nine tenths of the philologists who have occasion to use the words. We may mention, however, Passow, Crusius, Rabbe, Morell, Luenemann, Georges, Freund, and Jacobs, as supporting us on one or both of these words, and contradicting us on neither. We cannot but wonder that the question should be mooted anew. — "Ignorance," it seems, is the word. So be it. It was not a word of our choosing.

We have cited the rule above as given by Goettling, the authority generally considered as the highest on the subject. The New York critic however may ask, whether it is confirmed by that which is to him the highest authority, Dr. Anthon's opinion. We freely declare it is not. In his Greek Grammar, Dr. Anthon has stated the rule much more *strongly against himself*; *so strongly and so erroneously*, that we cannot in conscience introduce it into a general argument. We mention it for the especial benefit of the New York reviewer, whose allegiance ought to compel him to adhere to it; but we very much fear that all the tables of *errata* in all the classics ever published will not support him. The remarks immediately preceding this rule are cautiously and correctly stated; "If the third syllable is accented;" and "If the final syllable is accented," the accents are such and such; then, without any appearance or pretence of contingency, but boldly and forcibly proposed, as new truths should be, comes the declaration; "Every dissyllabic word whose penult is long by nature, and followed by a short final syllable, is marked with a circumflex on the penult, as χρῆμα," &c. The reader will observe the difference between this rule and Goettling's, as stated above. We would suggest, that in future editions of the Grammar the words ὠόν, χρησμός, χλωρός, Φωκίς, should be added as further examples. We have copied them precisely from Mr. Dris-

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ler's lexicon. He neglected to arrange the accents according to the new rule, but, for consistency, they can easily be altered. We would suggest also, that in a future edition of the "Reader," Dr. Anthon should erase this note on page 163. "Observe the accentuation of the word δημός here as differing from δῆμος, 'a people.'" We "Scythians" have been accustomed to observe this difference. We have translated one word "fat" and the other "people"; but such trivial distinctions as this may now be abolished by the simplifying labors of the New York "Anacharsis." Let us rejoice that he also destroys the useless nicety of having two words, ὦμος and ὠμός, for the similar ideas *shoulder* and *raw;* of indicating by Βῆλος and βηλός, that Belus of Babylon was not a *threshold*; of noting the distinction between κεῖνος and κενός, when their meanings, *that* and *empty*, show such an analogy; of informing a reader by the difference between Γλαῦκος and γλαυκός, that Glaucus, the King of Crete, was not at all *green.* All these words have naturally long penults and short final syllables. Let them then at once be marked according to this wonderful rule of accentuation. The slight change of meaning ought to be no obstacle to so admirable a reform.

Seriously, Dr. Anthon, accustomed as he is to inaccuracy, ought to blush for such an error as this. In a person entirely ignorant of the subject, and merely compiling from other works, it would be inexcusable; in one who has admitted pretensions to classical and critical lore, it is highly blameworthy.

It is very easy to show instances where the New York edition copies the errors of its predecessor, and where there is no defence at all for the erroneous accentuation. Such are πολιορκητής, correct in the Boston lexicon, incorrectly marked on page 5 of the text, as a paroxytone, and as such copied by Dr. Anthon; παιδιά, correct in the Boston text, incorrectly marked as a paroxytone in the lexicon, and as such copied by Mr. Drisler. The reader will understand that these, and the instances mentioned above, are cases out of some thirty or forty copies of decided inconsistencies of the Boston editors. The copies of common typographical mistakes are much more frequent; and as it is impossible to give them at length, a statement of the fact must suffice.

To the charge that the New York lexicon was borrowed from the Boston one, the "Knickerbocker" makes a counter accusation, that that was plundered from Donnegan. The charge is amusing enough to any one who remembers the nature of the

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two books; but it becomes still more so, when used, as it is, to account for the resemblance to which we alluded.

"The Boston lexicon," says the Knickerbocker, "is, from beginning to end, mostly an abridgment of Donnegan's; and Donnegan's, as all know, is only a translation of the German work of Passow. Mr. Drisler's Lexicon is compiled from Passow, from Donnegan, from Scapula, from Planche, from Crusius, and many more besides." — p. 6.

From this partial similarity of origin, it is argued, that the striking verbal and material similarity has arisen. Really, the Boston lexicon is formed on the basis of Jacobs's; before this statement of the "Knickerbocker," we did not know that Dr. Anthon (or Mr. Drisler) professed his to be any thing else. As he does so, he loses all that excuse for the similarity, which a common origin from Jacobs's would give him, and which, in our last Number, we allowed him. Even were the Boston lexicon made as the "Knickerbocker" states, we doubt if any one would believe that the same results would be obtained by an abridgment of Donnegan's translation of Passow, as by Mr. Drisler's abridgment and compilation of the works of all the lexicographers mentioned. To us such a belief appears a ridiculously circuitous way of accounting for a very simple phenomenon.

The reviewer states that Dr. Anthon borrowed from Dalzel the notes which we accused him of borrowing from the Boston editors. We have spoken above on the drafts upon Dalzel made by Dr. Anthon in his text, apparently without his own knowledge, certainly without informing his readers. The same remarks will apply here.

These, with a singular argument from the size of the books, to which we shall allude before we close, form the replies to our charge of plagiarism. If there is nothing better to bring against it, sure we are that it must stand as fully supported, and impregnable.

We mentioned as another of the faults of Dr. Anthon's book, that it exhibited his usual verbose grandiloquence. The reviewer does not seem to understand that this can be a fault. We objected, for instance, to the lexicon, as loaded with useless words; and we suggested that the probable cause was the desire of procuring for it the appearance of completeness and originality. So far is the critic who opposes us from meeting this objection, that he adduces, as a proof that Dr. Anthon committed no plagiarism, the fact that his lexicon contains 8,034 lines more than the Boston one. We cannot suppose it a recommendation to a school-boy's lexicon, that it is large. Can such instances of tautology as we mentioned in our last Number be of any use to the young student? The reviewer

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alleges of one of them, that it has the authority of Donnegan. If Donnegan's Lexicon were suitable for the use of young students, there would be no need of another. We did not accuse Dr. Anthon of incorrect, but of useless definitions. To our charge of cumbrous pedantry, no definite reply is made.

We believe we have mentioned all the points where the "Knickerbocker" writer pretends to meet our article. His remarks on our comments on the note to Diodorus Siculus in no degree relieve the Professor from the charge of having erroneously rendered the word *in that passage*. No reply is made to our objections to the number or quality of his translations. In the course of some criticisms or ambiguous sneers at the Boston "Greek Reader," the reviewer is at the trouble to point out several of those ridiculous mistakes to which we alluded in our last. By a fanciful change of subject, he then directs his rage against Boston editions of the classics generally. Thus, half a page is devoted to a list of errata for Mr. Dillaway's editions of Cicero, the connexion between which, and the article in this Review on Anthon's "Greek Reader," he neglects to point out. The truth is, though there is not a little virulent nonsense founded upon the postulate of the Boston "Greek Reader" making part of a "series" of publications, there is not the slightest ground for that assertion. The "Greek Reader" has no more connexion with the other books referred to, than the "Knickerbocker" has with the "New Era."

About two pages of the beginning of the article are devoted to a very brief history of all the piracies of New York publishers of the "Greek Reader," which, if to any one, will be profitable to persons investigating the law of copyright.

The reviewer permits himself to accuse us of want of courtesy. Certainly, we did not consider that so atrocious a plagiarism as that committed in the work we were criticizing, required to be handled very tenderly. A difference of opinion on that point is a matter of taste. — There are several facts stated in the article, not so remarkable for their pertinency where introduced, as for their profound interest to the general reader. Such are the declarations, that Dr. Anthon read the "Græca Minora" at school, and that he has owned a copy of Jacobs's German work for the last fourteen years, for an ignorance of which circumstances we are accused of matchless effrontery. We have, recommended to our especial notice, the fact that Dr. Anthon is personally unacquainted with Mr. Casserly; and this is introduced to show that our hint respecting the reciprocity of their compliments was unfounded. Friendship does not require personal acquaintance, still less does a

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matter of business like that to which we alluded. The New York critic several times speaks of the writer in this Review as "our friend the reviewer," without any advances on his part, without his concurrence, and certainly without any personal acquaintance.

We have thought it necessary to say thus much in relation to the article in the "Knickerbocker," lest the high tone it takes might deceive a cursory reader. To any one who has carefully examined our article and the reply, we believe it is unnecessary to repeat, that not one of our positions is invalidated, and that some of them are not attacked. It is impossible that we should be moved by such a puerile intimation, as that of our being influenced by a regard to the place of publication, in our disapprobation of the work condemned. Does Dr. Anthon, or the writer in the "Knickerbocker," amuse himself with the idea, that, if a book is poor, we are to forbear to say so, because it chances to be published in New York? Why should we?

One fact, which has come out in the course of this discussion, we had before suspected, but hardly supposed that we should hear it so ingenuously avowed. Books, which are ostensibly Dr. Anthon's, are, it seems, in some sort, Mr. Drisler's; and if Mr. Drisler's, why not also, in some sort, Mr. somebody's else? A "Peter-Parley" book-factory, with a capable foreman, may be carried on well enough by a variety of hands. But with books for the classical schools, the case is different; and if Dr. Anthon, who is a scholar, though not eminently a gracious one, employs subordinates who may possibly not be scholars, and passes off their wares under his package and brand, it is a case for the *caveat emptor*.

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2. — *An Address delivered at the Consecration of the Harmony Grove Cemetery in Salem, June* 14, 1840. By Daniel Appleton White. With an Appendix. Salem Gazette Press. 8vo. pp. 33, xix.

The occasion of this address was one of great interest to the inhabitants of Salem and the vicinity; and a more judicious selection of a speaker could not have been made than that of Judge White. The discourse is written with much beauty of language, delicacy and depth of feeling, and a fine perception of the exigencies of the occasion. The speaker enlarges, in a vein of fine remark, upon the respect and rev-

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erence that all nations have paid to the remains of the dead, and upon the influences that such feelings are calculated to exercise upon the living ; and then passes on to the importance of establishing cemeteries, like that of Mount Auburn and Harmony Grove. We do not know whether to approve more the beauty of style and illustration with which these several topics are handled, or the justness, tenderness, and truth, which breathe throughout the whole discourse.

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3. — 1. *Strive and Thrive ; a Tale.* By Mary Howitt. Boston : James Munroe & Co. 1840. 18mo. pp. 175.
2. *Hope On ! Hope Ever ! or the Boyhood of Felix Law.* By Mary Howitt, Author of "Strive and Thrive," &c. Boston : James Munroe & Co. 1840. 18mo. pp. 225.

The first of these little books is a well conducted tale of a family, suddenly reduced from competence to poverty, and of the manner in which the reverse is borne by the different members. The spirits of the husband sink under calamity ; but the courage of the wife meets the emergency, and proves the salvation of the family. The character of the wife is extremely well drawn ; and the efforts of the children, and their final success, are delineated with skill and grace. The moral purpose of the book is excellent.

The second, "The Boyhood of Felix Law," is also interesting and well written. It contains the story of an orphan boy, the son of a schoolmaster in a little English village, to which the changes of modern society have not yet penetrated. His sufferings with the family under whose guardianship he is left, and the still worse sufferings to which he is subjected on being sent to London and put into the hands of another protector, form a story of pathetic interest. We have also many amusing glimpses of village life in the quiet vales of England ; the friendships, jealousies, festivities, and sadnesses, that belong to that form of human existence, are represented with all the truth of familiar observation.

We rejoice to see the works of the Howitts, whatever they be, republished among us. Their names have a pleasant sound ; their writings are sure to be animated by a kindly, humane spirit ; and no one can leave them without feeling that he has been in delightful company.

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4. — *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*, by T. Babington Macaulay. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, & Co. Two Volumes. 12mo. pp. 456 and 496.

These charming volumes are made up of contributions of Mr. Macaulay to the "Edinburgh Review," between the years 1825 and 1837, with an Appendix containing two beautiful specimens of his poetical powers. The subjects of the present essays are, Milton; Machiavelli; Dryden; History and Historians; Hallam's "Constitutional History"; Southey's "Colloquies on Society"; Lord Byron; "The Pilgrim's Progress"; Johnson and Boswell; Hampden; Lord Burghley; Mirabeau and the French Revolution; the War of the Succession in Spain; Walpole's "Letters to Sir Horace Mann;" the Earl of Chatham and his Times; and the Life, Character and Philosophy of Lord Bacon.

Many of these subjects, it is obvious, have wide relations; all are treated with extraordinary sense, learning, force, wit, and eloquence. Indeed, we could not name the recent work, in which, within the same compass, is to be found an equal amount of entertainment and instruction. We remember, soon after the publication of the article on Milton, upon reading it in a retired part of Europe, where we had no means of becoming acquainted with its authorship, to have remarked that the "Edinburgh Review" had obtained some new contributor, capable of sustaining, if not of increasing, the fame of its palmiest days. We still think that composition one of rare brilliancy, notwithstanding what we account the unsoundness of its theory; but to our present mind, with all its beauty, it is the least striking piece in the collection.

From the large variety of topics discussed, we had selected two or three, intending to make them the occasion of some extended remarks. Our arrangements for the present number have not admitted of the accomplishment of that purpose, but we do not abandon it. The book cannot fail of great circulation and popularity. The publishers have judged well in laying it before the public in a convenient and tasteful form. It bears marks, on the whole, of careful editing, but after all is disfigured by a few unlucky misprints; as,

"Generalization is necessary to the advancement of knowledge, but *particularly* [read *particularity*] in the creations of the imagination." — Vol. I. p. 20.

"The style of the Athenian had something of the vagueness and *tenor* [read *terror*?] of the Oriental character," — *Ibid.* p. 39.

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"Public events had produced an immense sum of *money* [read *misery*] to private citizens. The Northern invaders had brought want to their boards," &c. — *Ibid.* p. 119.

"To people who are *acquainted* [read *unacquainted*] with real calamity, 'nothing is so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.'"—*Ibid.* p. 426.

"During the recess of 1774 [read 1744] the old Duchess of Marlborough died."—Vol. II. p. 320.

So in the beautiful Prize Poem upon Pompeii, the attaching of an asterisk to the wrong line causes Alboïn and Attila to be represented in a note as the same person. These errors, we are bound in justice to say, are all, of any consequence, that we have remarked. Had we not been informed of the contrary, it would naturally have occurred to us, that some of them, at least, arose from the American edition of the "Edinburgh Review" having been placed in the compositor's hands. The wretched execution of the reprints of the English Reviews is the scandal of the American press. Luckily, from the nature of the case, we are not discredited by the circulation of such specimens of our handicraft abroad.

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5. — 1. *An Account of the Visit of the French Frigate L'Artémise to the Sandwich Islands, July*, 1839. Honolulu. 1839. 8vo. pp. 62.

2. *Supplement to the Sandwich Island Mirror, containing an Account of the Persecution of the Catholics at the Sandwich Islands. Remarks on an Account of the Transactions connected with the Visit of L'Artémise. Remarks on the Manifesto and the Treatment of the Missionaries.* Hawaian Spectator, Vol. II. No. 4, Art. 4. January 15th, 1840. Honolulu, Sandwich Islands: R. J. Howard. pp. 100.

The first of these pamphlets is from the pen of the Rev. S. N. Castle, one of the American Missionaries resident in the Sandwich Islands. It contains an account of the visit of the French frigate *L'Artémise* at those islands, and an argument to prove the injustice and harshness of that remarkable proceeding. The other pamphlet is anonymous, but was written at Honolulu, and is a reply to the first. We have collected from them, and from other sources entitled to confidence, what we believe to be the facts of the case, and think them of sufficient interest to be laid before our readers.

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The ship *L'Artémise*, commanded by Captain Laplace, arrived at Oahu, on the 9th of July, 1839, commissioned to adjust what were called the difficulties existing between France and the Sandwich Islands. Captain Laplace, on the same day, in the name of his government, addressed a manifesto to the King of the Islands, in which he sets forth briefly and indistinctly the grounds of the complaint on the part of France, and then proceeds to declare that he presents a treaty for ratification, (some of the leading clauses and objects of which he embodies in the manifesto,) and to say, that, unless it be signed, and the sum of twenty thousand dollars be paid into his hands as security for its faithful fulfilment, "war will be immediately commenced." He sent, at the same time, a letter to the American Consul at Oahu, in which he defined his purpose to be, to commence hostilities on the 12th instant, if the King should decline acceding to the treaty, and in which he offers an asylum on board his ship to the countrymen of the Consul, with this important qualification; "I do not, however, include in this class the individuals, who, although born, it is said, in the United States, make a part of the Protestant clergy of the Chief of this Archipelago, direct his counsels, influence his conduct, and are the true authors of the insults given by him to France. For me they compose a part of the native population, and must undergo the unhappy consequences of a war which they shall have brought on this country."

Captain Laplace followed up these communications by immediately declaring the harbour in a state of blockade. The King of the Sandwich Islands was at this moment absent from Oahu, at Maui. A vessel was sent to bring him to Oahu, his secretary in the mean time remaining on board the frigate, as a hostage for his return, and, at the request of the governess of Oahu, the period for the commencement of hostilities was postponed to the 15th instant, to give time for his arrival. On the 13th, the King not having come, the governor and governess of Oahu signed the treaty on behalf of their sovereign, and paid to the French captain the sum of twenty thousand dollars, exacted to secure its observance. The next day the King arrived. On Tuesday, the 16th, late in the afternoon, the treaty was first presented to him, "and he was told that if it was not signed by breakfast time next morning, such a representation should be made to the French government, that they would send a larger force, and take possession of the island. He requested time to consult his chiefs, but the threat was repeated; and under that threat he signed it." On the morning of the 20th the frigate sailed, carrying the treaty and the hostage money.

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The treaty thus exacted by the cannon of France, as explained by the manifesto which accompanied it, stipulates, among other provisions, that the Catholic worship shall be declared free throughout all the dominions subject to the King of the Sandwich Islands; that the members of this religious faith shall enjoy in them all the privileges granted to Protestants; that a site for a Catholic church shall be given by the government of Honolulu, and that this church shall be ministered by priests of the French nation; that no Frenchman, accused of any crime whatever, shall be tried except by a jury composed of foreign residents, proposed by the French Consul, and approved by the government of the Sandwich Islands; and that French wines and brandies shall not be prohibited, and shall not pay an import duty higher than five per cent. *ad valorem.*

The author of the first of these pamphlets thinks, that, in this proceeding, injustice was done to the government of the Sandwich Islands and to the American Missionaries. And we must say, that, as we understand the subject, we think so too.

It is very clear, in the first place, that the precise point of the controversy, which had existed for a short time before the visit of this ship, and which caused and was terminated by it, was whether the government of the Islands should be compelled to permit French Catholic priests to propagate the Catholic faith and worship among its native subjects, or should have the power and right of preventing them. Wisely or unwisely, that government had embraced the Protestant form of the Christian religion, and had decided that in that form, and in that form only, this religion should be presented to the reason and fears, and immature and unspiritual, but advancing civilization of its people. It admitted, therefore, and even invited Protestant missionaries, and it excluded Catholic missionaries. The French were pleased to think, that this government had no right to choose between these two forms of Christianity, and went to war to compel it to let in one as freely as the other. That this is the sum and substance of the whole difficulty between the parties, will appear from a very brief review of its origin and course.

It seems that in July, 1826, His Holiness, Pope Leo the Twelfth, constituted M. Bachelot, a French Jesuit priest, Apostolic Prefect of the Sandwich Islands; and that, in the following November, that person sailed for the Islands, taking with him another Catholic priest of the same order, Mr. Short, a subject of England. This was several years after the American Protestant mission had been successfully established. The object of this expedition, it is admitted on all hands, was to

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propagate the Catholic faith and worship among the native inhabitants. These priests arrived at Honolulu in July, 1827. It happened that at that time the King was a minor. Perhaps it is not quite certain whether Boki, the acting governor of that island, or Kaahumanu, the widow of the former King, was the constitutional representative or regent during the minority. The governor is said, by the writer of the second of the above pamphlets, to have desired the priests to land and remain, while there is no doubt that Kaahumanu resisted it, and expressly commanded the captain of the vessel, in which they came, to take them away. He alleged that he was short of provisions, and could not, and for this, or for some other reason, they were allowed to be left behind. To our minds, however, it is clear that they neither obtained nor asked leave from the constitutional government of the Sandwich Islands to undertake the propagation of the Catholic system among its subjects, and that they received no pledge of any description from that government, that they should be permitted to do so. They began the work, however, which they went to do, and prosecuted it with the characteristic activity and address of Jesuit missionaries. In the year 1829, the government proclaimed an order prohibiting the natives from attending religious services at the priest's chapel. But the order produced no effect, or an inconsiderable and temporary effect ; and, towards the close of that year, Kaahumanu, then constituting, as is conceded by all parties, the government *de jure* and *de facto*, apprized M. Bachelot, that he must exclude natives from his chapel, although she permitted him to keep it open to resident foreigners. So far as we can learn, this intimation was disregarded ; the objects of the mission were steadily prosecuted ; and, towards the close of 1831, the King seemed to have found, or felt, himself obliged to send the priests out of the Islands. They were accordingly, with their effects, removed to California. We do not learn, that any notice was taken of this proceeding by the government of France.

In 1836, Mr. Walsh, a Catholic priest and an Irishman, having come to Honolulu, was at first commanded to leave the Island, but at length was suffered to remain, upon his engagement to abstain from interfering with the religious instruction of the natives. About the middle of June, 1837, Messrs. Bachelot and Short returned to Honolulu in an English brig, for the purpose of recommencing their original enterprise of proselytism, and went ashore. They were immediately compelled to go on board the vessel again, which was ordered to leave the Island ; and they remained on board of her until July, when, by the interposition of an English and a French ship

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of war, an arrangement was negotiated, to which the English and the French captains and the government of the Islands were parties, by which they were to be suffered to land and stay until they could sail for some civilized part of the world. They were to embrace the first opportunity of doing this, and in the mean time were not to preach. We subjoin the stipulation of the French captain.

"Honolulu, July 21st, 1837.

"The undersigned, commander of the French frigate La Vénus, promises in the name of M. Bachelot, that he will seize the first favorable opportunity which offers to quit these Islands, and go either to Manila, Lima, Valparaiso, or any civilized part of the world; and, in case such a one is not presented, on the arrival of the first French man-of-war which visits these Islands, he shall be received on board. In the mean time M. Bachelot shall not preach.

"A. Du Petin-Thouars,
"Post Captain commanding French frigate *La Vénus.*"

The English captain entered into a similar stipulation for Mr. Short. A few days after, the following treaty was made between France and the Islands.

"Honolulu, Sandwich Isles, July 24th, 1837.

"There shall be perpetual peace and amity between the French and the inhabitants of the Sandwich Isles.

"The French shall freely come and go in all the States which compose the government of the Sandwich Isles.

"They shall be received and protected there, and shall enjoy the same advantages which the subjects of the most favored nations enjoy.

"Subjects of the King of the Sandwich Isles shall equally come into France, and shall be received and protected there as the most favored foreigners.

"Signed, Kamehameha III.
A. Du Petin-Thouars,
"Captain Commander of the French frigate *La Vénus.*"

In the succeeding October, Mr. Short left Honolulu for Valparaiso. Very soon after another priest, M. Maigret, arrived at Honolulu, but was not allowed to land, unless he would give security to depart within some stipulated period, and in the mean time to abstain from attempting to propagate his faith. This he could not or would not do, and he and M. Bachelot finally left Honolulu in November, 1837. M. Bachelot was at that time in ill health, and died at sea. The government of the Islands then published a pretty full and formal ordinance, prohibiting the teaching of the "peculiarities of the Pope's religion," and the exhibition of its ceremonies, and announcing that no teacher of that religion would be allowed to reside in the Islands.

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We are sorry to add, that, in the course of this struggle to exclude Catholic priests, and the inculcation of the Catholic religion, from his dominions, the King of the Islands should have so far followed the bad example of Christendom as to punish some of his subjects whom the priests had persuaded to adopt that religion. This indiscreet and unjust persecution, however, seems not to have been extended to resident foreigners in a single instance. All such, of all nations, were treated with uniform kindness in their persons and property, except so far as they may be supposed to have been incommoded or pained by the exclusion of the Catholic clergy, and the suppression of the Catholic public worship.

We have now related the general series of conduct and pretension, on the part of the Island authorities, which is supposed to have provoked the armed interposition of France. And it is plain, we repeat, that the exact question between the parties was whether the local government could rightfully, in point of international law, prevent Catholic priests from teaching their religion to the natives. It is clear, that the matter complained of by the French was the Sandwich Island doctrine of the right to do this, and the practical assertion of that doctrine, and that the main object of the treaty was to disaffirm and extinguish that right. There was nothing else to complain of. There was no other occasion for such a treaty. Of any unfriendliness or disrespect on the part of the Island government towards France or Frenchmen as such, of any aversion to French Catholic priests, other or greater than to all Catholic priests, of the slightest invasion of any right of any French or any foreign resident in his person or property, or freedom of conscience, except what may be thought to be involved in the prohibition of public Catholic worship, nay, of any wanton or intentional harshness in the mode adopted to effect the exclusion of the "teacher priests," we see no trace of evidence. It is to be regretted, that native inhabitants were punished for becoming Catholics. But Captain Laplace was not so absurd as to pretend, that France had any thing to do with that. It is to be regretted that M. Bachelot was compelled to go to sea in ill health, and that he suffered from it. But we are not convinced, that the Island government knew the degree or even the fact of his illness, or believed that the voyage would be fatal or distressing; and still less, that there was an intention to expose him to peril and suffering. He had been waiting four months for an opportunity to go, under the stipulation of Captain Thouars, that he should embrace the first one which presented itself; and we apprehend that this long delay, coupled with the fact of the arrival of M. Maigret,

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and the information, which came about the same moment, that a bishop and more priests were on their passage to the Islands, alarmed the local government into an energy of proceeding quite in contrast with the gentleness, not to say timidity, with which they had conducted this long struggle against imported Catholicism.

It may be thought to be matter of regret too, and of reasonable complaint, that French priests were not allowed to reside, and open their chapels, and perform their professional offices for resident foreigners, even if prohibited from communicating with natives. But, if this were what France complained of, why was it not specifically stated in Captain Laplace's manifesto, and why was not the treaty so framed as to permit preaching to foreigners, and to restrain preaching to natives? The truth is, no such thing was practicable, nor, in the judgment of the French, desirable. It was for the right of having these ever active Jesuit priests go, with gentle and winning speech and bland address, among the half-civilized tribes of that people, and win their unconfirmed faith to the showy ceremonial and easy exactions of Catholic worship, that the war was made, and the treaty extorted. Even the importation of French brandies, free of duty, was a less important object than this.

Now we certainly do not mean to spend time in arguing, that on the single question at issue between these ill-matched belligerents, France was palpably in the wrong. The thing is too plain to be argued. How far it was wise in the local government to attempt to keep the Catholic priests out, and to attempt to secure to the Protestant American Missionaries, who, in the course of about twenty years, had succeeded in organizing seventeen churches, which were composed of more than twelve thousand communicants, admitted on examination; had procured the erection of many hundred school-houses, accommodating and actually attending fourteen thousand pupils; had invented an alphabet of a language before unwritten; and had printed in it and distributed more than one hundred thousand copies of portions of the Holy Scriptures; and had done much to elevate the standard of morality and of comfort, and to overcome the difficult and only not impracticable ascent from the savage to the civilized state; — how far it was wise to attempt to secure to these missionaries the opportunity to pursue these labors of a true glory, unembarrassed by alien, perhaps hostile, competition; and to continue to impress on that gentle and flexible national character, and that childlike understanding, the constant and consistent influence of a single form of Christianity, and that the simplest and most spiritual form of any; — this

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is another question. But the right to do so is as certain as that of the United States or of Massachusetts to prevent a half dozen Hindoo widows burning themselves alive any Sunday evening on Boston Common. The Sandwich Island government is as independent of France as is Russia or England. Captain Laplace substantially admits this in his manifesto. "It is without doubt," says he, "the formal intention of France, that the King of the Sandwich Islands be powerful, independent of any foreign power, which he considers his ally." France neither discovered nor conquered those Islands. They are neither her slaves nor her wards. And was it ever heard before, that the legitimate government of an independent state has not a right to declare that an alien religion shall not be taught by aliens within its borders? If Russia should exclude Catholic priests from St. Petersburg, would it afford to Catholic Europe a ground of rightful war? If the Porte should exclude the Western missionaries from Constantinople, would it afford Christendom a ground of rightful war? Our readers will excuse the pedantry of a single citation on this subject, from so common a writer as Vattel.

"It is then certain that we cannot, in opposition to the will of a nation, interfere in her religious concerns, without violating her rights and doing her an injury. But it is an office of humanity to labor by mild and lawful means to persuade a nation to receive a religion which we believe to be the only one that is true and salutary. Missionaries may be sent to instruct the people; and this care is altogether conformable to the attention which every nation owes to the perfection and happiness of others. But it must be observed, that, in order to avoid doing an injury to the rights of a sovereign, the missionaries ought to abstain from preaching clandestinely, or without his permission, a new doctrine to his people. He may refuse to accept their proffered services; and, if he orders them to leave his dominions, they ought to obey. They should have a very express order from the King of kings, before they can lawfully disobey a sovereign who commands according to the extent of his power; and the prince, who is not convinced of that extraordinary order of the Deity, will do no more than exert his lawful rights, in punishing a missionary for disobedience." — Book ii. ch. 4, sect. 59, 60.

France had no right to force missionaries on these Islands, to reclaim them from the bloodiest and most impure idolatry. But it must be remembered, that the nation, whose religious independence she invaded, was already one on which the light of a true civilization had began to dawn; which had broken its idols, and put away its sacrifices of human blood; which had become formally converted to Christianity, had begun to feel in the lives and hearts of thousands of its people, and all over its aggregate character, condition, and prospects, the

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specific influences of that vast agent of improvement and enjoyment; and had already in operation an adequate instrumentality for advancing it ultimately to the position of a cultivated and religious state. There was no call on the benevolence of France, therefore, to interfere; and we think the moral judgment, as well as the international law, of the world will recognise the sacred right of a people, in so interesting and so critical an era in the history of its efforts and its opinions, *to be let alone.*

Captain Laplace intimates, in his manifesto, that the government of the Islands had broken its treaties with France. We suppose him to refer to the refusal of that government to permit M. Maigret to land without giving security to depart within a fixed period, and, in the mean time, not to propagate his religion; and to mean that this refusal involves a breach of the treaty of July, 1837, which, as we have seen, provides that the French shall enjoy in the Sandwich Islands the same advantages as subjects of the most favored nation. But that provision was plainly introduced *alio intuitu.* It did not mean to deal with the case of persons of any nation coming to inculcate a particular religion, but to make a common commercial arrangement. Captain Thouars, who negotiated the treaty, stipulated at the very same time for the removal of M. Bachelot from the Islands, on the demand of the local government, and that he should not preach. Did he suppose that the treaty, which he was then making, secured to that priest and to others the right to stay and to preach?

Our readers will have been struck with the two other provisions of this treaty; that which stipulates for the admission of French wines and brandies under the nominal maximum duty of five per cent. *ad valorem;* and that which secures to all Frenchmen in the Sandwich Islands the right to be tried by a jury of foreigners selected by the French Consul. They are quite as offensive, we need not say, and quite as palpable violations of the independence of the Islands, as that for the admission of Catholic priests. By them, all together, France has wrested from this government the power of selecting the national religion, of preserving the public morality, so far as the unrestrained use of intoxicating liquors endangers it, and of administering its criminal law. She compels it to expose to the gaze of its people the unedifying spectacle of a conflict of rival sects of a religion, which they have not long known, under any form, nor perhaps very tenaciously embraced, nor very perfectly comprehended. She puts their recent and frail temperance at the mercy of French brandy traders, not, we suppose, very tremblingly solicitous about the habits of Sandwich

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Island husbands, wives, and sons. She violates that universal principle of international jurisprudence, that every state shall try offences committed within its jurisdiction, and enables the very accomplices of a French offender against the local criminal code to assist him in defying its penalties.

Surely, such a treaty is the result of conquest, not of negotiation; and of conquest used with extreme severity, and unprovoked by any aggression.

It is not to our minds the least unpleasing incident of this whole proceeding, that the captain of the *Artémise*, in his manifesto, and in his communication to the American Consul, should have assumed that the American missionaries in the Sandwich Islands, or some of them, were "the counsellors" and responsible advisers of those measures of the government which he had come to punish, and should, on that ground, have formally excepted them from the offer of protection on board his ship, which he tendered to all other foreign residents. We have copied above the terms in which he thus discriminates between this portion of our countrymen and other portions, all alike American citizens; alike, and even more formally and more expressly than others, authorized by the American government to live, and to pursue their labors, on these Islands, and alike entitled to its protection, until proved to have forfeited it. He denounces them as bad and perfidious counsellors of the King, and as "the true authors of the insults given by the King to France," and declares that, therefore, "for him they compose a part of the native population, and must undergo the unhappy consequences of a war which they shall have brought on the country."

We think it proper to say, that we can discover no evidence which justifies this assumption and this denunciation. There is not a tittle of proof before the public, or in existence anywhere, that they advised, or that any one of them advised, the measure of sending Messrs. Bachelot and Short from the Islands, and of refusing M. Maigret admission to them, or even that they secretly approved it. Mr. Castle declares, "that the missionaries, individually or collectively, never gave any advice on the subject at all, either for or against the measure. Most likely all would have doubted the good policy of the proceeding, as the government was so impotent." Condemned as the missionaries were, by the French captain, without a hearing, we are bound to presume them innocent, and after a careful examination of the "Reply" to Mr. Castle's pamphlet, we declare our inability to discern the slightest foundation for the charge of participation in the act of the Island government.

There is just as little evidence that they directly or indirect-

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ly advised the government to persecute its subjects for becoming Catholics. Mr. Castle asserts, that this "was known to have the decided disapprobation of all, and where, by any means, it reached the ears of any, it was made the subject of earnest remonstrance."

That they exerted such influence as they had acquired, to restrain the use of intoxicating liquors, even those of French manufacture, and that, in conformity with the ancient and received language of Protestant theology, they declared the Catholic worship of images and of the Virgin idolatrous, is not denied by them. But to maintain that this made them the enemies of France, or withdrew them from the protection which the American flag secures to American citizens on all seas and on all shores, is so absurd, "that you lose the injustice in the ridicule." We are glad to hear, that they have presented a temperate statement of the case in a memorial to Congress, and in a letter to the King of the French.

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6. — *On International Copyright; in a Letter to the Hon. William C. Preston, Senator of the United States.* By Francis Lieber. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1840. 8vo. pp. 67.

Dr. Lieber pleads with earnestness and ability the cause of that much injured class, the authors, against their old opponents and taskmasters, the booksellers. In some former publications, he had briefly commented on the point at issue, and expressed a natural indignation, that rights, long since acknowledged by all upright and disinterested judges, should still be invaded and trampled upon, because legislators were too indolent or careless to grant them legal protection. In the pamphlet before us, though professing to treat only of *International* Copyright, he really goes over the whole ground, fairly demonstrating the perpetuity of literary property, and therefore branding the violation of it, whether at home or abroad, whether immediately or after a term of years, by its only appropriate name, as piracy. We need not follow out his argument here, for the cause has already been advocated in our pages, and so fully discussed in other quarters by persons whose interests were at stake, that the public need no farther information before deciding on the right and wrong of the whole matter. Yet this publication by Dr. Lieber is well-timed, for

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legislators need not only to be convinced of the merits of the case, but to be urged to act with promptitude, that the legislation of other countries may be made effectual in protecting the rights of our own citizens. England and Germany have at last granted a scanty measure of justice, by extending the privilege of copyright in their dominions to all foreigners, on the single condition, that other governments should defend the property of British and German authors in return. American writers may, therefore, secure the proceeds of the sale of their books in these two countries, as soon as Congress shall see fit to be equally just to the countrymen of Goethe and Scott.

Dr. Lieber's letter is properly addressed to a distinguished Senator, who, in his official station, has already defended the author's claim, and has promised to persevere in the generous endeavour. To him and his associates, therefore, the question may fairly be put ; Is it not a great shame, a crying injustice, that while the people of Boston, for instance, are not allowed to take the goods and chattels of their neighbour in New York, they should be encouraged to seize property without compensation or consent, if the owner resides in London ; that they are prohibited from confiscating an English ship, but allowed to make prize of an English book ; that they are permitted to defraud Dickens or Wordsworth, but not the Rothschilds or the Barings ? "Mountains interposed" do sometimes "make enemies of nations;" but should they always make pirates of booksellers, and cause the whole reading community to become accessory to the crime by sharing in the plunder ? We use plain language, but believe that it is fully justified by a fair view of the case. It seems harsh, doubtless, to say to the purchaser of a cheap American edition of "Nicholas Nickleby," or any other popular English work, that he is really defrauding his brother man ; that he is taking that which is not his own. But were it not for that miserable sophism in ethics, so frequently applied as a narcotic to a complaining conscience, that a man is justified in doing what is not prohibited by legal enactment, such a purchaser must plead guilty to the charge.

Had this country never been separated from Great Britain, the act would be reprobated under its proper name. But dissolving the political connexion between two countries does not discharge the citizens of either from the moral obligation of paying their debts. Will it justify them in appropriating to themselves the property of another without his consent ? And a literary work is the property of its author by a better title than can be shown for any other species of exclusive ownership. He does not merely appropriate by early possession and cultivation, like the landholder ; nor render available for hu-

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man wants what was formerly useless, because at large, like the hunter or the fisherman ; nor alter and remodel previously existing products, like the artisan. But he *creates.* His exclusive title deprives the community of nothing which it possessed before, or ever could obtain without his agency, since no two persons can hit upon writing the same book.

These are very obvious considerations, and, with a multitude of others bearing upon the same point, are set forth in a very able and lucid manner in Dr. Lieber's Letter. We hope the distinguished statesman to whom it is addressed will be successful in forcing them upon the attention of Congress, and that, through the action of that body, the people will be induced to regard the publication of a foreign book without the consent of the author as being, in the language of Luther, quoted by our author, "a right great robbery, which God assuredly will punish, and ill-befitting for any honest Christian soul."

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7. — 1. *William Tell and Other Poems, from the German of Schiller.* By William Peter, A. M., Christ Church, Oxford. Philadelphia. 1840. 12mo. pp. 234.
2. *William Tell, a Drama in Five Acts. From the German of Schiller.* Providence. 1838. 12mo.

All readers of German are of course familiar with Schiller's celebrated historical play of "William Tell." The dramatic faults of Schiller appear less in this, then in any other of his works ; and some scenes in it are marked by a striking dramatic effect. The life of the Alpine Swiss is said by those who are familiar with it to be here delineated with extraordinary fidelity ; and it is stated by Goethe that even the local scenery is painted with as much truth as beauty, though Schiller had never visited Switzerland, and depended wholly upon the descriptions of the places, which had been verbally communicated to him by Goethe. At any rate, the name of William Tell is, all over the world, a watchword of bravery and patriotism ; the poet who has represented his life, in a way to satisfy the hearts of men, deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance, and that poet is Schiller, most unquestionably. The character of Tell, as drawn by Schiller, coincides perfectly with all that we know of him from history and tradition. The poet has been remarkably careful not to add to the noble conception which all men had formed, of the gallant son of the mountains ; he has pre-

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sented him before us with all his simplicity, honesty, and determined bravery; and the other characters of the piece are drawn with the same unadorned truth.

Mr. Peter, the author of the English translation of "William Tell," is at present, we understand, a resident in an official capacity, in the United States. If we may judge from this work, he is a man of high literary accomplishments. He has given us a most excellent version, showing a great familiarity with the German, and no common mastery of English style. It reads like an English poem, and yet is a faithful transcript of the German original. To add to the value of his work, he has subjoined a series of notes, drawn from personal observation, and from the admirable histories of Müller and Zschokke, explanatory of the local allusions, which would be unintelligible to the reader not familiar with the history and the scenery of Switzerland.

The second translation, named above, is from the pen of a young American scholar, Mr. Charles T. Brooks. In some respects it is closer to the original than Mr. Peter's. Mr. Brooks uses the Saxon part of our language with much skill and judgment; and this circumstance often gives him a very felicitous turn of expression, corresponding to the German. For example, in the second scene of the fourth act, — the dying scene of the Baron Attinghausen, Stauffacher says,

> "Er liegt nicht wie ein Todter — Seht, die Feder
> Auf seinen Lippen regt sich! Ruhig ist
> Sein Schlaf, und friedlich lacheln seine Züge."

Literally,

> "He lies not like one dead, — behold, the feather
> Upon his lips is moving, — quiet is
> His sleep, and peacefully his features smile."

Translated by Mr. Peter,

> "There 's no appearance yet of death upon him;
> His slumber 's light and tranquil as a babe's;
> And see, his lips still breathe, and each kind feature
> Is lighted up with its accustomed smile."

This is rather too much amplified. The "babe" in particular is not Schiller's, but Mr. Peter's. Why did not the translator give the exact meaning of *die Feder regt sich*, "*the feather stirs*," especially as, according to his own remark, the same expression, "This feather stirs," is used by Shakspeare in "King Lear"? (Act V. Sc. 3.)

Mr. Brooks's version is more literal and more poetical.

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"He lies not like a corpse. The feather, see,
Is stirring on his lips. Calmly he sleeps
And o'er his features plays a peaceful smile."

We had marked some passages for further comparison, but must suppress them for want of room.

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8. — *An Address delivered before the Philolexian Society of Columbia College, May 17th,* 1840. By Benjamin I. Haight, A. M., Rector of All Saints' Church. New York: William C. Martin. 8vo. pp. 31.

This address is of a local character, but has an interest for a wider circle of readers than that for which it was particularly prepared. It is chastely and beautifully written; and consists chiefly of sketches of persons distinguished in the history of Columbia College. The character of the Rev. Dr. Harris, a former president of the institution, is written in a most affectionate spirit; it is a pleasing tribute from a pupil to the memory of an instructer. These sketches are interspersed with excellent moral reflections; and the discourse closes with a finely written discussion of the important influence of religion, especially when conjoined with talent and learning. The noble college, within whose walls this discourse was delivered, has done much to keep up a high standard of scholarship, and a correct moral tone, in the country; and its alumni seem disposed to carry out into life the sound principles they have there been taught.

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9. — *The Bowdoin Poets.* Edited by E. P. Weston. Brunswick: Joseph Griffin. 1840. 12mo. pp. 188.

One is struck with surprise, on looking over the list of writers some of whose productions are reprinted in this handsome volume, to observe how many of the best and most popular poets have sprung from Brunswick College; and what a large proportion of the favorite pieces have been written by gentlemen educated there. It was a happy thought of Mr. Weston to compose a sort of anthology, and thus preserve, in a more durable form, the fugitive poems, which had been received with so much approbation. The selection, we think, has been judiciously made in general. The reader will find many things in it, which have been long familiar to him as household words.

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He will find, also, some pieces that ought to have been imperatively excluded from any selection, or collection, professing to be poetical. But perhaps it is impossible, in such a miscellaneous company, to keep out all improper persons; — to make it, in fact, select as well as miscellaneous.

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10. — *An Address on the Uses of History, delivered before the Philomathean Society of the Washington County Seminary, at Salem, (Ia.) March 26th*, 1840. By Leonard Bliss, Jr. Louisville: Prentiss & Weissenger. 8vo. pp. 19.

Mr. Bliss has done well to select history as the subject of his address. He remarks, with truth and justice, upon the want of historical knowledge in this country. The study of history should begin with the earliest stages of school education, and continue to the close of the college course. But unfortunately there is no institution in the land which attempts or even professes to carry out such a system. The American student is left to pick up his knowledge of history piecemeal, as he can; at most he enjoys but a trifling amount of teaching, and that as a matter of secondary consequence. This is all wrong, and the thinking minds of the country ought to know it; for the study of history is of vital importance to the welfare of a republic. Such discourses as that of Mr. Bliss are calculated to do good, especially in the West, where the institutions of education are yet forming, and are capable as yet of being moulded after any type. It is written in a free and flowing style, sometimes eloquent, and always animated with the right spirit. The rhetoric of some of the eloquent passages is not always to our taste; they sound occasionally a little Carlylish; but, "for substance of doctrine," the discourse is orthodox to the core.

The orator first points out the general uses of history; and then shows its peculiar importance in the United States. His views are well illustrated by pertinent examples.

NOTE

TO ARTICLE III. OF NUMBER 107.

The following communication from Mr. Allston reached us too late for insertion in the last Number.

"*To the Editor of the North American Review.*

"Sir. — In a very complimentary article, in the last Number of the 'North American Review,' on my late exhibition, it was

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with much regret that I observed an allusion to an old, but unfounded, report concerning my friend, Mr. Martin, imputing to him some unfair dealing in relation to myself. I had hoped that report, *which I have again and again contradicted*, had long since been set at rest. But since this, it seems, is not the case, I feel it to be a duty which I owe to an honorable man and distinguished artist, to state distinctly, *that Mr. Martin has never borrowed from me either thought or hint in a single instance.* He has too much genius to borrow from any one.

"As to the thought of lighting my picture of Belshazzar from the 'writing on the wall,' (which is the *imagined* ground of unfairness,) I never claimed it as *my* invention; for, as the reviewer has justly remarked, the originality consists in giving to the light a preternatural source; and this is well known to have originated with Correggio, as may be seen in his celebrated *Nolte;* besides, it has so often been repeated, under various modifications, as long ago to have become a kind of common property in the art; and such indeed I considered it when, in 1816, I adopted it in another picture, — the Angel liberating St. Peter, — where the prison and the figures are both lighted by a supposed *emanation* from the Angel. But Mr. Martin's fame does not depend on such subordinate accessories as this; in my opinion a more original mind than his was never impressed on canvass. In proof, however, of the slight value I ever attached to the accessory in question, it is many years since I have altogether dispensed with it; and this I did, not because Mr. Martin also had it, but because I found that it would very materially interfere with an important part of my composition; so that *my* Belshazzar is not now lighted from the 'writing on the wall.' In Martin's picture, (which is well known here from the print,) the light so proceeding has an admirable effect, and is happily suited to *his* composition; yet do I consider it but *as a grain of sand* in the production of the powerful impression so universally felt from that extraordinary work; nor have I the least doubt, had he seen fit to light the picture from his gigantic candelabra, or from any other source, that still it would have retained its present poetical grandeur, and still have been worthy of imperial munificence.*

"If I know myself, I am the last man to seek competition, which I hold to be unworthy a true artist, who should love his art for its own sake. The very word *rival* grates upon my nature. But in this instance competition is out of the question; for the difference between Mr. Martin's work and mine

"* It is said that Mr. Martin was honored by a *solid* compliment for this picture, from the Emperor of Russia."

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is not of degree, but of *kind;* and things differing in kind (though admitting preference) cannot be compared. Many persons seem not to be aware of this, or that the same subject may be painted by twenty artists, and yet be treated differently by each, provided the artists have all *minds of their own.* Now between Mr. Martin's Belshazzar and mine, *there is not a single point of resemblance;* nor could there well be, since each was conceived according to the character of our individual minds. Yet does not this characteristic difference preclude a deep sympathy between us. At least, I answer for myself, that he could not wish for more than I have often felt under the spell of his genius.

"And here, (since I am now, however unwillingly, before the public,) I may as well say to those who might look for any thing like architectural display in my picture, that they will certainly be disappointed; indeed the small space of background which my composition allows, would not admit of it; but, were it even much larger, I should never dream of contending with Martin in architectural magnificence, in which *he stands alone.*

"A word more. Since some allusion also has been made to my studies in England, I trust I may be pardoned if I avail myself of the present opportunity to say, that I owe much of whatever knowledge I may possess of my art to the English school; my connexion with which, — and no less from respect than affection, — I shall ever hold in high value. As a body, the English artists are full of talent; and, were it not that to those omitted it might seem invidious, it would give me pleasure to name many individuals among them who deservedly hold a high rank in the art.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

"*Cambridge Port, June,* 1840."

NOTE

TO ARTICLE III. OF NUMBER 108.

IT is stated, (p. 65,) in relation to a speech of Lord Dorchester, as follows. "Chief Justice Marshall pronounced it spurious, without stating the grounds of his judgment. In this opinion he is followed by Mr. Sparks." On recurring to what Mr. Sparks says on the subject, we do not find that he expresses a decided opinion, but merely mentions that there were different sentiments in regard to the authenticity of the speech.

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QUARTERLY LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AGRICULTURE, &c.

Report of the Agricultural Meeting, held in Boston, January 13th, 1840, containing the Remarks on that Occasion of the Hon. Daniel Webster, of the United States Senate, and of Professor Silliman, M. D., LL. D., of Yale College, Conn. With Notes, by Henry Colman, Commissioner for the Agricultural Survey of the State. Salem. 8vo. pp. 43.

The Farmer's Instructer; consisting of Essays, Practical Directions, and Hints for the Management of the Farm and the Garden. Originally published in the Cultivator, selected and revised for the School District Library. By J. Buel, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo. 2 vols. pp. 276 and 247.

A Concise Application of the Principles of Structural Botany to Horticulture, chiefly extracted from the Works of Lindley, Knight, Herbert, and others, with Additions and Adaptations to this Climate. By J. E. Teschemacher. Boston: Little & Brown. 18mo. pp. 90.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

A Discourse on the Life and Character of the Rev. John Thornton Kirkland, D. D., LL. D., late President of Harvard College. Pronounced on Thursday, June 5th, 1840, in the New South Church in Boston, before the Pupils of President Kirkland, and the Government and Students of the University. By John G. Palfrey, a Member of the Class graduated in 1815. 8vo. pp. 62.

A Memoir of Harriet Eliza Snow. By Mrs. D. W. Loomis. Boston: Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. 18mo. pp. 288.

A Memoir of Wm. Rawle, LL. D., President of the Historical Society, &c. By T. J. Wharton, Esq. Read at a Meeting of the Council, held on the 22d day of February, 1837, and printed by Order of the Society. With a Letter from Peter Stephen Duponceau, Esq., to the Author, containing his Recollections of Mr. Rawle's Life and Character. Philadelphia: 1840.

The Life of Alexander Hamilton. By his Son, John C. Hamilton. Vol. II. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 563.

EDUCATION.

An Elementary Treatise on Analytical Geometry, translated from the French of J. B. Biot, for the Use of the Cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va., and adapted to the Present State of Mathematical Instruction in the Colleges of the United States,

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by Francis H. Smith, A. M., Principal and Professor of Mathematics of the Virginia Military Institute, late Professor of Mathematics in Hampden Sidney College, and formerly Assistant Professor in the United States Military Academy at West Point. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 8vo. pp. 212.

The Parent's Friend; a Manual of Domestic Instruction and Discipline. By John Morrison, D. D. With a Prefatory Address to Parents in America. By Samuel Hanson Cox, D. D. New York: Gould, Newman, & Saxton. 18mo. pp. 172.

Questions and Answers on Law; alphabetically arranged, with References to the most approved Authors. By Asa Kinne. New York.

The Primary School Primer. By C. W. Saunders, Author of a "Spelling Book," &c. New York: Gould, Newman, & Saxton. Boston: Ives & Dennett. 18mo. pp. 48.

Elements of Chemistry; containing the Principles of the Science, both Experimental and Theoretical. By Alonzo Gray, A. M., Teacher of Chemistry in the Teachers' Seminary, Andover. New York: Gould, Newman, & Saxton. 12mo. pp. 360.

Physical Education. A Lecture, delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, at its Annual Session, holden in Springfield, August, 1839. By Abel L. Pierson, M. D., of Salem. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb. 8vo. pp. 26.

The Elements of Geology, for popular Use; containing a Description of the Geological Formations and Mineral Resources of the United States. By Charles A. Lee, M. D., late Professor of Materia Medica, &c. in the University of New York. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo. pp. 375.

Elementary Geology. By Edward Hitchcock, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in Amherst College, and Geologist to the State of Massachusetts. Amherst: J. S. & C. Adams. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 12mo. pp. 329.

Prize Essay. The Teacher's Manual; being an Exposition of an efficient and economical System of Education, suited to the Wants of a free People. By Thomas H. Palmer, A. M. 12mo. pp. 263.

The Prose Selections of Dalzel's Collectanea Græca Majora. For the Use of Schools and Colleges. With English Notes, prepared by C. S. Wheeler, Instructer in Greek in Harvard University. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, & Co. Philadelphia: Kimber & Sharpless. 8vo. pp. 348 and 160.

An Elementary Treatise on Plane and Spherical Trigonometry, with their Applications to Navigation, Surveying, Heights and Distances, and Spherical Astronomy, and particularly adapted to explaining the Construction of Bowditch's Navigator and the Nautical Almanac. By Benjamin Peirce, A. M., University Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Harvard University. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 428.

HISTORY.

A Short Account of the Congregational Church at Midway, Georgia. By John B. Mallard, A. M. Savannah: Thomas Pinse. 8vo. pp. 28.

History of American Missions to the Heathen, from their Com-

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mencement to the Present Time. Worcester: Spooner & Howland. 8vo. pp. 726.

An Historical Memoir of the Boston Episcopal Charitable Society. By Isaac Boyle, D. D., a Member of the Society. Boston. 8vo. pp. 31.

A Sketch of the History and Topography of West Point, and the United States Military Academy. By Roswell Park, A. M. Philadelphia: Henry Perkins. 18mo. pp. 140.

History of the Federal Government, for Fifty Years, from March, 1789, to March, 1839. By Alden Bradford, LL. D., &c. &c. Boston: Samuel G. Simpkins. 8vo. pp. 480.

JUVENILE BOOKS.

"Hero of Tippecanoe;" or the Story of the Life of William Henry Harrison. Related by Captain Miller to his Boys. New York; J. P. Giffing. 16mo. pp. 121.

Procrastination; or Maria Louisa Winslow By a Lady. Boston: D. S. King. 18mo. pp. 115.

Jonas a Judge; or Law among the Boys. By the Author of the "Rollo Books," &c. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor. 18mo. pp. 179.

The Juvenile Budget Reopened; being further Selections from the Writings of Dr. John Aiken, with copious Notes. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb. 18mo. pp. 250.

LAW.

Effect of Drunkenness upon Criminal Responsibility and the Application of Punishment. By Dr. C. J. A. Mittermaier, Privy Counsellor, and Professor in the University of Heidelberg. Translated from the German, by Luther S. Cushing. Boston: C. C. Little & James Brown. 8vo. pp. 47.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. By Theron Metcalf. Vol. I. No. I. Boston: C. C. Little & James Brown. 8vo. pp. 236.

Reports of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Judicature, and in the Court for the Correction of Errors of the State of New York. By John L. Wendell, Counsellor at Law. Vols. XX. and XXI. Albany: Wm. & A. Gould, & Co. 8vo.

The Practice of Courts Martial. By Alexander Macomb, Major-General of the Army of the United States. New York: Samuel Colman.

Reports of Select Cases decided in the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, during the Spring Term of the Year 1839. By James G. Dana. Vol. VIII. Frankfort, Ky. 8vo.

MEDICINE, ANATOMY, AND SURGERY.

Preservation of the Teeth; a Family Guide, being Familiar Observations on their Structure and Diseases; with Practical Illustrations and Engravings; embracing the modern Improvements in Dentistry. By David K. Hitchcock, Surgeon Dentist. Boston: Ives & Dennett. 32mo. pp. 96.

Treatise on the Physiological and Moral Management of Infancy. By Andrew Combe, M. D., &c., with Notes, and a Supplementary Chapter, by John Bell, M. D., &c. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 12mo. pp. 307.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Specimens of Foreign Standard Literature. Edited by George Ripley. Volumes VII, VIII, IX, containing "German Literature," translated from the German of Wolfgang Menzel. By C. C. Felton. Boston: Hilliard, Gray, & Company. 12mo. pp. 352, 428, and 372.

"It does us honor," says Menzel, "to know the great English; it does the English no honor to know nothing of the great Germans." We shall not merit this reproach much longer; there is a good chance of our knowing these "great Germans" right intimately before many years have passed. Mr. Ripley's series of translations is not the only indication of a growing curiosity on the subject of foreign literature generally, and that of Germany in particular. Translations from all the distinguished authors, and imitations of every sort, already abound. A German mania prevails, affecting young men and maidens, — just as a Byron mania did fifteen years ago, — only that the former is more general, and manifests itself not only in poetry, but in various departments of literature and philosophy. And, that we may not entirely lose our way on the great sea of books, picking up here and there a volume, just as the fancy of a particular translator might dictate, here in good time comes a pilot, in the shape of Wolfgang Menzel's account of German literature, the latest and best work on the subject, admirably translated, and filling three bulky volumes, so as to afford a tolerable presumption of completeness.

Mr. Felton's task was a repulsive one, as may be judged from his preface; but he has performed it in a way that leaves nothing to be desired. We have had the means of comparing a considerable portion of it, line by line, with the German copy, and can answer for the extraordinary correctness and fidelity of the translation. The original has been followed, step by step, in every phrase, so that the reader of these volumes not only perceives the meaning of the author, but sees his character, — so far at least as it is manifested in his own modes of expression, — uninjured in the nice process of transferring it to another tongue. Yet the language is flowing, racy, idiomatic English; and, were not the German turn of thought and illustration strongly marked in some passages, a reader who looked not at the title-page, could hardly doubt that the work was original. Even where a stroke of wit or satire depended on some local custom, proverb, or provincial expression, which, literally rendered, would have been unmeaning to the English reader, the translator has contrived, in nearly all cases, to discover some pithy phrase or apophthegm in our own tongue, the meaning of which runs precisely parallel with the German. A few instances of these happy turns will be found in the foot-notes. We should not omit allusion to some poetical extracts in the work, which are translated with verbal accuracy, into very flowing English verse, preserving at the same time the exact metre and cadence of the original. As a whole, we believe these volumes may be compared favorably with the best of Mrs. Austen's translations.

Menzel's work displays the immense erudition, which one expects almost as a matter of course from a German writer. He is perfectly at home in every part of his gigantic task, and calls up to his critical bar the countless multitude of his book-making countrymen with the ease and confidence of a judge, who knows the character and cause of every individual in court, and is prepared to deal out immediate justice to all without stint or hesitation. Yet his work is by no means a dictionary of authors and books, wherein one may search for names and dates, and find a critical opinion of each publication. Had he fashioned his materials in this manner, the book must have swelled far beyond its present dimensions. As it now stands, it is not a history of German literature, but a somewhat irregular record of what the Germans have accomplished in every department of intellect and imagina-

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tion, — a summing up of the results of literary and scientific effort in his country during the past three centuries. The writer has grouped his countless materials into large masses, and passes judgment upon them by the class. There is little chronological arrangement, and dates are very seldom to be found. But separate chapters, that might be taken as distinct treatises, are devoted to religion, philosophy, poetry, education, &c., each really presenting a sort of discursive commentary on its text, though it sometimes appears like a medley of literary criticism, personal satire, and original disquisition. With a lively style and abundance of matter, the book is more readable than it would be if more elaborately arranged and executed.

Among his own countrymen, Menzel is often said to write like an Englishman, and, through many and strongly marked national peculiarities, may be discerned some grounds for the assertion. He ridicules with unsparing severity some vagaries of German theology and philosophy, which are the most characteristic of the people among whom they had their origin. In lashing these follies, he seems to imitate the sturdy good sense and dogmatical manner of the English school, and the abuse which he showers upon an obnoxious author will often remind the reader of Dr. Johnson. He is "a good hater," — too much so to be always an impartial judge; for his severity as a critic seems at times to be founded on personal dislike, and then descends into extreme coarseness. We refer those, who are curious after exhibitions of this sort, to his account of Goethe, Johannes Müller, and Voss. He is the sworn enemy of cant and *humbug* under all their disguises, and the wit and pungent satire of his assaults make him a formidable opponent of hypocrisy and absurd pretension. We fear, indeed, that his liveliness of manner sometimes runs away with him, that he may give in a hasty judgment when tempted by a joke, and cast an undeserved slur for the sake of pointing a sentence. And he is not always very consistent in his strictures. The absurd makers of systems, and monomaniac defenders of some one foolish doctrine or hypothesis, which to them is a central principle of all knowledge and belief, are objects of his especial dislike; but after hunting down a crowd of them with his caustic waggery, lest the evil should want an illustration in himself, he suddenly mounts his own hobby and rides off in a grave defence of the most ridiculous of all fantasies, the transmigration of souls.

It is sometimes difficult to extract the writer's own leading opinions from such a mass of desultory remark and criticism. He appears, however, to incline to the school of Schelling in philosophy, and to that of Schiller in poetry, his highly wrought eulogy upon the latter being one of the most beautiful passages in the whole work. He is ardently patriotic, as appears in his sharp censure of the foreign follies, which, from time to time, have inundated German literature, and in the spirit with which he eulogizes the noble burst of song and prose writing, that stimulated the "Fatherland," when it rose in one mass against the giant power of Napoleon. No trait in an author's character excites so much of Menzel's severity as a wavering in political principle, and a disposition to truckle to power for the sake of emolument or reputation. Here is the chief apparent reason for his attack on the fame of Goethe and Müller, who, if this account can be credited, have excelled the whole crowd of servile writers in the prostitution of literary power to ignoble ends. It may be thought, perhaps, that he has insisted too much upon facts of this nature; that he ought to have considered the merits of the author more than the character of the man. But, though the diatribe against the patriarch and autocrat of German literature be a little too severe, we can still recommend it for perusal to a certain class of our countrymen, who, like their fellow worshippers in Germany, think they are "doing honor to the Bible by comparing it with Goethe."

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There is a manliness and healthy tone of feeling in Menzel's criticisms upon some literary fashions and modes of action among his countrymen, which we could wish to see transplanted to our own land, where similar causes for animadversion exist.

The sterling good sense of the writer appears nowhere to more advantage, than in the chapter on Education, where his remarks luckily are of a nature that all nations may profit by them. The folly of forcing youthful minds on the hotbed system, of making baby philosophers and infant casuists in ethics, and the sentimental slip-slop of what may be termed the literature of the pap-boat and nursing-bottle, are exposed in his happiest manner. "True domestic virtue," he observes, "never has so much to say for itself; genuine feeling is silent; and, if my children should ever come to me with such pretty expressions, as we find recorded of clever and pious children in thousands of these child's books, I should scold them as affected fools, or whip them as accomplished hypocrites."

Report made to the Chamber of Deputies on the Abolition of Slavery in the French Colonies, by Alexis de Tocqueville, July 23d, 1839. Translated from the French. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 8vo. pp. 54.

An Essay on the Means of Improving Medical Education, and Elevating Medical Character. By A. Boardman, M. D. Philadelphia. 8vo.

Principles of Political Economy. Part the Third; of the Causes which retard Increase in the Numbers of Mankind. Part the Fourth; of the Causes which retard Improvement in the Political Condition of Man. By H. C. Carey, Author of "An Essay on the Rates of Wages." Lea & Blanchard. Philadelphia. 8vo. pp. 270.

Remarks on the Bunker Hill Monument, addressed to the Ladies engaged in getting up the Fair for its Completion. By Elliott. Portsmouth: B. W. Brewster. 8vo. pp. 12.

A Letter to Those who Think. By Edward Palmer. Worcester. 18mo. pp. 18.

Phrenology. A Lecture, delivered before the Woodville Lyceum Association, by Mariano Cubí i Soler, Professor of Modern Languages in the College of Louisiana. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb. 8vo. pp. 24.

Proceedings of the Third Annual Meeting of the Association for the Support of the Warren-Street Chapel, with Mr. Barnard's Report. Boston. 8vo.

A Catalogue of Law Books. Boston: Little & Brown. 18mo. pp. 87.

A Flora of North America; containing abridged Descriptions of all the known Indigenous and Naturalized Plants growing North of Mexico; arranged according to the Natural System. By John Torrey, M. D., F. L. S., &c., and Asa Gray, M. D., &c. &c. Vol. I. Containing the Polypetalous Division of the Dicotyledonous or Exogenous Plants. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 8vo. pp. 711.

Two Reports; on the Coal Lands, Mines, and Improvements of the Dauphin and Susquehanna Coal Companies, and of the Geological Examinations, Present Condition, and Prospects of the Stony-Creek Coal Estate in Pennsylvania. With an Appendix, &c. &c. By Richard C. Taylor. Philadelphia. 8vo. pp. 74 and 113.

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Select Discourses on the Functions of the Nervous System, in Opposition to Phrenology, Materialism, and Atheism; to which is prefixed a Lecture on the Diversities of the Human Character, arising from Physiological Character. By John Augustine Smith, M. D., &c. &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 210.

Application of the Science of Mechanics to Practical Purposes. By James Renwick, LL. D., &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 18mo. pp. 327.

Familiar Letters to Henry Clay, of Kentucky, describing a Winter in the West Indies. By John Joseph Gurney. New York: Mahlon Day & Co. 8vo. pp. 203.

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The Massachusetts Collection of Psalmody. By the Boston Handel & Haydn Society; consisting of the most approved Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Anthems, Sentences, Chants, &c., together with many Original Pieces, and others, selected from the Works of distinguished Composers, never before published in this Country. Intended for Public Worship or Private Devotion. Edited by George James Webb, President of the Society. Boston: J. H. Wilkins & R. B. Carter.

My Little Singing Book. Designed for the Use of Sabbath and Juvenile Singing Schools. By Asa Fitz. Boston: D. S. King.

The Multiplication Table, set to Music, in a Variety of pleasing Tunes. By Asa Fitz. Boston: D. S. King. 16mo.

The Young Singer; a Collection of Easy and Popular Melodies, for Children. By Asa Fitz. Boston: D. S. King. 12mo. pp. 24.

NEW PERIODICALS.

The Dial; a Magazine for Literature, Philosophy, and Religion. No. I. July. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, & Co. 8vo. pp. 136. Quarterly.

The Christian World. T. H. Stockton, Editor. No. I. Philadelphia: J. Crissy. 4to. pp. 8. Monthly.

NOVELS, TALES, AND ROMANCES.

Border Beagles; a Tale of Mississippi. By the Author of "Richard Hurdis." Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 300 and 337.

Greyslaer; a Romance of the Mohawk. By C. F. Hoffman. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. 2 vols.

Love's Progress. By the Author of "Recollections of a Southern Matron," &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 171.

ORATIONS AND ADDRESSES.

A Commemorative Discourse, pronounced at Quincy, Mass., 25th May, 1840, on the Second Centennial Anniversary of the ancient Incorporation of the Town. With an Appendix. By George Whitney. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 8vo. pp. 71.

A Poem, delivered in the First Congregational Church in the Town of Quincy, May 25th, 1840, the 200th Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town. By Christopher Pearse Cranch. Published by Request. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 8vo. pp. 26.

Mr. Whitney's discourse is well written, and well adapted to the interesting occasion for which it was prepared. It begins with some brief but

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valuable notices of events and characters previous to the incorporation of the town of Quincy. The account of that troublesome person, Thomas Morton, who teazed the worthy Pilgrims almost out of their wits, is particularly good. The observations upon history, on the tenth and eleventh pages, do not seem much to the point, or very just by themselves. It has become the fashion lately to be a little contemptuous towards the achievements of the historic muse; but when we consider that such names as Thucydides and Tacitus, Hume and Gibbon, Hallam and Sismondi, Mackintosh and Prescott, are found among her most zealous worshippers, we should hesitate to join the hue and cry against her.

The orator illustrates well and happily the purposes of the Pilgrim fathers, showing what there was in their views to give them a hopeful spirit, and tracing clearly to their principles the unexampled prosperity of their descendants. He then gives us a series of rapid and bold portraits of the more eminent among the ancient inhabitants of Quincy, the Wheelrights, the Coddingtons, the Adamses, and the Quincys, of that noble town.

Mr. Cranch's poem shows much imagination, and a ready use of poetic language; though some of his rhymes are not carefully yoked together. Mr. Cranch ought to have known, that he is too good a poet and too sensible a man to write these words, which occur in the Preface. "A genuine poem should spring up spontaneously in the subjective atmosphere of the writer's mind, and not be extorted from him by the artificial forcing process of a public occasion." A poet and thinker, like Mr. Cranch, forgets himself sadly when he condescends to speak the language of an absurd and affected *coterie*.

The Diffusive Nature of Christianity; an Address, delivered before the Sunday School Society, May 27th, 1840. By Robert C. Waterston. Published by Request of the Society. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, & Co. 12mo. pp. 24.

An Address on Primary Education, by M. C. Patterson, before the Peithologian Society of Columbia College. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

An Address, delivered before several Temperance Associations, on Man's Likeness to God, or the Right Exercise of his Powers. By J. H. Purkitt, Lecturer of the Massachusetts Temperance Society. Boston: Torrey & Blair. 8vo. pp. 23.

The Bow of Promise; an Address, delivered before the New York Marine Temperance Society, at the erection of a New Flag, on the Anniversary of American Independence, July 4th, 1840. By the Rev. John Marsh, Corresponding Secretary of the American Temperance Union. New York. 8vo.

An Oration, delivered by Request of the City Authorities, before the Citizens of Boston, on the 64th Anniversary of American Independence, July 4th, 1840. By Thomas Power. Boston: J. H. Eastburn. 8vo.

An Address delivered before the Students of Phillips Exeter Academy, at a Regular Meeting of their Temperance Society, May 2d, 1840. By Henry French, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages. Exeter: F. Grant. 8vo. pp. 28.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Poems, by Mary W. Hale. Boston: William D. Ticknor. 12mo. pp. 216.

The Log Cabin and Hard Cider Melodies; a collection of Popular

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and Patriotic Songs, respectfully dedicated to the Friends of Harrison & Tyler. Boston: Charles Adams. 18mo. pp. 72.

Missionary Hymns; a choice Selection, designed to aid the General Cause of Missions. By the Rev. Amos Binney. Boston: D. S. King. 24mo. pp. 80.

Portsmouth Sunday School Hymn-Book; compiled for the Use of the South Parish Sunday School, by their Pastor, Andrew P. Peabody. Portsmouth: J. W. Foster. Boston: Weeks, Jordan, & Co. 18mo.

The Progress of Freedom. Savannah: W. T. Williams. 12mo. pp. 71.

Esther; a Sacred Drama. With Judith, a Poem. By Mrs. E. L. Cushing. Boston: Joseph Dowe. 18mo. pp. 118.

Songs for the People, or Tippecanoe Melodies. Original and Selected. New York: James P. Giffing. 12mo. pp. 72.

Athanasion, an Ode pronounced before the Associate Alumni of Washington College, in Christ Church, Hartford, on the Day before Commencement, 1840. By A. Cleveland Coxe. 8vo. pp. 32.

THEOLOGY AND SERMONS.

A Pastor's Appeal to the Young; or the Benefits of having been born in a Christian Land, and of being early dedicated to God. By Albert Barnes. Philadelphia: Henry Perkins. 24mo. pp. 58.

Two Sermons on the Kind Treatment, and on the Emancipation, of Slaves. Preached at Mobile, on Sunday the 10th, and Sunday the 17th of May, 1840. With a Prefatory Statement. By George F. Simmons. Boston: Wm. Crosby & Co. 8vo. pp. 30.

Centenary Reflections on the Providential Character of Methodism. By the Rev. Abel Stevens, A. M. New York: T. Mason & G. Lane. 8vo. pp. 32.

The Plain Guide to Universalism. By Thomas Whittemore. Boston. 12mo. pp. 408.

The Christian Missionary desiring to be with Christ. A Sermon, preached at Westbororough, Mass., June 30th, 1840, at the Funeral of Rev. Ephraim Spaulding, a Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. By Rufus Anderson, D. D. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 8vo. pp. 22.

A Discourse, delivered at New Bedford, May 12th, 1840, at the Funeral of the Rev. Sylvester Holmes. By Thomas M. Smith. 8vo. pp. 18.

Dedham Pulpit, or Sermons by the Pastors of the First Church in Dedham, in the 17th and 18th Centuries, with a Centennial Discourse, by the present Pastor. Boston: Perkins & Marvin. 8vo. pp. 517.

An Exposition of the Prophecies, supposed by William Miller to predict the Second Coming of Christ in 1843. With a Supplementary Chapter upon the true Scripture Doctrine of a Millennium prior to the Judgment. By John Dowling, A. M., Pastor of the Pine Street Baptist Church, Providence, R. I. Providence: Geo. P. Daniels. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 18mo. pp. 232.

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Scripture Truths; in Questions and Answers, for the Use of Sunday Schools and Families. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 18mo.

The Arrival of the Britannia. A Sermon, delivered in Federal Street Meeting-house, in Boston, July 19th, 1840. By Ezra Stiles Gannett. Published by Request. Boston: Joseph Dowe. 8vo.

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A Discourse on the Life and Character of the Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, D. D., Pastor of the First Congregational Church and Society in Lancaster; delivered at his Interment, June 29th, 1840. By Alonzo Hill, Minister of the Second Society in Worcester. 8vo.

The Missionary Character. An Address delivered before the Society of Inquiry in the Theological Seminary in New Haven, April 1st, 1840. By Eli Smith. New Haven. 8vo. pp. 38.

On Natural Theology, as a Study in Schools. A Lecture delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, at its Annual Session, holden in Springfield, August, 1839. By Henry A. Miles, of Lowell. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon, & Webb. 8vo. pp. 14.

Miracles as an Evidence of Christianity. An Address delivered before the Ministerial Conference in Berry Street, Boston, May 27th, 1840. By David Damon. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 8vo. pp. 24.

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